MEDITATIONS,

REPRESENTING

A GLIMPSE OF GLORY;

OR,

A GOSPEL DISCOVERY OF

EMMANUEL'S LAND.

Whereunto is subjoined a Spiritual Hymn, entitled

THE DYING SAINT'S SONG,

And some of his last Letters.

By Mr. ANDREW WELWOOD.

BROTHER TO MR. JOHN WELWOOD, LATE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN SCOTLAND.

Col. iii. 4 When Christ who is our life, shall appear then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

Is. lx. 19.—21. The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy Glory. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself.—Thy people also shall be all righteous they shall inherit the land for ever.

Rev. xxi 22 23.—The Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple of it.—For the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

PITTSBURGH:

Printed for Robert Wilson, by

J. B. BUTLER,

1824.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
University of Pittsburgh Library System

http://www.archive.org/details/meditationsrepre00welw

RECOMMENDATIONS.

THIS rare and excellent work need only to be read, in order to be admired by every lover of genuine piety.

The following recommendations have been cheerfully given by men, who it is well known by all acquainted with their characters, would not lend their names to recommend any work, unless it were highly deserving.

I have been requested to give my opinion about the propriety of reprinting a book, entitled, "Meditations representing a Glimpse of Glory, or a Gospel discovery of Emmanuel's Land, by Andrew Welwood." I am free to say that the truly spiritual and pious man in perusing this treatise, will find his affections elevated above the world, and his heart ravished with the glories of the heavenly country. A strain of piety and heart felt religion runs through the whole work.

The writer is evidently orthodox and generally accurate. Any inaccuracy of expression that may appear, can be easily remidied if the book be reprinted. The author was a young man preparing for the ministry, but finished his course before he had an opportunity of preaching that gospel in which his soul delighted. He appears to have felt the full force of what he wrote, and being dead he yet speaketh.

JOHN BLACK,
Pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Pittsburgh.

I cheerfully concur in the above recommendation of Welwood's Glimpse of Glory.

FRANCIS HERRON,
Pastor of the 1st. Presbyterian Church in Pittsburgh.

I likewise concur in the same recommendation.

ROBERT BRUCE, P. A. C. P.

It will give me great pleasure to see the above work reprinted and widely circulated.

JOSEPH STOCKTON, A. M.

The above recommendations are cordially approved by ROBERT PATTERSON, A M. and
JOSEPH PATTERSON, V. D. M.

The little work which is here proposed to be re-published is one which I have long esteemed, as deserving a high rank among that class of practical treatises, few in number, but of sterling worth, which ought to be possessed and often read by all such as are waiting for, and aspiring after the everlasting enjoyment of the glory of Heaven. I highly approve of the attempt to reprint it, and wish the effort may be successful

E. P SWIFT,
Pastor of the 2d. Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh.

In the above recommendations I heartily concur.
JOSEPH M'ELROY.

THE PUBLISHER

TO THE

READER.

Christian Reader,

Thou hast here presented to thy view, *A Glimpse of Glory* from the heavenly Zion, so bright and lively, as nothing of human composure, yet extant, can equal. A ray of such heavenly fire, as being received into a heart affected with eternal objects, may prove a blessed mean to inflame it into a divine rapture of holy longing, to see and enjoy these unseen things, which are here in so bright colours represented. Whosoever will in sincerity, and with attention, peruse this small treatise, will be led into such a delightful contemplation of divine and heavenly things, as may, in a manner, transport his very soul into that heavenly paradise; carry him along the beautiful banks of that pure river of the water of life; and represent to the eyes of his mind, that noble and glorious company, that stands about the Lamb, on mount Zion, in white robes, with palms in their hands singing a new song of praise to JEHOVAH and the Lamb Here shall he find the incomparable beauties of that upper paradise, and royal palace of the King of kings, described so brightly. in such high and lofty expressions, as well suit these sublime and supernatural objects; and yet withal so easy to be understood, that the meanest capacity, exercised in spiritual things, may apprehend the true sense and meaning of them. The holy heart of the author has been so much in heaven, that from the end of the Prelude, to the conclusion, he talks altogether like one in heaven already, and as a possessor of the glory he describes: which is to be attentively noticed, for the better understanding of the scope and intent of the discourse

Besides, the description of heaven, and the glory, which the saints shall enjoy there; (which is the professed subject of the book;) there are not a few other excellent subjects interspersed, and pretty largely handled. How sweetly doth he expatiate upon the praises of Christ, the everblessed Redeemer? How lively doth he describe him, in his humbled state; his humble, laborious, sorrowful, yet holy life; his painful, shameful and accursed death; his infinite love to his chosen, that put him upon all that voluntary humiliation and suffering? With what ravishment doth he admire the difference of these two, so distant estates? In what sweet, lively and bright expressions doth he declare the mutual intercourse betwixt this glorious Redeemer and his chosen, especially in the upper house? It is also anoth-

er great aim of the author, to display the attributes of God, to his glory: his grace and mercy towards the elect; his sovereignty, in his works of creation, providence, and especially election; his truth and faithfulness, in making good all his promises; his unchangeableness, in his purposes of love and grace to his own; his spotless holiness and justice in punishing the wicked. How lofty is he in describing the sovereignty of God over his creatures; either to create, or not create, elect, or pass by, as he pleased? How sweet, large and ravishing is he, in holding forth the freedom and riches of redeeming grace! and how doth he exult and glory in the unchangeableness of God, which secures the same to all eternity? His wonderful wisdom, in contriving the saints way to the kingdom, through a life of sufferings, afflictions, poverty, labours, watchings, sorrows, &c. is pleasantly cleared up; and many mysterious providences, relating thereunto, judiciously unfolded; which may serve much for confirmation and consolation to many poor drooping believers. In describing the holiness and justice of God; in the eternal punishment of the damned, he takes occasion, largely to delineate the miserable estate of the ungodly; nor is this improper for his subject; for contraries set beside other, serve to enlighten one another. He sets forth their extreme misery from the greatness of their torments; the great and inconceivable loss, they undergo, in their eternal banishment from the presence of God and the Lamb; the eternity, yet justice of their punishment which justice he founds not on arbitrary constitution, but on the infinite holiness, justice and sovereignty of God, against whom sin is an infinite offence, as striking against his very being and glory; and therefore deserving an infinity of punishment. The blasphemies they continually belch forth against their Creator, for his punishing them though at the same time their consciences approve him just; and their horrid inclination to fulfill their lusts, though they cannot; all which he reckons their punishment, as well as their sin; for he was at no loss to believe, *That there is sinning in hell.* And finally, here is set forth the holy triumph of the righteous over the wicked, devils and men once their mortal enemies; now laid low under the soles of their feet, and for ever banished their holy and happy society. All which the author describes in such a moving and pathetic manner as might cause an adamantine heart to relent and tremble, and to inquire, *What must I do to be saved? How shall I escape the wrath to come?*

And indeed, to bring souls to such a serious inquiry, and draw hearts from this base, empty earth, to an inquest after heaven and salvation, is the great aim of the author through all this book And hence, how pathetic and vigorous is he, in his inviting, persuading, and reasoning with the unconverted, (whom he commonly styles worldlings, because yet entangled in the lusts of the world,) to awaken them, to a due concern about heavenly things, and wean their hearts from earthly vanities;

and, by lessening their esteem of them, to draw their affections from them?

And that such as are persuaded, seriously to mind, and apply themselves to this noble and necessary study, may not want a help at hand, to discover to them the goodness, or badness of their estate; he hath added in the conclusion of the work a considerable number of excellent marks, or notes, whereby a Christian may discern his being in Christ, and whether he be in a heavenly frame, or not; also by them a formal hypocrite may be detected.

If there be any flights of lofty and sublime thought, here and there, that may offend the censorious, it is desired, that before they censure, they would first compare them with the similitudes and expressions of holy scripture, and next with the sentiments of sound divines, giving some grains of allowance, in consideration of the sublime and rapturous way of writing, here used; and, it is confidently presumed, they will find nothing but what is most agreeable to truth, in this whole tractate. There is a sentence, page 140, where he seems to make sincerity the condition of the new covenant, as perfection of obedience was the condition of the *covenant of works*; which may perhaps offend some, who dislike the very term *condition in a covenant of grace*. But whosoever considers how large and pathetic he is, in describing the free grace of God, and ascribing all the glory of redemption and salvation to Christ, and only to Christ, must be persuaded, he cannot mean, that the believers sincerity or any grace of his whatsoever, is the condition of the new covenant, in a legal sense, for so Christ's righteousness alone is the condition of that covenant. Nor can we charitably judge, that this term *condition*, is in any worse or stricter sense affirmed of sincerity, which presupposeth and includes faith, than it is of faith itself, in the 32d answer of our Larger Catechism. It is clear then, that the author takes condition in a large sense, for any thing required or accepted in the new covenant: and so it is true, that as Adam's works were to be perfect, in order to acceptation; so the believer's good works cannot be accepted without sincerity; and will, thro' Christ, be accepted when sincere which must certainly be all the author intends by condition in that place.

He is also pretty positive in his opinion of the renovation of the earth and visible heavens, at the day of judgment: which he describes in bright and beautiful emblems. The opinion is indeed controverted among the learned: but most of the orthodox are of the author's side. Hence, when he is speaking of things in that renewed state, after the day of judgment, none needs marvel, that he calls sun, moon and stars everlasting, and the earth an eternal monument, as in page 94; or, stumble at any such uncommon expressions: for he speaks as one beyond time in eternity.

Moreover, the inteligent and observing reader will here find such a surprising variety of the most profound gospel-mysteries, interwoven in such a beautiful and artful contexture, as will every where entertain his understanding, with an uncommon delight.

It is hoped, none will desiderate method, or quarrel the want thereof as a defect; if it be but reminded, that devotional books amongst which this may justly claim a chief room, are not usually astricted to the rules of art and logical method: it being the design of such writers, not so much to please the fancy, or entertain the understanding with an orderly ranging and methodizing of things, as to quicken and inflame the affections with divine and sublime meditations: where, not a gingle of empty eloquence fills the ear; but heavenly and supernatural objects, brought down, as it were, from the eternal world of spirits, and made familiar to the understanding, move and engage the heart, and elevate the soul to follow hard after these only worthy and substantial delights. And besides, the intelligent reader will find upon due perusal, that it is not a mere rude heap of indigested matter; but that there is really a comely order observed, in the disposing of the thoughts herein contained, which will sufficiently gratify the understanding, while the incomparable matter melts and inflames the affections.

As for the titles of the sections, the publishers were not assured, whether they were added by the author himself, or by some other hand: nay, they did not want ground of suspicion, both from the difference of expression, and sometimes from the unsuitableness to the matter, that some less skilful person had added them Yet, having no copies save one, (except the letters and saint's song, whereof we found several copies) to compare, it was thought safest to retain them, lest any thing might be desiderate that was in the manuscript: and the judicious reader is left to his choice, whether to read on the matter, without regard to these titles, or otherwise; for it must be owned, that, considering the variety of heavenly purposes sometimes comprised in one of these paragraphs, it is no easy matter for any man to devise an apposite title, to express the substance of the matter therein contained.

There is no doubt, but the reader, by this time, will be longing for some account of the author: and it were to be wished, that a true and genuine relation of the life of that pious youth could have been recovered, in order further to oblige the public, which had it been practicable, no pains would have been spared to transmit it: and without all doubt, such a life would have been a rare and excellent draught, worthy of Christian imitation. He was the son of a godly father, minister of the gospel at Tondergirth in Annandale, concerning whom there is related this remarkable passage. When the Lord had taken away from him his beloved wife, the desire of his eyes, he spent the whole ensuing night in prayer and meditation in his garden,

One of the elders of the parish coming next morning to visit him and condoling his want of rest by reason of the dispensation so lately befall-n him, he replied thus, or to this effect: "I de-' clare I have not all this night had one thought concerning the ' death of my spouse: I have been so wholy taken up with the ' meditation of heavenly things. I have been this night upon ' the banks of Ulai, plucking an apple here and there." This passage plainly shows what a heavenly soul this holy man hath been; and how plentifully this gracious youth his son, hath been blessed with the same spirit, is abundantly evident from the ensuing treatise. His brother Mr. John Welwood was a person well known to many, and his memory still sovoury to all that knew him, for his holiness, diligence in the labours of the ministry, amidst many perils from bloody persecutors, and false brethren, his undaunted zeal and courage in the cause of Christ though under a very weak and sickly constitution of body. What a life of faith he lived in these perilous times. is evident from several letters of his written to his godly acquaintances, and friends, yet extant in manuscript. And as he excelled in the grace of faith, so this holy youth, the author, seems to have peculiarly abounded in that of love, as will be abundantly manifest from the whole of this heavenly tractate. And how zealous he was for the royal prerogatives of his lovely Redeemer, usurped by wicked rulers, and the public concerns of his house and glory; may be gathered from several passages in this treatise, though the nature of the subject, did not permit him to enlarge much this way. It appears plainly, from his letters annexed to this treatise, that he designed to have served the Lord Christ in the work of the ministry, if it had pleased the Lord to have continued his abode here below: but the good Lord was pleased early to transport him from the wilderness of earth to the paradise of glory; and to accept the will in that matter, for the deed, as himself speaketh. He died at London, in time of our late persecution, as would seem, of a consumption; under which affliction, how much he profited and grew in grace, appears also evidently from the same letters. He concluded his holy and happy, tho' short life, with the sweetest assurance of obtaining that celestial blessedness he here describes, and quietly slept in the Lord. And tho' the rest of the history of his life cannot here be committed to writng, (as was designed, if certain information could have been obtained,) yet there is here a genuine transcript of it to be read; for no doubt he endeavoured to live what he wrote, and such a lasting monument erected to the glory of his Redeemer, as will also serve to transmit his memory embalmed to posterity, without needing an eulogium from any other hand.

To conclude; the treatise itself will, upon due perusal, so approve itself to every gracious heart by its heavenly and divine strain; the noble design it drives, namely, to exalt Christ,

and allure souls to him; by its most sweet and taking composure, its style being both lofty as to the subject, and condescending to the most illiterate; and finally, by the sweet discoveries it makes of that holy city, the heavenly Jerusalem, the hope, rest, and joy of all the saints: the treatise, I say, will so recommend itself, as that it shall need no ivy to be hung out to invite the passenger; and will only need to be known, to recommend it sufficiently to every devout soul.

That the Almighty Lord, with whom is the residue of the Spirit, and who only can command the blessing, may make this treatise, a blessed mean, in the hand of his holy Spirit, to build up and comfort believers, to quicken them to heavenly mindedness, and draw them from the too eager love of this earth; and awaken, allure and draw sinners to Jesus Christ, charmed and ravished with the unspeakable glory of the great reward, here described, which he hath promised to all them that turn from iniquity, and sincerely love him; is the earnest desire of the publishers.

A

POEM,

WRITTEN BY

A friend of the Author, upon the sight of this rare piece, in commendation of both.

YOU excellent souls, whose lofty minds aspire
To higher objects only, whose desire
Disdains o'ervalu'd dung, vile worldling's choice,
Is not allured with Siren's empty voice,
And scorns to aim below the Zenith him,
Whither refined perfections all do fly;
Here is an object highest thoughts transcending,
Yet unto mean conceptions condescending:
Here's heav'n, and glory, higher Eden come
T' unhappy earth, a sweet Elysium:
Here's glory brought to us, or happy we
To glory made, by nimble wings, to flee.
On seas of brinish tears, poor we are toss'd,
With boist'rous winds, and lofty waves are crossed;
Can't see our dearest native soil, or lover:
But here's a curious prospect, to discover;
That land afar off, those sweet hills, and vales,
Where blow these fragrant, soul refreshing gales,

Which rouse these fainting souls, whose feet do stand
Within the borders of Emmanuel's land;
Where shines the Eternal, with celestial showers,
Ne'er ending blessings on the ransom'd pours.
The soaring author hath flown up above,
Drawn by the cords of his Redeemer's love;
Hath walked alongst the green and flow'ry banks
Of life's sweet river, viewed the curious ranks
Of glory's stately fruitful trees, hath tasted
Their fruits most pleasant, and delicious; feasted
His eyes, on glory's land, most lovely, fair;
His taste, with Nectar, and Ambrosia rare;
His smelling, with heaven's spring's embroidery;
His hearing, with harmonious raptures high;
His touch, upon the silkin carpet's lap,
Which glory's fields and alleys doth inwrap;
His mind, upon the elevated things,
And deep contrivance of the King of kings:
His love, on joys, which eye hath never seen,
Which man's capacious heart did ne'er contain.
He's sad, that mortals in soul mire should wallow,
And greedily vile lumps of earth should swallow:
Most friendly bids you share some drops with him
Of pleasure's streams, in which the saints do swim:
He (Isr'els spy) ripe grapes from promised land
Hath brought (t' inflame them) with a lib'ral hand.
Thy pen mounts higher than the eagle's far,
Thy sharpest eye, more than the eagle's dare,
Thy draught Appelle's tables far outives,
More curious thy picture is than his.
Thy raptures future ages shall admire,
And these shall light their tapers at thy fire.
Thou'st trode a lofty path, ne'er trode before,
And which shall be, it seems, by none trode more;
Thou hast outstript, and sham'd the ages gone,
And by thy rarest writings grac'd thine own:
The times to come may trace thy stately pace,
But still thou'lt get the honor of the place.
Who would see glory off the nearest shores,
Draw near it with these curious mighty oars;
Cast out on glory's beauteous skirts your eye,
And there, O saints, your ravish'd souls shall spy
A paradise, whose lowest parts excell
This vilest dunghill, in which mortals dwell:
A paradise, each glimpse of which shall fill
Your minds with wonder, and with joy your will
In short a paradise, whose ev'ry part
Shall so inflame your ever ravish'd heart,
That longing you shall never rest, till ye
Have heav'n in you, or you in glory be.

A

GLIMPSE OF GLORY;

OR,

A GOSPEL DISCOVERY OF

EMMANUEL'S LAND.

THE PRELUDE.

ROUSE thee, O my soul, from this base and contagious earth: why should lower thoughts, and base aims possess thee thus? What hast thou here, that may draw thee aside from the centre of thy felicity but for one moment? If this world, in her rosy and youthful constitution, be very vanity and vexation of spirit; what must there be now in her sad and withered state? If, in her smiles, she be not worth the regarding; what folly is it to court a frowning nothing.

2. Is it time, O my soul, to place one beam of thy affection upon such a silly, base dunghill, so as to give it an affectionate look? Trample it under thy feet: carry thyself after the manner of those who expect the kingdom God hath formed thee of such a capacious constitution, as nothing can satisfy thee below his infinite Self; and shouldst thou be confined, in thy outgoings, within the limits of this lower, smoky region? Mount up swiftly, far above the sun, moon and stars, beyond the borders of this narrow vault, where thou mayest sweetly bathe thyself in those oceans of joys and felicity, that know neither brim nor bottom: thou art not to waste away thy conceptions on things to-day in their vigour, and to-morrow they are not; shadows, empty nothings, night dreams and vanities, insufficient objects for the faculties of such a noble being to fix upon Art thou not beginning to consider of a more enduring substance? the kingdom that cannot be shaken, Emmanuel's glorious, stately and ever-flourishing land, the smiling, rosy place, where his servants do incessantly serve him, and see his face eternally, without a cloud; where our all lovely Well-beloved doth corporally dwell,

and shall forever take up his eternal abode; a fruitful, fragrant, beautiful, delightsome soil, overflowing with the true and real *nectar* and *ambrosia;* a garden of delights, a paradise of pleasures, planted at the beginning by the Almighty's own right hand, whereon he hath manifested, in an high and transcendent manner, the incomprehensible glory of his power, love and goodness, wonderfully above what eye hath seen, ear hath heard, or the mind of man, within the tents of mortality, considered: what a wonderful frame is this! O the alluring objects up above! the first thought whereof set all on a flame: O what desires! O what longings! when shall mortality be swallowed up of life, death of victory, time of eternity, miseries of blessedness, sorrows of joys, pains of pleasures, painted enjoyments and delights of his love and eternal sweetness?

3. All creatures are ever in action, especially those of the highest, and most noble rank, which must necessarily have some object or other, to fix their outgoings upon: the most excellent and sublime are then to be chosen; and what more excellent, than what will fill all the powers and faculties of blessed men and angels throughout all eternity?

4. To take a view of the higher Canaan, is neither curiosity nor audacity, but a necessary duty lying upon all, who are travelling thither: the advantages of such a noble study cannot be told, nay, nor conceived, but by the exercise therein.

5 According to the knowledge, so are the affections, both as to kind and degree: what we know not, that we cannot love; and what we behold lovely, we cannot but love it. Seraphic spirits, no wonder you are often ravished from yourselves! Ah silly worldlings, you cannot but have a drooping life of it, since you know nothing but earth: had you an half glimpse of the more enduring substance, of the ever-flourishing, never-fading glory, how should you be in an unexperienced frame of joy and admiration! how should you disdain all the lesser beauties on this side of time? but, ah! you never saw the enduring glory; and what wonder you are as you are?

6 Mortality hath no greater joy, than the solid hope of glory; the sweetness, arising from the solid hope of so great things, fills the soul with wonderful ravishments, and perfumes the lowest of earthly enjoyments: surpassing joys to my soul! these temporal things, my Lord bestows

upon me, are as pledges of the fair inheritance. And, are not all visible things as so many emblems of the invisible? Worldlings, you are fools to imagine we have a sad and melancholy life: none live but us; though we may be said to be, as to this life, of all men the most miserable: it is only as to the bulk of externals; you know not our joys, nor the manner of our enjoyments; neither can ye know them.

7. *Of necessity we must search after another life, than this evanishing vapour.*

May not the vanity and vexation of spirit, in the pursuit of every sublunary enjoyment, force us to the searching after another life? If we search not for the glory to come, then let us search after nothing at all Sirs, what madness, to notice this earth, unless in order to eternity? Do you not clearly see all your temporary enjoyments die in the birth? Are not the glittering shows of men on this stage of the world, like the appearance of ærial things in the clouds? Here are armies engaging one another, there are ships under sail, yonder are men riding in the equippage of kings, queens, &c. otherwheres are towns, castles, rivers, &c. All appear real to the spectators but anon all evanishing to nothing, and where are they? Fools! are they considering, that thus it is with all the glories of time! Verily, to all eternity, they shall be as if they had not been.

8. *The small study of glory proves us, in a great part, carnal.*

Is it not evident, we have our eyes too much upon shadows? and that we divide our looks betwixt heaven and earth; since our joys are more carnal than spiritual, and our longings and desires run so little heaven-ward? Ah! our love to the only Well-beloved, is not unlike that which every nation carries to their God; else we would be often crying out, "Is not my Well-beloved gone unto another country? and shall not my heart and love for ever dwell there, and only there?" Sit I down here, when he hath removed himself to another place? Can there be any thing desirable where he is not? O! all ye beauties of this lower world, what are you to me, if my Lord be absent? Let me pass through all possible difficulties, even through ten thousand oceans of burning fire and brimstone; providing I land at last, on that ten thousand times

happy place, where he forever dwells; that these arms may be blessed in embracing, these eyes in eternal beholding, and all my faculties may be filled with his eternally ravishing sweetness. O, when shall I behold thy countenance! when shall I hear thy voice! when shall I stand amongst these happy, happy, happy ones, who stand in the immediate presence of thy all-glorious Majesty, and have the naked, immediate and clear vision of thine eternally ravishing Godhead! Ah! how is it I think of any thing but heaven! why are we not ever in an impatient longing to be in his everlasting embraces? Know we what it is to take him for our only Well-beloved? Is not every sounding of his very name melodious harmony in our ears? doth not every hearing or reading of him affect us with a wonderful sweetness? Do not the thoughts of our being in his naked embraces ere long, fill us with an ecstacy of joy? Are we not often challenging years, months and days, that they succeed so leisurely one another; and contending with sun, moon and stars, that they run their course so slowly; looking upon every hour as an age, in his absence; and death as of a sweet and lovely countenance, since it opens us a passage to the full enjoyment of him; and the marrow of all creature excellency, as a mass of deformity, if it should eclipse, for a moment, the sweet enjoyment of his all-sufficient Self?

9. *Students of glory overlook the difficulties and vexations of time.*

Sweet, sweet is the way to my blessed home! can the way be thought tedious, that leadeth to such boundless joy? O the goodly country I behold lying at the end of my race! hell in my way should be as a pleasant paradise: what though sadness assault me? yonder are oceans of joy at the end of my journey; though weariness? yonder are green pastures, with an eternal May; though death? yonder are floods, the rivers of life, of which I shall drink, and drink again, for evermore. Doth poverty and contempt intervene? Lo, the rich inheritance, the golden and pearly city, the splendid household-stuff! O the rich inhabitants! How do mine eyes affect mine heart! O blessed Christ, I have seen thee in thy beauty; and O how is my soul in an uninterrupted motion to be at thee! The affairs of time move not as such. O what allurements! who can see, and not run? O thy violent, sweet,

attractive virtue! how strongly and quickly dost thou draw thy members up to heaven after thee! See I not thee, O Well-beloved, standing with the massy crown of glory in thy hand, crying, run, and have it? And shall I not run, even run with patience and cheerfully unto the death? How cheerfully did my Lord go up to Jerusalem, to purchase the crown for me! a crown to be purchased through a world of sorrows and difficulties! What am I doing? why stand I thus? all is purchased already, and the word is to me, enter and possess.

10. *The study of glory is so alluring, that the more we study, the more we love to study it*

Had we a discovery of the only excellent things, how difficult would it prove, to get our thoughts plucked off them? Most lovely things, seen in their loveliness, captivate the affections most, and consequently determine the thoughts: do we not think most upon what we love most? Worldlings, I appeal to your consciences, if your thoughts run not out most upon earthly things: why? you know them only, and esteem them most· but, had you a view of the real world, the outgoings of your soul would run in a higher orb. Had we the impressions of glory on our spirits, lower objects should not easily draw down our thoughts, or turn them aside; yea, our higher powers should be so strongly affected, as that the lower powers should be regulated even in sleep; our imaginations would be composing and dividing the ideas of the life to come, they received, according to their natures, from the higher faculties How oft would we be, in our dreams, walking up and down the streets of the golden city, the beds of lilies and roses, in the higher paradise of glory, the banks of that river of water of life? Day-thoughts have influence upon night-dreams; the disposition of the fancy follows that of the mind. Ah! ye sons of men, what wonder your fancy run out after so foolish a manner! the strength of your sublime powers is wasted on dunghill concernments, your thoughts are full of earth, and all your lower powers are full of it also.

11 *Creatures are only to be esteemed more or less excellent, according to their knowledge, it being the* primum mobile *of all other endowments.*

Creatures are excellent according to their knowledge: let beasts imagine, that the scenical garbs of riches, and

titular honours, add any thing real to men, it is only the knowledge that differenceth; without it a man is but a beast; and with it, in its elevated pitch, he is a glorified and immortal creature: "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." And, is not the knowledge more noble, according to the excellency of the objects, they being taken up congruously? O then! are they not seraphic creatures, whose minds are set upon the only excellent things? Had we a sight of that surpassing glory, how would our minds be elevated wonderfully above this base dunghill? how should we look down upon the greatest things of earth, as inconsiderable trifles, far below our sublime spirits? how should we trample on crowns and sceptres, yea, many worlds, though existent, when elevated on our high places, clothed with the sun, and having the moon under our feet? How should we laugh at silly earth-worms, crawling over one another with great trouble and vexation? Ah childish spirits! are you contending and wasting your inch of time on trifles and shining nothings? what is the gain, when all your projects are accomplished? Heirs of glory, no wonder you are termed by truth itself, the excellent ones of the earth; none of excellent and generous spirits, but you. The opinion of blind worldlings concerning you is of no value; the excellency, and baseness of mankind is not yet laid open; mortality, and its black retinue, obscure all; a little patience, and the Almighty shall unmask the whole race of mankind.

12. *A clear view of so great rewards heartens to all duties.* The clear sight of the great recompense of reward, makes the creature cheerful in duty. Am I so slow in my race, and the matchless inheritance at the stake? Cries not my Lord unto me, "Be thou faithful unto the death, and I will give thee a crown of life?" Is there such a necessary connexion betwixt a momentary fight, and an everlasting triumph? O the disproportion! who would not fight? who would not wrestle? O let me run to the death!

13. *The better we are versed in the study of heaven, the more we are fitted for it.*

Is not grace young glory; and the forethoughts of heaven, a preparation for heaven? even as black nature is a preparation for hell, the height and perfection of wicked-

ness: a suitableness is congruous betwixt the creature and its condition. High spirits are not for base, low things; as creeping spirits are not for high. What things in heaven can delight a carnal soul? Earth, earth, and only earth, is its known object: give him earth, and he desires no more There is congruity, and discongruity betwixt the capacity and object: beasts have no uptaking of intellectual things; neither carnal men (termed beasts in scripture) of the things of God. O sweet? how do the saints smell of glory, before they enter in? May they not say, "Whither I go, I know, and the way I know?" Were I ignorant of the world I remove for ever into, could I be thus in so joyful a frame? my soul is going to the place where my heart is already: I know in whom I have believed, and what is his reward. "O joy unspeakable, and full of glory!"

14. *Noble uptakings of glory, make us in part possessors of heaven and glory.*

Serious meditating on heaven, renders us, in some manner, possessors thereof: Our conversation is in heaven, saith the apostle; and again, "You are come (not to the mount visible) unto mount Zion, and to the city of the living God." Converse and presence is only by benefit of the mind; were we dwelling in heaven by faith, we might be said to be in heaven before we were there; or rather heaven would come down unto our souls; Christ and all his glorious train would be intimate unto us. O then! we might say my company is sweet, my fellowship glorious: he, whose presence enlightens, enlivens and beautifies heaven, is ever present with me: "I have set the Lord always before me, because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. A bundle of myrrh is my Well-beloved unto me, he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts. O passing joys and sweetness! the source of all joys and sweetness doth possess my heart. Blinded worldlings, you see but the outward garb of sense; saw you what were within, you could not but admire their happiness: the King's daughter is all glorious within — Saw you your own selves in your own genuine colours, ye would run from yourselves, if it were possible: hell lodgeth within you, and you know it not: but anon, when the conscience is awakened, ye shall know it, to your dreadful experience.

15. *Heaven is the proper place where all excellency dwells, should we not then dwell mentally there?*

As the fields are most pleasant, fertile and beautiful, which lie nearest the perpendicular rays of the sun; so the more nearly we approach the Sun of righteousness, the more vigorous and lively shall our condition be: how shall we bloom and flourish like a tree planted by the rivers of waters? O how beautiful shall we become, in the eyes of God, angels, and saints! Worldlings you live in a cold climate; can any thing befal you, except withering and decay? Come hither, this is the sunny side of the world: were ye here, ye could not but cry out, "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage."

16. *We are allowed to have our mind no where else but in heaven, that only being free from the contagion of sin.*

To have the mind in heaven is safe; to let it fall down to earth is most dangerous: mostly from this do Satan, the world, and our vile hearts get such advantage against us: this is the place where Satan domineers; to dwell here, implies a submission to the sceptre of his government. No wonder so many mischiefs befal earth-worms. Heaven is the saint's proper soil: if ye be wise, O citizens of the new Jerusalem, range not without the borders of your kingdom, lest some evil befal you.

17. *According to the excellency of our knowledge, accordingly is the sphere of our activity; and consequently our fitness for doing great things for our Lord's glory.*

Who are most accomplished for the greatest actions and sufferings for Christ? Who, but those who are most above? If the study of human sciences renders a man in some measure excellent; what will the study of this hyperphysical science do? all other sciences are subordinate to this; it being a practic science, directing and illuminating our minds, in the solid uptaking of all things.—Know much of God, and know much of all things.

18. *What we know and affect, that we are; if earth, we are earthly; if heavenly, we are heavenly*

The difference betwixt saints, and all worldlings, lies much here; as the man is, so are his thoughts. Do the faculties of thy soul run most out on heaven and glory? Doth heaven more affect thee than earth? Is it the ordinary frame of thy spirit? O the blessedness of thy condition!

little canst thou conceive what thou art coming to. But doth thy mind run most upon earth? Is it the most delightsome object? and is heaven a frem'd and strange like subject to meditate upon? Is that the ordinary harmony of thy spirit? O thy dreadful condition! who can conceive it! But thou shalt know it before long.

And how sweetly and cordially are we invited to come up from this base earth, and partake of that noble fellowship with the Father and the Son? the gates of glory are cast wide open to all; the wells of salvation are not sealed: if you be eternally thrust out, blame yourselves. He complains, exhorts, arguments "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life" "Why will ye die? Whosever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely." Ah fools! what are ye doing? doubt ye whether to come up or not? what have ye there but broken cisterns? Here, O here, are the fountains, the rivers, the oceans of living waters. Beware, Sirs, this become not your eternal complaint, Heaven was wide open, and I would not come in; and now, wo, wo, wo, for evermore! the gates are for ever shut against me.

19. *It is dangerous to take a superficial view of glory, and no more; we are to search, and die searching; since earth hath so strange a power upon creatures composed of earth.*

O heirs of this never fading glory, need we speak of the things you have a view of, far above all our expressions? See you not what is inexpressible? Are you not ravished with the goodness of your lot? Have you not been often upon the top of mount Pisgah, viewing the higher and lower world, the vast difference betwixt the children's inheritance, and that of the bastard's? Have ye not received a taste of the delicious fruits that grow on the tree of life? Have ye not received in your souls, some sparkles of that heavenly joy and love? Have you not experimentally seen the nothingness and vanity of all created enjoyments? How is it then, that so many of you are so base and carnal in your deportment, as it is difficult to discern betwixt your walk, and that of the sons of the earth? What! back to the earth again, after you have received so high an elevation? You somewhat resemble the fallen angels. Sirs, (if it be so, that you are fallen indeed,) it is an hundred to one, if ever you approach so near

heaven, on this side of time; apostacy in the smallest degree is very dreadful. Be it so, you cannot totally and finally become earth again: yet, is it not sad, never to come near to the first attainments? as it mostly falls out in fallen saints: even David's last ways were below his first. But however, can ye endure so to disgrace your Lord's glory, before the eyes of vile worldlings, who esteem heaven a well-invented *chimera*? Can you feed their Atheism? and dare you shake the faith of weak ones? and be the sad occasion of many's going back at the birth? Either walk in an heavenly manner, or profess no religion at all: if your converse be like that of dunghill wretches, wherein do ye glorify God more than they? Yea, you do dishonour him more a thousand stages.—Christians, can you forget your sweet country, in this melancholy wilderness? Is not death at your hand? Our time is short, for making ready for eternity; ere we get a sight of the vain world death will assault us. What is time but a preparation for eternity? Were there no connection betwixt these two, verily time were of no consideration: have we lost the real use of our senses? Do not all we see, or hear, invite us to go up, and leave this despicable world? Every earthly enjoyment hath vanity written upon it; every thing here hath a frowning countenance: are we not looking for a city whose builder and maker is God? Let us be persuaded of the truth of so great things; let us embrace the promises, and confess we are strangers and pilgrims on earth, that the natives of this world may perceive we seek a *country*. Cry out, Sirs, Adieu, you gilded enjoyments, abstracted from the life of all enjoyments; Ah, glittering nothings! what are you all to me? what to one who hath found the enduring substance? welcome, a thousand times welcome, eternal joys, substantial pleasures, enduring comforts! welcome enjoyment of God, in any measure, though through a glass. Mount up, O my soul, on the serapic wings of heavenly meditation: "Though thou hast lain among the pots, yet shalt thou be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." Let not a low sight content thee, never rest until thou be over the borders of time, where thou shalt be at rest, and free of trouble: here is nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit.

20. *Scripture gives us a discovery of things beyond time.* By a spiritual uptaking of the scriptures, in their own

genuine sense, we might attain unto the sublime knowledge of excellent things; they are wisest, who are best studied in them; faith is an instrument, whereby the soul takes up aright the things contained therein. And doth not every page smell of heaven and glory? The glory of God, and intellectual creatures, and everlasting enjoyment of him, is the subject and scope of all. Nay, this great volume of this visible All, demonstrates somewhat invisible of a far higher nature: "The heavens declare the glory of God: the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made." How many draughts and emblems of glory may we behold, in the glorious fabric of heaven and earth? How doth the spirit set before our eyes, that inconceivable glory to come, in types and borrowed terms, drawn from the glories of this lower region? Verily, they have the advantage of others, who have spirit and opportunity, for searching into the admirable works of God's creation: for such is the nature of things visible, that they lead us to those that are invisible.

21. *Glory is not to be considered after a philosophical manner, being altogether supernatural.*

To inquire metaphysically into the nature of this excellent glory, is not our intention: we desire not to speak other things than what is written Subtle inquiries are cold, having small influence on the affections, the inflaming of which is our aim. A gospel view of glory, in a scripture-dialect, is our design. That the scripture termeth heaven a *city*, and again a *bride*, shows that all emblems come wonderfully short, in representing such inconceivable things; and therefore, discourses thereof are not to be examined, according to vulgar rules Glory may be understood, either formally, or subjectively; which is the supernatural elevation of the creature; or objectively, which is the manifestation of God to the creature: the glory then to be revealed is a supernatural perfection, and that in kind Natural wisdom, never so intense, is not glory: the splendor of the sun, though a thousand stages gradually augmented above what it is, is still but natural glory, and not a supernatural elevation. Every thing is perfect, beautiful, excellent, or glorious (which terms express the same) in its own kind; but in heaven all are supernaturally excellent, as being elevated far above the reach of their natural beings.

22. *All creatures from the highest to the lowest, are passively capable of supernatural elevation.*

What baser things than dust? and yet that is admitted within the new Jerusalem: yet may intellectual beings be said (Gr. *kat' exochen*, i. e. by way of eminence) to be only capable of glory: and then we may say, glory is the highest elevation (actual) of a creature, in its being, faculties, virtues, operations, and relations, by which it is enabled to enjoy God to the full.

23 *Nothing leads us so excellently to the knowledge of glory, as grace its forerunner.*

Grace being an endowment above the strength of nature, what is it else but young glory? For that the knowledge of the one will lead us by the hand unto the knowledge of the other: as glory is grace in the bloom and fullest vigour; so grace is glory in the bud and first springing: the one is holiness begun, the other holiness perfected; the one is the beholding of God darkly, as through a glass, the other, beholding him face to face. Christians, are you considering, that in part you are glorified already? Though it be small, like a grain of mustard seed, and obscured by corruption and mortality: a little patience, and you shall see it grow out wonderfully, in all dimensions, and flourish, and bloom, and be fruitful and fragrant through never-ending ages. You have tasted that the Lord is good, you shall swim, ere long, in the oceans of goodness; you have had his amiable countenance lifted upon you; a little hence shall ye for ever dwell under the noon-day rays of his ravishing face: some drops of celestial joy have fallen into your hearts, unto ravishment; you shall enter into the ocean itself ere long: you are walking with the Lamb, in the days of your pilgrimage you shall follow him anon whithersoever he goes. May ye not then attain to some conception of glory? the tree may be known by its seed; the direct rays, by the reflex. As for you, worldlings, who know not what it is to have communion with God, the very natural consideration of such dazzling glory, may rouse up your senses, and cause you to understand what you never heretofore considered.

24. *Saints get some discoveries more evident than through a glass, which may be termed glimpses of glory.*

The saints, on this side of time, are not seldom more than victors; they have sights above that of faith: O the

sights! O the sweetness! O the ravishments, more like those of overcomers, than figthers, which the saints experience! why may we not then attain to some apprehensions of the glory above? may not the experience of ourselves and others lead us into the discovery of wonderful things: no doubt, the new creation is a supernatural elevation, which we shall never be able to attain unto, through the ordinary and connatural influencing of the spirit on our congenite faculties; his marvellous light is of another nature, than that common light which he communicateth to every one that cometh into the world. Natural excellency, never so gradually perfected is still natural; gradual difference changeth not the kind: join all common graces of reprobates together, could they make up a saving or supernatural? Many carnals make not a heavenly; many material excellencies make not up a spiritual: grace is a heavenly, new principle infused, not the perfecting of what hath been already in the worldling. O Sirs, beware of a beguile here: the intense natural knowledge of divine mysteries, with the overflowings of love and joy arising therefrom, may dazzle our own eyes, and the eyes of the spectators: look that you have heaven indeed within you, else you cannot enter there. O to be partakers of the divine nature! O for the noble mind of Christ! O to be transformed in the spirit of our minds! "cause thy wind to blow on our dry bones, and we shall live" Be not beguiled, sirs, as ye sow, so shall ye reap: have you the immortal seed within you? Look well to it, let it not be choked with cares, anxieties, and vanities; though the beginning appears small and inconsiderable, the end will be wonderfully glorious and excellent: the wonders to be manifested upon thee, will be the perfection of what thou hast got already: "If the spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead be in you, he shall also quicken your mortal bodies, by the spirit that dwelleth in you.

25. *All things invite to this excellent study, and no argument against it.*

We heartily beseech you, to step up to the top of mount Pisgah, and take a view of our ravishing country: what have you to say against the business? Come and see, will answer all your objections: whatever you can say against the matter, will prove it. Speak ye of melancholy? O

what sweetness is here! of inability, and dimness of knowledge? O the lightness of this city! all things are obscure and smoky below. Speak we of hindrances from our necessary worldly affairs? O how doth the sight of this glory oil the wheels, and cheer up to every duty? Will any term it an unknown subject? Nothing more fruitful and full of varieties; nothing more lightsome than glory. Art thou wordly-minded? O then study heaven; the excellency of the one will cause the other to disappear. Thinkest thou hell and destruction are more to be considered by thee? Come, and thou shalt behold, that the discovery of glory discovers all things, since there is no danger for a trembling broken-hearted sinner: the way to glory is the path of life, the new and living way. "We are not come unto the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire; but unto mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, to God the judge of all, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel."

26. *This skill is only from above, and to be begged of God.*

Thou inexhaustible original of all light, life, and fulness, draw up our minds to thee, from this proper habitation of the devil and his slaves; and hold us ever with thee, lest we fall down to this dunghill again: "Then shall we be joyful in glory, we shall sing aloud on our beds, we shall speak of the greatness of thy kingdom, of the excellency of thy majesty, and of the glory of thine inheritance in the saints in light: then shall we go out with joy, and be led forth with gladness: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before us into singing: then shall we renew our strength, we shall mount up with wings, as eagles: we shall run, and not be weary; and walk, and not be faint."

INVITATION.

HERE Tabor's tops, surmounting far the marches
Of those etherial most majestic arches,
Reaching beyond the azure canopy,
Which envious mask hides glory from our eye.
Into the new creation, whose bright glory
Would cause earth's splendour vanish, make us sorry
We've plac'd a grain of love on things below,
Since only 'bove this world all sweets do flow.
Ascend the mount, aspiring souls, and enter
Within the cloud, fear not, draw near love's centre:
Go in to th' privy chambers of the King,
If princely minds, and flowing hearts you bring:
But wanting these, I straitly you command,
In my Lord's dreadful name aloof to stand.
There shall you see your lover's lovely face,
His heavenly gesture, his divinest grace:
There shall his voice melodious charm your ears,
And from your heart shall banish quite all fears:
There shall the smell of's garments, all perfum'd,
Refresh your fainting spirits, with cares consum'd:
There shall you feast upon the cheering wine,
That crimson liquor of the only vine.
You and your Lord shall clasp in one love-tie,
Ne'er to be loos'd through all eternity.
Your thoughts shall dive into love's deep abyss,
And scan, what without all dimensions is:
Your heart (surpassing joy!) in your love's breast,
And his in your's, eternally shall rest.
In fine, your senses, soul and all shall lie,
Bathing in sweetness everlastingly.

A

GLIMPSE OF GLORY,

OR,

A Gospel Discovery of Emmanuel's Land.

THOU glory and beauty of the higher paradise, fulfil thy promise upon me, in letting me see thee in thy beauty, and that land that is very far off: a discovery of thine excellency, a taste of thy sweetness should cause me to overlook all sublunary things, should enable my glory to proclaim thine aloud before the sons of men. Let thy strength appear in weakness; thou canst perfect glory and praise by babes, and nothings; get thyself glory, and I have all I can desire.

2. All joys! am I not exalted on the high places of the earth? Wonderful! what strange things are these? What hath God done? Shall I write, or shall I not? What avails earth's idiom here, which falleth short in the full expression of earthly things? Shall I not debase my Lord's glory, if I endeavour to represent it by the low, base, and childish expressions of earth's idiom? But since our condescending Lord is pleased, in borrowed terms, to express these inexpressible enjoyments, which neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, or the heart of man conceived, we will follow his footsteps; being certain, though our expressions reach not the brim of that ocean, yet they may surpass most men's esteem of it. May we not then, in borrowed speeches and dark emblems, delineate the glory of his kingdom, the excellency of his person, and the riches of his inheritance in the saints in light, until we come unto the fulness of the stature of Christ, when we shall see and express him as he is?

8. *The soul must be elevated on the wings of heavenly meditation, before it get a sight of the promised land.*

Now my soul, thou art got up to the top of this sublime and majestic mountain, overlooking the celestial

Canaan. Ah, my senses are not celestial! yet do the things I see and hear fill me with joy unspeakable, and full of glory: I cannot tell what my faculties are filled with. Words are narrow for such high and wide things. But, should we not express these things according to our measure?

4. *Glory is rather to be admired by mortals than understood.*

I am quite amazed, confounded and ravished at once. O eternal dwelling place of blessed men and angels! and of the man infinitely more excellent than all! How am I affected with thy various beauty, excellent glory, and delightsome sweetness! What appearest thou now, O lower world? Thou art the dunghill; this the palace-royal: thou art the footstool; this the throne. Were the curtains betwixt the higher and lower world drawn aside, all lower glories would disappear; all glories are here, and only here: this is the world. Where shall we find emblems any where else, sufficient to represent in the thousand thousandth part or property, one of the infinite beauties, various glories, admirable excellencies, transcendent virtues, wherewith this land is stored? Verily it is a large land indeed, like a confluence of infinite number of worlds. O my Lord, thy report was true, "In my Father's house are many mansions." The earth is nothing to the visible heavens, and the visible to the invisible. O vast land! are they not shallow fools, who boast themselves of shovelfuls of earth? But worms are much taken up with dunghills. Nothing below this narrow vault of the visible heavens can bound the outgoings of capacious and sublime spirits.

5. *We may imagine, in this our childhood, childishly; and so conceive of glory in a metaphoric way.*

And O the beauty and sweetness wherewith this blessed land is adorned! Earth in its May-clothing, with its various beauties, appeared somewhat delightsome before; but all former apprehensions are swallowed up; all the senses and faculties are lost in the endless maze of infinite varieties of beauties and excellencies Are not the eyes almost ravished from their proper orbs, by the strong attractive virtue of ravishing objects? Are they not dazzled and confounded? What varieties! what glories! what numberless numbers! every object is enough

to allure unto ravishment: but the conspiration of them all cannot be told How are the ears charmed with numberless variety of melodious raptures! so that the ears become harmony itself How do incessant and full gales of odoriferous exhalations perfume and fill with a passing sweetness, not only the brain, but every vein, artery and sinew: that which enters the mouth, every where, surpasseth Ambrosia and Nectar. The circumjacent spirits have so pleasant embraces, as they still refresh the body, that cannot be weary. What shall I say? Am I not nonplussed here? Lo, all beauties, both material and immaterial, here! All things are here in an eminent formal manner. O mighty God, this world is a masterpiece of thy power, wisdom, and goodness indeed; did I never see more of thy ravishing attributes, than what is imprinted on this golden world, should I not be ravished with an eternal rapture? This is a land befitting the inhabitants, all things are ever in their May-clothing, do bloom and flourish with an eternal and glorious verdure, seeming, as it were, all to outbrave one another, in wonderful beauty and excellency: what would an earthly paradise appear here? Shall we speak of gold and gems, trampled upon by beasts? Sure the sun in its strength would blush to let forth its rays, on so beautiful a place, the least stone here would look him out of countenance: nothing in the lower world, which is not here; and nothing here, which is to be seen in the lower world. If we speak any thing in earthly idiom, it must be in perfect contradictions; all is covered over with all varieties of beds of lilies, and roses, and dropping sweet-smelling myrrh; every where the vines flourish, the mandrakes send forth an odoriferous exhalation, the pomegranates bud, the grapes and all fruit hang in goodly order; all is overflown with Ambrosia, milk and honey; all is an orchard, all a champaigne field, every place is the sunny side of the hill, and also a pleasant shadow, every place is filled with odoriferous gales; and yet there is nothing but one sweet and endless calm: the winds that blow here are like vital and animal spirits. Are they not these heart-refreshing, and soul-rejoicing breathings of the Spirit of life? All are planted with trees, every one of which doth specifically differ from one another, and bears every month, every hour, every minute, ten thousand kinds of fruits; and every fruit containeth

ten thousand qualities; and every quality ten thousand virtues, and every virtue ten thousand delights, and every delight is enough to confound myriads of worlds of men and angels. All things send forth melodious notes, odoriferous perfumes, and what may charm thousands of senses, differing specifically from one another: all things here do more than contain all the virtues and excellencies of sun, moon, and stars. O what every thing is, how inconceivable, and beyond imagination! this world is all things, it is a palace, also it is a glorious and stately city, decked with the glory and comeliness of her builder; whose light is like unto a stone most precious, whose walls are high, and beautified with twelve gates, and at the gates are twelve angels: whose figure is four-square, whose circuit twelve thousand furlongs, and the height of the wall, an hundred forty-four cubits; the building thereof is of jasper, and the city of pure gold, as it were transparent glass. If the foundations thereof be of pearl, the houses, streets and walls of gold, what must the deckings of the houses be? If the ordinary stuff exceed the price of the diamond, who can weigh our most noble jewel of the New Jerusalem? Sure all the excellency of this lower universe would be of no reckoning here; yea, many worlds are not to be valued. Must not this be a glorious and delightsome city, which is immediately enlightened with the uncreated glory of JEHOVAH, and the Lamb? "All the kings of the earth bring in their glory and honour hither:" All other glories and excellencies are swallowed up, and concentred here: all joys, all pleasures, all contentments, all desires are forever here

6 *We cannot be so high, in our own conceptions of glory, but still we may be higher.*

But, let us draw near, that we may discover more of these wonderful things: what ravishing melody is this? Were it not heaven to dwell within the sound of heaven's melody? I am altogether ravished! O it is good to be here! O the sweet, sweet, sweet frame the inhabitants are in! their hallelujahs have converted me almost into joy itself. But what can I say? the idiom of glory hath a wonderful efficacy and deepness, beyond our shallow uptakings, as far transcending earth's language, as immortality doth transcend mortality: and I want an ear celestial, musical, to perceive distinctly, and understand these

angelical songs, and wonderful expressions of joy, love and admiration, in the higher house: but the very sound is enough to ravish all our senses. Hear I not something like the song of Moses and the Lamb?

"We will sing unto the Lord; for he hath triumphed gloriously, his enemies hath he overwhelmed with everlasting shame: he is our strength, and our song, and he is become our salvation. Thy right hand, O Lord is become glorious in power; who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Thou in thy mercy hast led forth thy people, which thou hast redeemed; thou hast guided them, in thy strength, unto thy holy habitation: we have a strong city, salvation hath our God provided, for walls and bulwarks. We will greatly rejoice in the Lord, our souls shall incessantly and eternally be joyful in our God; for he hath clothed us with the garments of salvation, he hath covered us with the robes of righteousness. Thou hast awaked, and put on strength, O arm of the Lord; art not thou it, which dried up the Red sea? that hath made the deeps of the sea a way for thy ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord do return, and come with singing unto Sion, and everlasting joys upon their heads; and sorrow and sighing hath fled away. Sing, ye heavens, shout, ye lower parts of the earth, break forth into melody, ye mountains; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. Behold, we dwell on high, our place of defence is the munition of rocks: our eyes do see the king in his beauty; our eyes do behold Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall never be taken down. And in this mountain hath the Lord of hosts made, unto all people, a feast of fat things; and hath swallowed up death in victory; and hath wiped away all tears from all faces.—The Lord is a sun and shield; he hath given grace and glory; no good thing hath he witheld from those who have walked uprightly. How excellent is thy loving kindness! we are abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou hast made us drink of the rivers of thy pleasures: thou hast turned our mourning into dancing; thou hast put off our sackcloth, and girded us with gladness: the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage: thou hast showed unto us the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy

right hand are pleasures forevermore. Worthy is the Lamb, that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God, by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God, kings and priests; and we shall reign for ever and ever. Cry, and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the holy One of Israel in the midst of thee." What a golden life is this? Am not I come into mount Zion? Know I not now by experience, that the converse of mortals may be above? O what a ravishing frame am I now in! the melody of heaven draws me nearer and nearer; I cannot, I will not, I may not rest, until I look within the vail

7. *Christ, the desire of all nations, because he is God, most fully manifested to finite capacities.*

O strange! nothing but wonders! are not the whole inhabitants of the higher Canaan all in a sea of delight, love and admiration? Are they not all flocking round about, as contending who shall be most satiate with the matchless beauty and loveliness of the white and ruddy One, the standard bearer among ten thousand? O the Day's-man betwixt God and creatures! the wonder of wonders, the glory and triumph, and shame of creatures, the beauty of heaven, the admiration of earth, the compend and model of heaven and earth, and all things, the life of all joys, marrow of all loves, flower of all desires, fountain of all sweetness, sun of all glory, the everlasting delight of the Father, and ravishment of men and angels, the centre whereunto all hearts, all loves, all eyes do eternally and incessantly run, the brightness of the Father's glory, the express character of his person! Christ Jesus, God-man, the ever-flourishing stock and the stem of Jesse, the plant of renown! all are chanting thus.

Speak no more of beauties, men and angels, all lesser glories are quite swallowed up: this is the only beauty, the only excellency, by the borrowed rays of whose loveliness, we are all rendered glorious; out of his fulness have we all received; let us down with these massy crowns of glory at his feet, "For of him, and by him, and through him, and to him are all things"

8. *No manifestation of God, so full and sweet to creatures, as through Emmanuel; so infinite is the distance.*

O! my only Well-beloved, thou art God, thou art God the infinite *Jehovah*; and therefore thou art become my All, and only One; none but him! I disdain all yesterday beings for a Well-beloved: yet, since thou art a creature also, thou art more lovely as to me; wert thou not man, as well as God. I could not enjoy thee so familiarly and nearly: though sin in itself cannot be the object of joy, yet the result thereof is passing joyful: this world of free grace transcends never so many worlds of another kind. The enjoyment of God, as a Redeemer, Husband, Brother, is another manner of enjoyment, than of God, Creator. Happy, happy we, that ever we were miserable! we had been undone, if we had not been undone. We ruined ourselves, but thou hast made us up; far, far above all that we had to lose: O sweet debt of thy free redeeming grace! shall not every moment of eternity augment my obligation? I am thy bound dyvour, O my Lord: and therefore my happiness shall grow and bloom throughout all eternity.

9. *One sight of Christ is enough to ravish never so many.* The first sight of thine eyes hath stricken me with everlasting admiration! Many excellent beauties do my blessed eyes behold, but thou dost infinitely transcend them all. Thy countenance hath a beauty and excellency above all possible created glory! Increated glory rays through the vail of his human nature! my blessed eyes, a thousand times blessed eyes, which behold the man who is God! Fellow-beholders, this sight hath cast us for ever into a wondering frame! the more we behold, the more we are inflamed; the more we love, the more we behold! O wonderful eternal circle! hence joys unutterable, inexpressible, hence the sweet praising disposition, hence admiration, hence beholding: and thus throughout eternity.

10. *All our enjoyment nothing, till we see him face to face.* O flower of excellency! O ocean of loveliness! mortality could take up no considerable portion of thee; the most excellent of their discourses was childish nonsense: nothing, but seeing thee face to face, can discover thy worth. Verily I never saw thee until now: and therefore love and joy were never in their highest vigour. I love, I love now indeed! what though I might be said to love thee in thy absence, and to be filled with joy unspeakable and glorious, with the very sound of thy name? These

drops are nothing to the ocean, the tasting to the banquet. O sweet, sweet! nothing but joy! who can stand beside infinite love, and not be inflamed! Am I not almost converted into love itself? O delightsome ravishing fire! what greater happiness than to burn here for evermore.

11. *The soul is not perfectly happy, until it rest, without interruption, in the Well-beloved's love.*

Now we are forever in one another's arms; the days of heaven shall not put a period to these love embraces: "Thou hast set me as a seal upon thy heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death," the coals thereof would burn up hell itself. Nothing but full eternity, incessant enjoyment, will satiate this burning love; and therefore art thou unto me, "as a bundle of myrrh, which lyeth for ever betwixt my breasts." This is the place where love doth bloom, with an eternal verdure: no ups and downs, and hidings of his face; no love-sickness, through the want of personal possession; no need of apples, or flaggons of wine; no contending with time and days, because of their seeming lazy pace; nor with interposing clouds, lingering death, sin and mortality; nothing but full enjoyment; I am as I would be; I see thy face to the full; and therefore my happiness overflows the banks.

12. *The mutual interest betwixt Christ and his chosen is an eternally sweet consideration.*

Thou art mine, my dearest Lord, and I am thine; I was thine from eternity, and thou art become mine to eternity. O my large, wide, broad inheritance! thou art mine in full possession: O my happiness, my happiness, my loves overflow, my joys are in their spring-tide! "Even thou art mine, and thy desire is towards me." No wonder I am ravished with thy beauty: but, art thou ravished with mine? Wast thou not at rest, until thou hadst brought me to these higher chambers of glory; that thou mightest be delighted for ever in my fellowship? What am I to thee? If there be any thing in me can draw one look from thee, it is thine, only thine, and not mine own. If the rays of this borrowed loveliness in me redound back upon thee, thou hast received but what is thine own. Beholdest thou ravishing loveliness in me, who am what I am only of thee? what a boundless ocean of sweetness, what infinite worlds of beauty are in thy matchless Self! many an excellent ob-

ject have I seen, but thou hast ravished my heart from them all. I have found, I have seen him, who is only lovely: this fair One hath my heart for evermore. Choicest beauties of yesterday, were it possible for you to draw my affections in the least aside? I have tasted of creature's sweetness, but they could not satisfy: shall it not be my endless exercise, incessantly to kiss, and draw ravishing consolations from the lips, that brought the joyful tidings of this boundless happines? None but thee! if I love and delight in other beauties, it is as they are decked with thy loveliness; as they are emblems, shadows and reflexions of thee, who art altogether lovely: but thou art the substantial beauty, thou art the beauty! let innumerable millions of worlds of beauties stand round about thee, one ray of thy transcendency would eclipse them all Beholders, can you tell what you see? O his beauty, his beauty! what more can be said, than that it infinitely transcends the conceptions of men and angels?

Other loves are but the picture and resemblance of love to this sublime and noble love of Jesus: this is love indeed. Should I speak of flames? am I not entered into the ocean the floods, the worlds of love? "For God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him." Is not this a sweet ravishing habitation? what joy to think, this is my eternal repose? I dwell in the midst of hot burning flames, without harm, as in a bed of roses, and an orchard of delights.

13. *The glorified soul, reflecting on former things, looks upon all as childish.*

This is the fulness of the stature of Christ; how capacious, to receive incessantly floods of love! before my soul was narrow, now it is larger than the heaven of heavens. O the outrunnings of my soul after thee: before they were small streams, now they are huge floods; small things are not now noticed; all our desires are now swallowed up. What is the moon when the sun doth appear? How massy, massy art thou, O love of Jesus! wouldst thou not downweigh innumerable worlds? Had I known in the ten thousandth part on earth, what now I know, the world would have imagined me quite beside myself; how wonderfully would I have spoken, written, and done? But, ah! how poorly and childishly did we speak of thee? What joy, that mortality is done away?

14. *Saints and angels shall be ever going forth into the matchless excellencies of their well beloved; and running them, as it were, over and over again.*

Though I behold thee, as thou art; yet am I ever supplied with new matter of admiration: when more ages are past than atoms in the creation, I shall not be jejune, to express thine infinite excellency; men and angels, when shall you dive so deep, as you may dive no further? But shall I not for ever delineate thy beauty now, when I have thee in my arms? Sirs, shall we not for ever speak of him, of whom too much cannot be spoken? No injury is here done to the Father and blessed Spirit; their glory and excellency do visibly shine here: and do these arms embrace God, these eyes see him? O the mystery of godliness! men and angels, you are all astonished, God visibly manifested! O wonder of wonders! is not thy name rightly termed *Wonderful*? O my elevated thoughts! O eternity! eternity! thou shalt be filled with wondering what glory shines in this man's face! thy countenance, Well-beloved, hath a non-such majesty. The saints have the face of glorified creatures, and no more; but the majesty of thy countenance is altogether divine. O perfection's flower, and marrow of loveliness! none, who see thee, will inquire, "What art thou more than another beloved?" O thy face, thy ravishing face! indeed thou art the white and ruddy, the standard-bearer amongst a myriad: thy face, my Well-beloved, is like the face of the Son of God; every smile is full of inexpressible joy; "For God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness, above all thy fellows." Is not this he, men and angels, whose visage was more marred than any man's? in whom the world saw no beauty, or desirableness? Is not this he, whose face was spit upon by the filth and offscourings of men? Verily, Well-beloved, though thou art the same yesterday, to day, and for evermore; yet appearest thou far changed from what thou appearedst on earth. O but then thou didst strangely mask thy divine beauty with the veil of mortality, which now thou hast done away, that thy glory may shine forth in its full splendour before thy chosen! O thy stately majestic head, only worthy to be crowned with glory and honor, to be exalted far above all creatures! strange! this majestic head, that was once beset with a crown of thorns, is now surrounded with the brightness, which carries in its bo-

som boundless joys. This was the joy that was set before him. O blessed we, that have such an head! the head of this golden world is of fine gold. O how beautiful are the adornments of thy head! O thou wouldst entangle all creatures forever in the folds of overcoming love! how am I ravished with thine eyes! heaven and glory dwells in every look; the first glance of them did strike heaven and love into an eternal rapture: nothing can resist their overcoming emenations of love. And, did these eyes gush forth tears, through bitter grief and sorrow? Could ever the least sadness and darkness enter into such divine orbs of light and joy? Thou hast overcome me with thine eyes my fair One. One look of thee, and no more, would ravish ten thousand worlds of men and angels. O the noonday light of thy countenance for ever and ever! and who can tell the comeliness of thy fragrant, beautiful cheeks? And what can be said of thy rosy lips? how do they perfume this land with their fragrant myrrh, that incessantly drops from them? O what a boundless ocean of grace is poured into them! Therefore God hath blessed thee for ever more. Every kiss of them is an heaven of sweetness. I am filled and overcome with this mirror of glory! The smell of thine ointment, afar off, did ravish my heart; but now I am more, ten thousand times more, than ravished! one drop of this myrrh would sweeten ten thousand oceans of all imaginable bitterness. And O thy princely hands, fit to sway the sceptre of this ever-flourishing kingdom, delightsome habitation! can there be a more blessed posture? "His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me" Am not I circled in the arms of unsearchable love? "The eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are everlasting arms." Those blessed arms, that were stretched upon the cross for me, do embrace me sweetly, for evermore. Whether thy love doth more shine forth in the first, or latter posture, cannot be told; but sure thy love in all its resplendency, passeth all created understandings. O the glory, sweetness, and excellency of thy belly! O thy bowels of compassion! O what rivers of water do from thence flow out incessantly upon us! And what is comparable to thy stately legs? How glorious are thine outgoings amongst us! O my King and God, when thou trode upon the high places of the earth, its foundations were shaken. "How didst thou trample the peo-

ple in thine anger, and the kingdoms in thy fury? Thou came skipping over the mountains, leaping over the hills, for the salvation of thy people" Blessed men and angels what can be conceived, or expressed of such a wonderful person? O his stately deportment! every part of him, so to speak, is an infinite mass of beauty. What a beauty then must all these numberless beauties, composed in one be? Is not thy countenance as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars? Thy majesty is wonderfully various, and every variety the height of excellency. By sweet experience I may say, Thy mouth is most sweet: the relics of the impression of one of thy love-kisses may fill the soul with passing joys, throughout endless ages. Suppose a creature filled with all possible creature sweetness, one kiss of thy most sweet mouth would swallow up all O the words of thy mouth, passing in sweetness the honey distilling from the honey-comb! thy voice, thy ravishing voice: even to stand without the gates of New Jerusalem, and hear the sound thereof, might wrap up a creature in eternal ravishment. And is it possible, my matchless One to attain the furthermost of thy infinite perfections, though but one simple excellency? Let me rather further and further into the ocean of thy loveliness, through endless ages; yet shall I ever be in the entry: nevertheless will I pay thee the tribute of praises, and cry up to thee before men and angels; and speak of thine excellency, while my being remains. I praise thee, not because I am able to show forth thy worth fully; but, strong love doth constrain me, that for ever I must be expressing, and for ever the conclusion must be, Thou art altogether lovely; for to thee alone doth this epithet appertain. You chiefest of created excellences, can this agree to you? Are you nothing but masses of pure, essential and unmixed love? Who but he, even he alone, is altogether lovely? He is all love, all sweetness, all ravishment: nothing but loveliness in him! his weakness, infirmity, poverty, contempt, crosses, losses, pains and death, flash forth the ravishing resplendencies of surpassing love and sweetness. Heart and love, and all is gone from me. O the sublime thoughts of my elevated understanding! O this frame! this love! this sweetness! all are unutterable; all are inexpressible!

15. *Even to stand beside the Chief of ten thousand is a dignity unconceivably above the excellency of all creatures.*

That we might be ever with thee, and behold thy glory, was one of thy great petitions, in the days of thy flesh; thousand, thousand times blessed I, that ever this was asked! thou asked nobly, and thy Father granted like a King. Can we have more than to dwell in thy immediate presence? any enjoyment of thee, surpasseth that of the flower of created sweetness: a sight of thee in a vision of the night, through a glass, or any way, is ravishing, as I often have sweetly experienced, in the days of my pilgrimage: To touch the hem of thy garment, or to see thee in thy infancy, was a happiness inexpressible. What shall we say to our lot, who are as near thee as our heart can desire? O this high, high, high dignity! O beloved estate! far above the heaven of heavens; nay, numberless heavens superadded to one another! And am I in thy immediate presence? even in the chambers of presence with thee O lovely One, who inhabits eternity! what honour is this? what shall I say of it? But thy ways are incomprehensible. This is the prerogative of the saints, this is it! "What shall be done unto the man, whom the King delighteth to honor?" Spake he not in good earnest, when he told us of dignities, thrones, crowns, priesthoods, and possessions of all things? shall I ever enough wonder at the honor of the saints? This is the dignity of the overcomers, to wear the laurel, the badges of honor, the garlands of glory. How came thou to all this, O silly self? hast thou been born to wear an immortal crown, to be overladen within and without with so great a weight of glory? Thou appearest indeed in the equippage of a king, decked with majesty, glory and honor, arrayed with wonderful excellency and comeliness. Wast thou not once, O thou silly I, a base worm, defiled with the very filth of hell? How hast thou robbed the Almighty of his glory, dishonored his excellency, wronged his holiness, trampled upon his most precious things, on his blood; done what thou couldst to precipitate thyself into eternal perdition; violented the gates of that woful prison, O undone soul, to cover thyself with utter darkness from the charming beams of the Sun of righteousness? yet am here, even here, surrounded with inexpressible glory! many thousands, less deserving, are in the place of utter darkness. O thy love! thy love! which passeth all understanding! O thy free, free grace! O the heighth, and

depth, and length, and breadth of thy ways! my enjoyments are more than free; hath he not brought me over my deservings? But nothing can stand in the way of infinite love. Thou loved me, because thou loved me; and because thou loved me, I became lovely in thy sight Not unto us, not unto us be the glory; but unto JEHOVAH, and the Lamb be praise for ever and ever.

16. *The nearness of saints and angels to their Creator, and Redeemer, astonishes them eternally.*

What astonishing condescendency, to admit bits of nothing so near thee! can this thy way be ever enough admired? It is strange thou shouldst deign creatures with either thy love or thy hatred! 'What is man, that thou shouldst visit him? that thou shouldst notice him, and bring him into judgment?" But more wonderful! hast thou not crowned him with glory and honor? Thou hast made him sit down beside thyself! he treadeth the lower world under his feet, he walketh on the high places of the creation: O thy bounty! O thy condescendency! should I stand so near my Lord the King? Since free love will have it thus, and it is not his way to create desires, and not fulfil them; strong love can take rest no where but in his naked embraces. On earth I was unsatisfied, oftentimes complaining of distance and abscence; and when I found thee, I would not let thee go, but held thee fast, until we entered into those glorious mansions: and how are my thoughts heightened, by beholding thee face to face? The nearer thee, the higher esteem and reverence; none can have low thoughts of thee, but they that know thee not

17 *No knowledge, no evidence unto the noon day evidence of glory*

The first ray of thy infinite glory upon me discovers infinite varieties of wonders! Men and angels, are we not all an assembly of eternal wonders? and all the product of the noon-day vision of glory, not of ignorance? All the things of time from the greatest to the smallest, are now seen to be wonders; howbeit that little of them was discerned, and that in a brutish manner. Strange! O Beloved, thou art another manner of Christ than we spake of, in the days of our mortality: thy very name was scarce conceived. How came I hither with so little conceptions? Have I not begun to know, in the very first entry of eternity, my knowledge on earth was no evidence,

in comparison with this noon-day vision of glory? As the man looks back on his infancy, as a mere brutish ignorance; and the man awakened, on his bypast dream; so do I now, on my most refined conceptions on earth. O the clear and sharp uptaking of a glorified capacity! do I not behold every thing, as it is in its proper and naked being? All shadows have fled away, what wonder, to think what we were, and what we are! O the infinite power of Omnipotent JEHOVAH! what a perfecting is this! but what cannot my Lord do?

18. *To be witnesses of the glory of Jehovah and the Lamb, is an inexpressible dignity.*

And dost thou manifest thyself, in such a manner to us? what is essential eternity to beings of yesterday? are we fit witnesses of thy glory? O infinite *Jehovah*, are we not before thee as nothing and vanity? May not the greatness of thy glory, if thou shouldst let it forth to the full, confound, even confound us to nothing? Its infiniteness nothing can comprehend, but an infinite understanding: the furthermost of all created glory is nothing and vanity in thy presence, though it might seem somewhat among its like. Dart forth the full rays of all your glory, all you creatures, you shall not dazzle these eyes which are fixed on a higher object.

19. *What he manifests to us, is a wonder; but the way of his manifesting it, is a wonder of wonders.*

Shall we not wonder again and again, and for ever, at the way thou hast taken to manifest so nearly and familiarly unto us, thy incomprehensible glory? hast thou not assumed the nature of a creature, that thou mightest converse the more intimately and condescendingly with us? To enjoy thee any way requires an infinite condescendency; the disproportion being infinite: but this, this is the most wonderful condescendency possible! O this is the most excellent of all possible ways! O the wonderful soul alluring glory that doth most sweetly dart upon us from the man, who is God! O eternally blessed I, who have such a Well-beloved, in whom is all fulness! thou art a marrowless one indeed. We have done for ever with other beloveds; what wonder I am so deeply in love with thee? what wonder I swim in floods of eternal satisfaction, who enjoy thee so familiarly? Can a creature be

more happy? I am full, I am full, and can desire no more!

20. *To consider the change Christ hath undergone, is an eternally ravishing consideration.*

Is this he, who was born of the Virgin Mary, in a stable, and laid in a manger? who for the most of his days was in a poor, obscure, contemptible condition; who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; of no corporal beauty in the eyes of the beholders: and subject to all the infirmities of feeble mortals, except sin: who was deserted of the outgoing of the sweetness and love of God; nay, did drink from brim to bottom, the bitter cup of his Father's wrath; who was apprehended in an ignominious manner; betrayed, denied and forsaken of his own disciples; violently hauled away to judgment, reviled, mocked, and buffetted, and spit upon; accused of blasphemy, treason, madness, and whatever hellish heads could devise; then scourged, and set forth to the opprobry and laughing of the rascally multitude; then condemned to the vile and shameful death of the cross, for blasphemy and treason; and that by the petition of the vast multitudes gathered together to the passover, who preferred a base robber before him! The sentence was not sooner pronounced than executed; for he was hanged betwixt two thieves, in the sight of the multitude, to the insultation of devils and their slaves, who beheld this matchless one nailed to the cursed tree, and bled to death in great torment, and anguish of spirit: while the sun, clothed in mourning for his Lord, contrary to the course of nature, sympathised with the eclipsed Creator, and withdrew its beams from those who had eclipsed the light of the whole creation. Thus did my Well-beloved continue for a long space, and gave up the ghost in great torment of body and spirit; yea, was buried, and continued under the power of death for a time: and this, even this is the same. Behold, men and angels, behold and wonder at the man, who is the wonder of wonders, and whose name is termed *Wonderful!* Well-beloved, thou appearest to be far changed, though thou be ever the same! thou only hast done heroically, O mighty Captain of the Lord's hosts: this was thy design from eternity: oughest thou not first to have suffered, and then to enter into this incomprehensible glory? Thou hast graciously overcome,

and satisfied avenging justice, incensed against the children of thy eternal delights: "Having spoiled principalities and powers, thou madest a show of them openly, triumphing over them on the cross: for though thou, being in the form of God, thought it no robbery to be equal with God; yet madest thou thyself of no reputation, and became obedient even unto the death: wherefore God also hath highly exalted thee, and given thee a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven, earth, and under the earth." Wast thou not as low as the grave? and yet hast ascended on high, led captivity captive, and received gifts for men! Art thou not he, who liveth, and was dead? and behold thou art alive for evermore! Who is exalted, and wast low and despised; and behold, thou art exalted above all created heavens for ever! who rejoicest, and did weep, and sigh, and groan; and behold, thou art surrounded with boundless joys for evermore! who reignest victoriously, and wast in the form of a servant; and behold, thou reignest in glorious majesty for evermore! Art thou not a wonderful One indeed! shall men and angels ever enough admire thee? though every moment of eternity shall be filled with admiration of my ravished heart

21. *God manifested in the flesh for ever a mystery*

And is dust and ashes for ever exalted to such an incomprehensible pitch of glory? O dust, how camest thou hither? strange! that the Almighty hath exalted thee above the sun, moon, and stars; and hath brought thee into his immediate presence, to carry the least tincture of supernatural heavenly glory upon thee, to become the temple of the Holy Ghost! But, men and angels, what are your conceptions of this dust, to be the temple, wherein the high and lofty One, the Almighty JEHOVAH, the eternal consubstantial Son of God, doth personally dwell, and with which he is personally united? Is not this a mystery? Is not this an infinite abyss, men and angels, into whose furthermost you shall never be able to dive?

22. *That God should bring about the highest exaltation of human nature, through man's horrid ingratitude, an ocean of wonders.*

To think, that these bodily eyes behold my Redeemer, might astonish ten thousand worlds: are we not all overwhelmed in astonishment? is not every one crying, what

hath God done? O thy incomprehensible ways! O thy irresistable power! O thy unsearchable wisdom! O thy love, thy boundless love! love that passeth all understanding! Strange! hath the Almighty exalted thee, O man's nature, unto this incomprehensible dignity? it was much thou receivedst the characters of divine majesty and excellency; yet more to be admitted into friendship and converse with the great and dreadful Former of all. O! are not such gradations of wonder, like millions of worlds, placed above millions of worlds, and again, and again, and for ever more? Is not man infinitely obliged to such a Sovereign? If the crawling worms be infinitely obliged for their being, what shall be said of man, created with so noble a being, in so noble a condition? Was it possible he could ever have loved, feared, praised him enough? Was it possible a creature, thus dealt with, could rebel? Yet strange! when this dreadful prodigy did enter the creation; O astonishing rebellion! monstrous ingratitude! from thenceforth, what could be expected, but pure vengeance, like an overflowing flood, should destroy head and tail, root and branch, with an eternal destruction? Could any mercy have been expected from heaven to earth, when earth had denounced open enmity against heaven? What shouldst thou have done, dread Sovereign of all things, with base, monstrous and ingrate mankind, but make it wholly the butt of thy unmixed wrath? What are never so many worlds of men and angels to thee, that thou shouldst spare them, if once they dared to utter one word against thee? Shouldst thou reduce to nothing what thou hast created, what hast thou lost, since thou couldst produce, in this very moment, millions of millions of worlds? Yea, and if produced, what are they, but as so many millions of shadows and nothings before thee? O the condescendency! the sweetness of thy nature! O the boundless riches of thy grace! "O the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of thy unsearchable ways!" Hast thou become friends with man again? entered into a treaty of peace and reconciliation with him? held out the golden sceptre, as a manifestation of the thoughts of boundless love, that flamed in thy heart from all eternity? erecting a glorious throne of free, altogether free grace, upon the horrid apostacy and rebellion of ungrateful man? Who could have imagined such a dispensation as this? Were

you expecting this, you glorious angels, when ye beheld man backslide so monstrously? Were you thinking so prodigious ingratitude would come to this? Were you not amazed at a second covenant, after the breaking of the first? Yea, are we not all in the same admiring frame? O eternity! thou art not sufficient to make the impression old, which God hath enstamped on the minds of men and angels. The objects are wonderful! Our faculties are wonderfully elevated! what wonder, my heart is fixed? O this frame of spirit! I see, I see that a world of altogether free grace was the only design of eternity! even that heaven should be filled for ever with a song, "to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever." Lord, what hast thou done? Not only hast thou become friends with man again; not only hast thou made him thine everlasting minion, but thou hast also personally assumed his nature that thou mightest draw him nearer thyself, and manifest thy glory unto him, in a more familiar, intimate, sweet and wonderful way. than was possible in the first dispensation! Wonderful! did man cast off the image of his Maker? and did his Maker take upon him man's image, to restore all again? Didst thou. O my God, assume personally our nature, even in its lowest estate, that thou mightest weep, and sigh, and groan, and sorrow, and die for undone man? Is not this love indeed! man had destroyed himself but did our excellent Well-beloved step in betwixt eternal wrath and the miserable sinner, and all the billows of divine vengeance did he receive, till divine fury was pacified! No sorrow, no shame, no pain could terrify him: infinite love is invincible. I will not spare base man, said offended majesty, in the day he rebels against me, as I have said, he must die the death; for the word hath gone out of my mouth Be it so, saith the Son of God, here am I, a man ready to suffer all sorrow, grief, and pain of soul and body, unto the very death: hath man sinned? man shall bear the punishment. I, even I, will die the death; "Sacrifice and offerings thou wilt not accept; but a body thou hast given me. I will bear their grief; I will carry their sorrows. My Father, I am glad thou lay upon me the iniquity of them all; they are thine and mine from eternity: this was our transaction before all ages, that in the fulness of time, I should lay down my life for these thou hast given me out of the

world; "Therefore thou, O Father, dost love me, because I lay down my life for my sheep."

23. *The relations betwixt God and us are everlasting amazement.*

Who can search into the depths of thy boundless love? Thou hast delivered us from going down into the pit; thou hast found a ransom: this is a draught of infinite wisdom, the eternal wonder of men and angels! verily, thy loves are incomprehensible, matchless, boundless, and unchangable; which, though we sometimes doubted, in the days of our absence, yet all are now evident, as the noonday light; past, present, and to come, present themselves for ever. O then, my happiness overflows its banks! am not I overjoyed, as at the first entry? How familiarly and sweetly do I converse with thee, O excellent Well-beloved? myriads of ages appear not a moment in thy presence. This dispensation is an eternal wonder! would not this have been thought a horrid petition, before the promulgation of the gospel? "O thou that wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother? when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee: his left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. I am my beloved's, and his desire is towards me." Indeed our dignity before our fall was high and glorious: but, O this dispensation of love! Sirs, is not God our brother, our husband, our redeemer, our only Well-beloved? O our happiness! what shall we do throughout eternity but wonder? God manifested in the flesh, O strange! Lord God Almighty, what couldst thou do more to creatures?

24. *Men and angels run themselves in an eternal circle of beholding and admiring God visibly manifested*

Shall I not behold and admire, admire and behold, and flame and love, while this immortal Being remains? The veil is drawn aside, and we behold clearly the man, Christ Jesus, filled with the Godhead! Indeed the earth is full of a divine glory, the heavens also in a more special manner, saints and angels, wonderfully and eminently; yet all in measure: but glory dwells in this man above all measure! he is God equal with the Father! no nearness to the Fountain of all glory, unto that nearness of the human nature of our Well-beloved with the Godhead! O then the emenations of thy inexhaustible fulness! even thy glo-

ry, beauty and sweetness, shall overflow their banks for ever and ever! we are ever filled and over filled with thy fulness; yet there still remains as much behind. Infinite worlds of men and angels couldst thou satiate, and make to run over with thine overcoming love and sweetness.—Upon whom may, and doth not thy light shine? Thou art the Sun, we are the stars: what should we be, didst thou draw in thy glory? where ever thy glory is peculiarly manifested, there is heaven: let me be any where, so be thou shine upon me. They have the sunny side of the world, who behold thy face in righteousness: a world of all creature beauties and delights, is a hell without thee; I should count them a mass of deformity, should they for one minute stand in betwixt me, and thy ravishing countenance. None but JEHOVAH and the Lamb! Had I this sight but for one moment on earth, would I in the least have regarded the glittering vanities of time? In thy light I see light; every thing appears as it is: they are enlightened to the full, who dwell under the beams of thy ravishing countenance. Blessed ones, what must he be, whose glory and beauty, darting in upon us, doth beautify us all! What were we, if this fair One were not amongst us? By thy darting upon me, I am partaker of the divine nature, even transformed from glory to glory. O thy attractive, lovely emenations! I cannot, will not, but follow thee, whithersoever thou goest, though without the borders of this great all, or through the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone; these then should be no more what they are, but worlds of joy and delights. O thy glory, thy glory, thy glory! cursed monsters, who are under eternal vengeance, for your hatred to his excellency, had you a glimpse of this transcendent glory, should not your misery and torment be quite forgotten? But ye are banished from his presence and glory; and therefore you are unutterably miserable. O my happiness! "Is it not good to be here?" Wonderful! was I ever loath to come here? My Lord is here, are not then all things here? Was I ever loath to come here, because silly harmless death did stand in the way? But what is it to pass through ten thousand black deaths, ten thousand ages of all imaginable torment? One hour here, will do more than make up all. O massy, real, substantial, enduring glory! am I not happy, eternally happy! happiness is here in its full bloom

and verdure: I have thee in my arms, O Well-beloved, and is it possible I can be more blessed?

25. *The glorified only capable of understanding glory fully, mortality can conceive little.*

By thy blood, and only by thy blood, have we entered these oceans of unspeakable happiness; through thee have we such full access to the Father; thou art our wisdom, our righteousness, all things. O perfect security forever and ever! what wonder this could not enter the minds of mortals? This is only to be conceived by manly capacities. Before, we resembled thee in part, because we saw thee by faith, as through the glass of thy word, but in part: now we are capacious; now thou shinest upon us in full splendour; whereby thine image is fully impressed upon us; we know thee face to face, as thou art, without the benefit of interposing creatures, and ideas, extracted from other things. O immediate vision of God! O clear discoveries of infinite perfections! I see, I see the infinite One face to face, as I am seen, and my life is preserved. I am fully satiate, ravished, overcome, with thy lovely image! what wonder I am like thee, who partake of thy nature, the beams of thy excellency every where darting upon me! O this illumination! O the high, high pitch of glory! O the everlasting smiles of my Lord's countenance! O manifestations of more and more throughout eternity! all the enjoyments of eternity are as one moment: all ages are as swallowed up in the infinite depths of boundless excellencies Creature-enjoyments are empty, and may be received, but infinite love ravisheth throughout eternity: when more ages are past than there are atoms in the creation, then shall I be, just as I am now, ever swimming and diving in the depths of thy infinite perfections, and never attaining the furthermost. This is a life! how sweet to dwell under the noon-day beams of thy ravishing countenance? All darkness and ignorance are quite dispelled; every thing is known as it is in its own proper essence: here wisdom flourisheth in its highest region; my former attainments are swallowed up, like the light of a candle beside the sun. O this light day of eternity! O eternity, thou art not sufficient, wherein I may delineate what my elevated heart doth conceive! all are inexpressible: mysteries are no mysteries, and yet eternal mysteries! how was I beset with darkness, and could not attain suitable uptakings of thee? how was I vexed

with low and unbeseeming thoughts of thy all-glorious majesty? whence deadness and unfitness of spirit for worshipping of thee aright. Now I am enlightened with the full and immediate beams of thy glory: and O how great and precious are my thoughts of thee! O this ravished frame of spirit! how am I all inflamed with divine love? I am rendered divine; therefore I bend to thee with an incessant and eternal propension: holiness before was in part, now the copestone is upon it. How beautiful and comely are we become, through the blood of the Lamb? I see, Well-beloved, thou canst wash black hell fair and white, till it become a lump of heaven and glory. Sirs, are we not far changed? may not every one of us say, I am not I? Might we not misken ourselves, were it possible such a thing were compatible with glory?

26. *The beholding of God, in his way of subsistency, and outgoings to creatures, is endless ravishment.*

The wonderful mystery of thy being One in essence, yet Three in the way of subsistence, was only to be believed by mortals; and not to be understood demonstratively: but now I behold, with a noon-day evidence, what I believed. Thou art One, in the most simple manner; and yet there are Three, in the blessed Godhead; every one of which is God; who are only distinguished by proper ways of subsistence. I believed in the land of darkness, this, as all other mysteries, should be fully manifested in the land of glory: now all, all is accomplished! "My hope hath not made me ashamed: he hath fulfilled the desire of those that fear him" O blessed I, for evermore! what a life is this, thus to swim in the oceans of delights! O this enjoyment! O my heavenly Father, first person of all this adorable, eternal, co-essential generation! O thou brightness of the Father's glory, and express character of his person! O Holy Ghost, the eternal conspiration of love betwixt the Father and the Son! O ravishing sights! shall I not behold, with an eternal overcoming delectation? What is God? will take an eternity to answer, though we behold thee as thou art: one view of thy infinitely amiable essence, and way of subsistence, would seal up innumerable worlds of men and angels in everlasting ravishments. Can I express what I behold? Should I write new volumes through millions of ages, until the creation were filled, they should contain nothing to that my heart is filled with: should I write to all eternity

new songs of thine immortal praises, should I not be ever a beginning, and never fully? O sweet! sweet fellowship, with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! O my Redeemer, do I not behold thee, the brightness of thy Father's glory, the express character of his person, his efficacy and his wisdom, by which he made all things? "The Lord possessed thee in the beginning, ere ever the earth was; even then thou wast by him, as one brought up with him, and was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him;" immortal blessings and praises to thee. O God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, art thou not lovely, excellent, full of all delights and sweetness, who hast begotten such a matchless, superexcellent one, as Christ Jesus, our excellent Well-beloved, our Redeemer, our Head, our Daysman, our all in all! thy substantial image is lovely, O my heavenly Father! O then thy loveliness! Men and angels, you are but as so many painted accidental draughts of God's excellency; but Christ Jesus is the substantial image of God, his very power, efficacy, and excellency, by which he doth all things; his very self. None but Christ! Is he the Father's darling? and is he not ours? Is he his wisdom, joy, and delight? and is he not ours also? O eternal ravishments? God hath given to, and for us, the Son of his everlasting love and delights! sent he not his only Son and heir into a base and inhuman world, that he might save and gather together the sons of his eternal choice? O blessed counsel from eternity of the glorious Trinity! O happy we! that ever free, free love bowed and condescended so! what could Jehovah do more for us, than he hath done? hadst thou any greater gift, than the only Son of thy love? didst thou give thy bosom delight to be a propitiation for us, the offscourings of all things? Is not this love infinitely transcending all finite capacities? That thou vouchsafed a being on us, was a great bounty; but more, that thou created us after thy lovely divine image; yet more, thou condescended to enter into a covenant with us; and yet higher, to be appointed thy everlasting minions! But what shall we think, men and angels, hath he not given unto us the Son of his everlasting delight? This gift can never be enough admired and esteemed; O Almighty *Jehovah*, thou givest like a king! too great a gift indeed for us to receive, but not too great for thee to give. Nothing can be too great for thee; and this was the greatest gift that thou couldst

give: hadst thou gifted us ten thousand worlds of beauty, stored with all imaginable paradises of pleasures, with innumerable fair created heavens of sweetness, with infinite legions of men and angels, should they not have been esteemed rich and noble gifts? But all is just nothing to matchless Jesus. It is a shame to lay any thing in the balance with him; one ray of his God-head would confound all possible created excellencies to nothing. O thy excellency! thy excellency! am I not overjoyed, am I not overjoyed, that I shall cry thee up through numberless ages? Ye may hide yourselves, men and angels; for all your beauties and glory, what are you to him? It is astonishing condescendency, he admits you to stand beside him! I cannot but extol thee before innumerable assemblies of men and angels. My heart is fixt, eternally fixt, shall we not, as it were, contend, who shall extol thee most? And said thou, Amen, my Well-beloved, to the blessed, a thousand times blessed bargain of the new covenant? Verily that love thou manifested in the fulness of time, did show the love that flamed in thy heart, before all ages: though thou wast in the bosom of the Father, ever delighting him, and delighting in him; yet didst thou come down to base earth, and conversed familiarly with silly, sinful, frail man; and was found to be a man, that thou might save him, lost and undone to the uttermost. Men and angels, you are all looking in with astonishment: to behold God personally, clothed with the human nature, is a sight, we can never enough view and admire; the mirrour, wherein we behold the love of God to creatures, in its full splendour. Wast thou never enough near and intimate with us, until thou becamest bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh? until thou becamest one with us, who art one with the Father? "For both he that sanctifieth, and they that are sanctified, are all one: for which cause thou art not ashamed to call us brethren!" O essential love! art thou not here manifested transcendently? that sentence was comely in your mouth, "love your enemies" Hast thou not loved thy mortal enemies to the death? Were we not heirs of wrath, born enemies against thy Highness? But in despite of our enmity, didst thou love with an everlasting love. Nothing can stand in the way of infinite redeeming love. No matter what I have been, since I am lovely in thy sight: it is wonderful loveliness, to become the object of thy eternal love! and this only

will I glory in. The more vile and loathsome I have been, the more doth the loveliness, nobleness, and freeness of thy love appear, which will neither be budded nor hired. Sovereignty shines forth in all thy actings. "Who shall give thee? and it shall be recompensed Not unto us, not unto us, but unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, be glory for ever and ever." O blessed Spirit of grace, the eternal aspiration of love, and outgoing of the Father and the Son, thou great Jehovah, blessed for evermore, how sweet a co-operation hast thou in this glorious work of redemption! this transcendent manifestation of altogether-free grace! how sweet hast thou been unto us, in the days of our pilgrimage? how didst thou convince, convert, enlighten and comfort? we should have perished, in our journey to this goodly land, hadst thou not strengthened us in our inward man And wast thou so sweet in the days of our sinning? Art thou not now sweet, infinitely more than sweet? O the full, incessant, eternal flowings of the Spirit of love! this south wind breathes strongly, causing the spices of the higher paradise to exhale a ravishing fragrancy every where: how, in every high tide, nothing but ravishing perfumes? no winds, but the breathings of the Holy Spirit. O what rivers, oceans, worlds of consolation! one drop of this falling upon the heart, appeared heaven itself; but this is more than heaven! every drop of this boundless ocean of sweetness, I am entered for ever into. would ravish ten thousand worlds of men and angels. This could not be conceived by mortals, unless in a childish manner; the first fruits surpassed their apprehensions, and yet had no proportion considerable with the harvest: none can apprehend this, except they be experienced therein; and none can be capable of this experience, but those who are raised to this wonderful pitch of glory. These floods of sweetness would have undone us, in a moment, had we entered them in our frail mortal estate. O miraculous elevation of glory, which can bear such sweetness! are we not as so many trophies, and monuments of thy transcendent power, in its high victory? much of thine excellency was to be seen in thy kingdom of nature; much more in thy kingdom of grace, but most in this of glory: here shine forth thy infinite excellencies, in their noonday splendour.

27. *Nothing but rivers, oceans of joy, overflow Emmanuel's land.*

O joy inexpressible, and altogether glorious! now, now I find to the full, by sweet, sweet experience, that in thy presence there is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore! in the days of my pilgrimage, thou put more joy and gladness into my heart than in the time when worldly enjoyments abounded in worldlings: then have I been so ravished with the glimpses of thy countenance that earthly joys could take no place; so that I could not but imagine myself in heaven already; thinking that the vintage had come in place of the first fruits: Now, O now! I am in thy immediate presence. Thy sweetness, O thy ravishing sweetness! the floods, oceans, worlds of eternal ravishing delights treasured up at thy right hand, wherein I am entered and swim for ever and ever! thy land, O Emmanuel, overflows with pleasures. Never, never did I know what joy was, until now. Now I feel, light hath been sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart. Joy is come to its May-blooming vigour. O the rivers of pleasures, that sweetly run through all the faculties of the soul and body! O the full gales of the Spirit of consolation! am I not almost joy itself? are these the joys, that were so much spoken, and written of, on the other side of the water? Surely, earth's idiom hath come wonderfully short! thy word was written to children, and therefore did express all in a manner suited to childish capacities; but nothing low and childish here! O massy, solid, substantial, enduring joys! O sublime, high, manly frame! none to the joy of my Lord! heretofore I was sometimes filled with joy; but now I am entered into joy itself. I live and dwell in joy! nothing but joy for evermore! thou hast brought me into these glorious mansions of glory: how shall we for ever be glad, and rejoice in thee! "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so art thou among the assembly of men and angels." O surpassing delights, in sitting under thy shadow! the sweetness of thy fruits, the fragrancy of thy perfume, no tongue can express! they who come under the covert of thy wings, never desire to remove from thence. Sirs, is not this a life of unmixed joy and sweetness, to sit under the boughs of this Tree of life? Is it not good to be here?—"Have not the lines fallen to us in pleasant places? Have we not a goodly heritage?" And after such a world of woe

and tribulation, to enter over head and ears, in these super-abundant joys! O sweet dispensation! first to be afflicted, and then comforted; to weep, and then to rejoice; to run, and then to rest! O high tide of overflowing joys! which hath swallowed up all former griefs and sorrows. The first sight of thy ravishing countenance, O my God, made me, as it were, forget that ever I was on earth! this land hath a sweet-smelling countenance: pain and sadness should be converted here into joy and delight.—Here is an eternal spring: "For the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Now we have everlasting joys for sorrow, the oil of gladness for the spirit of heaviness. We exceedingly rejoice with Jerusalem, who have loved her; "We suck, and satiate ourselves with the breasts of her consolation: we milk and delight ourselves with the abundance of her glory: for the Lord extendeth grace to her, like a river. Our eyes do see this, our hearts do rejoice, and our bones do flourish like an herb. He hath made us an everlasting excellency, a joy of many generations: sing, O heavens, for the Lord hath done it; shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains; for the Lord JEHOVAH is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation: therefore with joy will I draw water out of the wells of salvation." Cry out, and shout, O ye inhabitants of the higher city; let your joys sound throughout the whole creation. O Sirs, is not our lot far changed? Nothing on earth was heard amongst us, but the confused noise of warriors, the sighs and groans of men in an agony. Now the heavens of heavens are filled with the joyful melody of heroic conquerors: we sowed in tears for a moment; and now reap in joy for evermore! "Thou hast made us glad inconceivably above the days thou hadst afflicted us: thou hast arisen, and thine enemies are scattered, and all thy haters are fled before thee; as smoke is driven away before the wind, so are they evanished before thy terrible presence: but all the righteous are glad, and they rejoice before thee; yea, they exceedingly rejoice.

28. *This land of joys is filled with undone dyvours.*

Glory, glory, glory to the purchaser of this everlasting blessedness! let the crown flourish on his head throughout all ages. O my happiness, who shall ever praise thee!

and was I elected before all ages, to be the everlasting beholder, and extoller of thy infinite glory? Hadst thou such wonderful thoughts of love to me, when I was not? Were I in the place of my deserving, should I not have been even now blaspheming thine all-glorious and exalted name? O thy free, free love! O the unsearchable riches of thy grace! who chose abominable me, out of the base and hellish mass of mankind, to be a vessel of glory and honor, in the high hall of glory. Lord, what hast thou done? O wonderful bargain of the new covenant! O the infinite depths of all wisdom, power and excellency, to be seen in this great salvation! O the contrivance! O the carrying on! O the copestone thereof! Strange! how hast thou brought me hither? I see, thy counsels cannot in the least be frustrated by all the power of creatures. When I was a wretched, lost creature, lying in my blood, and no eye pitying me; then didst thou, in thy by-going, cast a look of love on me; and said unto me, "live:" and that time became a time of love. Free love was the rule thou walked by; not my deservings, or willingness. Had I been left to my hellish will, I should forever have destroyed myself: but thou sweetly and connaturally, ere ever I was aware, didst ravish heart and all from me; so that my will could not but stoop to thy overcoming loveliness. When I was following after the monstrous imaginations of my evil heart, debauching my loves and joys on creature-enjoyments, despising the only excellent things, then didst thou discover thy irresistable loveliness unto me; which bowed, transformed, and enamoured all the faculties of my soul; so that I could not but yield, most willingly yield: connaturally did the influences of thy Spirit work on the powers of my soul; so that I closed with thee on thine own terms, as freely as I had been absolute sovereign of myself; and yet as infallibly as I had been no intellectual agent. Verily thou, thou alone art the absolute Sovereign of all things. O thy wonderful way of working! who can trace thee in all thy proceedings?

29. *The glorified reflecting on the way to the kingdom, see it to be an inconceivable draught of divine wisdom.*

O piercing joys and sweetness, that ever I heartily and sincerely received thee, on thy own terms! how well hast thou kept what I have committed unto thee, and presented it spotless and glorious before the Father? Now I behold all thy promises completely accomplished. Thou

hast ever held me in thine hand, through all the dangerous wilderness I have overpast; Thou hast guided me by thy counsel, and at last brought me to glory. How hath thy strength been seen in weakness? How many temptations have I overcome? How many crosses have I wrestled through? How many floods have I overpast? How many boisterous storms have I set my face against? How have I escaped through all the assaults of the devil, the world, and the flesh? And yet my Lord hath set me fairly above all hazards and difficulties! my feet for ever stand now within the glorious land of Emmanuel's blessed conquest. All the united strength of blessed saints and angels could not have brought me hither. Sirs, shall we not be telling to one another, throughout eternity, what God hath done for us in time? that eternity may be filled with a song to *Jehovah* and the Lamb. Who should exalt, and love, and fear, and obey, and serve thee, if not we? Didst thou love us from eternity? and shall we not praise thee to eternity? And can we but extol thee? not so much because thou art good to us, as because thou art good in thyself. But, O how is my heart inflamed, to think how thy love from eternity brake forth in time! how didst thou show forth the acts of thy free sovereign love, in that thou hadst written my name for eternal life! How bravely have all exigencies, and cross dispensations conspired to my welfare? Now I see "all things work together for the good of those that love thee." The saddest, and most cross junctures of providence have been the best: when thou seemedst to be smiting, thou wast healing! when thou appearedst to be destroying, thou wast making up! shall I not for ever declare thy wonderful ways? happy I, who shall ever have eternity before me! thy ways to me in time, are the matter of an eternal song! all exigencies of time did so jump together, as every one hath proven a step to this inexpressible glory. Free redeeming love hath been written on all the passages of my pilgrimage! and most in the last water; when I began to sink, thou held me up in thy arms, and put my head in thy bosom, and said, "Be of good cheer, my love, thy sins are forgiven thee; fear not, my dove, but rejoice exceedingly; for thy God, thy Head, thy Lord, thy Husband, thy Saviour is here, holding thee in his arms. Have I bought thee so dearly, suffered so many griefs, and woes, and pains; yea, death itself for thee? carried thee through

the hazardous wilderness, so circumspectly, and tenderly; and will I let thee perish now? Never fear, my fair one; am I not willing? am I not able? have not I overcome death and hell? I have dried up this river with the soles of my feet; nothing remains for thee to do, but enter in, and possess."

30. *The fellowship betwixt Christ and every one of his, as intimate and familiar, as if he had but one.*

And hath not the sound of thy welcome, on this side of the water, an immortal permanency on my heart? The impression is indelible: in my first landing, on the shore of this sweet land, did not thou run, and fall on my neck, and embrace and kiss me? saying, "Welcome a thousand times, with all my soul, to this purchased possession. O my fair one, it ravisheth my heart to behold thee here! with desire have I desired thine intimate fellowship, and could not rest, till I had brought thee hither, that strong loves might be satiate with full and mutual enjoyment. And now shall these arms be exercised in embracing; we shall for ever be twisted in the nearest connexion of love, and swim in the boundless ocean of delights. "Hast thou been faithful over a few things? and shall I not make thee ruler over all things? Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord, thy love." Seest thou not the treasures of all joys and blessedness of all joys and blessedness, I have laid up for thee, even for thee, my lovely one? I had not forgot thee, while I was on earth; and no wonder, since from eternity I loved thee. What are thy thoughts of such great preparation? is not this a ravishing place? how is it stored with all manner of delights, suitable to thy highest capacity? doth not thy sight show, that thy imaginations of these on earth was nothing? Lo, all this is the fruit of my sufferings and death: and now, how shall I entertain thee, since thou hast come hither? Thou longed in thy pilgrimage, for the naked and immediate enjoyment of me: and now enjoy me, as thy heart can desire. Thou art mine, and I am thine: we eternally feed among the lilies. I will satiate thee with my choicest love-dainties, and fill thee to the full, with my eternal overcoming sweetness. These victorious brows do I adorn with this massy diadem of glory: with these fair and resplendent robes of righteousness do I array thee, that all the spectators shall admire thy majesty and glory. Thy excellency on earth was obscured, by the veil of corruption and mortality:

now have I removed all thy infirmities, healed all thy diseases, raised up thy faculties unto such a wonderful pitch, as thou art fit for conversing with me face to face. And didst thou, my delight, desire nothing more than the immediate and full enjoyment of me? and despised the world, in its most smiling condition, in comparison of my matchless excellency; looking on all pains, sufferings and difficulties, for my name's sake, as delightsome; making my glory and exaltation thy chief joy and aim? And shall I not deck thee with passing majesty and glory? This, this is the man, O my friends, whom I have honoured, and will honour him; for he is worthy; "Because he set his love upon me; therefore have I delivered him: I have set him on high, because he hath known my great name." This is the man, O my Father, who hath been with me, in my temptations, who hath glorified me on earth, and done great things for me; even this is the man, who hath kept the word of my patience; who hath known, that all things, whatsoever thou hast given me, are of thee; for I gave unto him the words which thou gavest me, and he hath received them; and did know surely, that I came out from thee, and believed that thou didst send me. How great a friend was he to me on earth? "When I was hungry, he gave me meat; when thirsty, he gave me drink; when a stranger, he took me in; when naked, he clothed me; when sick and in prison, he visited me." Verily, in my eyes he is worthy of eternal glory. Whatever thou hast been, in my sight thou art worthy of eternal glory and renown. Heroically done! thy sufferings and actions for my name's sake, I heartily acknowledge excellent service: receive then these enriching palms of victory into thy valiant hands, as an everlasting sign of thy conquest over the devil, the world, and the flesh: and thy majestic head be graced with these laurels of triumph, while thine enemies shall for ever lie under thy feet. All that thou beholdest are thine; for they are mine, and I am thine: and now thy happiness superabounds, and overflows its banks. Now do I rest in my love to thee, and thou dost rest in thy love to me; I rejoice over thee; yea, I exceedingly rejoice with singing." How shall we ever dwell in these everlasting love-embraces? how shall we be filled with love throughout eternity?

31. *Visible things, a most imperfect representation of invisible.*

O inexpressible ravishments of love! O most holy, sweet and condescending nature of my Well-beloved! Every hour of eternity is like the first hour: thy love is green and blooming through never-ending ages. Is not this a sweet life, O inhabitants? this soil overflows with milk and honey Have we not undergone an advantageous transportation? the outfields of this land wonderfully excel the lower world! Indeed the very earth is full of thy glory: what passing delectation have I found in meditating on thy works of the lower world? how did every thing I heard, or saw, show forth thy eternal power and Godhead? But, O the difference betwixt heaven and earth, could never enter within my conceptions on earth! O glorious world! should we, in the state of mortality, have strained our conceptions to the highest, and imagined all the glory our eyes could then behold, augmented and perfected more stages higher than there are atoms in the creation; yet, should such a world have been a deformed mass to thee. Lower excellency, gradually perfected, will never attain unto that excellency which is essentially of a higher degree. I thought, in my childhood, that the lower world might somewhat resemble the higher; howbeit, I knew the difference was inconceivable, and that here should be no ebbings or flowings, bloomings or fadings, or what could imply the least privative imperfection: but now I see they have no likeness to one another, either in whole or in part; even as to the smallest external resemblance. No beauties, no comeliness, no joys, no delights here; if we speak according to earth's dialect; yet, here are all things in an high and eminent manner. O my God, how imcomprehensible art thou in thy works? how ravishing in that reflex of thy glory, which shall endure for ever? Thou shalt for ever rejoice in thy works; every work of thine is a deepness, a ravishing wonder to my elevated capacity! might not the mediate enjoyment of thee, through thy creatures, render a creature eternally happy? "How excellent is thy name in all the earth? who hast set thy glory above the heavens." What wonders are written in those heavens of heavens? the choice master-piece of thee, who art perfect in knowledge, and excellent in working. This is a world stored with all manner of riches, the inhabitants here inherit all things.

32. *All excellency, spiritual or corporal, on earth, is augmented in glory, by myriads of stages.*

We knew on earth by the word, that when the clay-house of our tabernacle should be dissolved, we were to receive a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; for in that we did groan, not desiring to be unclothed, but clothed upon with our house from heaven; that mortality might be swallowed up of life. And now, every one of us, in our own kind, appears the perfection of beauty! whose very clay tabernacles are now conformed to his glorious body; and whose souls are made perfect in holiness! And did our bodies, when terrestrial, so degrade? how doth the celestial, united to an elevated soul, perfect with passing excellency? Did our vile clubbish bodies impede the sublime operation of our heaven-born spirits? how do these glorious bodies perfect perfected souls, in all their outgoings? If, when sown in corruption they rendered us frail and contemptible, in many things like the beasts; how excellent, glorious, and majestic are we now, when vileness and corruption is swallowed up of glory? Yea, if it could be said of our souls, when darkened with mortality and sinning, they were in their operation quick; what are they now, when exalted to such a supernatural high pitch of excellency? Did we behold, by faith, a ravishing fulness and beauty, in thy face; what do we now behold, when made so capacious and divine? Were our bodies, when animal, such stupendous pieces of thy unsearchable wisdom and power, as every one of us was amazed, and said, I am fearfully and wonderfully made! how excellent and curious are these heavenly bodies, conformed to the glorious body of the Son of God? Did our wisdom shine, in our mortal faces? what majesty and glory dwells in every cast of our eye now? Were the pot-sherds of the earth so vigourous, strong, and valiant, that many of us, through faith, excelled in these perfections, which brutish men were only taken with, whereby we subdued kingdoms. stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of the fire, escaped the edge of the sword, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens? O now, our wonderful strength and vigour, when our very corporal parts become spiritual, and of a divine nature! Had some of us hearts, in our dull earthly condition, enlarged as the sand on the sea-shore? how capacious are our hearts now when widened above the dimensions of many worlds? what is earth to heaven? what is darkness to light? what is childhood to manly estate? O high, high

capacity of glory! O superexcellent and only glory in its blooming! O the ravishing frame, that we are forever into! are we not the self same persons we were on earth? and yet we are not the same! every one of us is like our all-lovely and Well-beloved! whom we eternally behold, with our boldly eyes, according to our proper measure; every one of us is at the highest pitch of created perfection: this is a wonderful transformation indeed! O sun, sun of the lower world, I can look thee out of countenance, and dazzle thee with every cast of mine eyes! Is this, sometime poor, frail, despicable I! Surely this is I! the self-same I, who was so silly in mine own eyes, and the eyes of all the beholders; wonderful! am not I crushed under such an exceeding weight of glory? But glory, and only glory, can sustain itself. Thy eternal power and God-head is manifested upon us, in a transcendant manner; thou hast gone beyond, by almost infinite degrees, the limits of nature: the natural world is quite abolished, what now is natural and agreeable to created beings, before was miraculous and naturally impossible.

34 *The highest manifestations of God in time, are but mere emblems of the noon-day manifestation.*

The most signal foretaste of this glory on earth, was thy transfiguration, O Well-beloved, in the days of thy mortality, on the holy mount, when thy face shone as the sun, and thy raiment was as the light; so that mortal beholders were amazed, and confounded: such an unsuitableness there is betwixt mortality and immortality! weak heads would not be able to bear one draught of this celestial wine. And was thy face so majestic and glorious, in the days of thy mortality and sorrow? is it not more than majestic and beautiful, now in the days of thy joy and exhaltation, when thou hast seen all the travail of thy soul, and art satisfied? More loveliness is to be seen in every view of thy divine countenance, than on infinite numbers of excellent, beautiful worlds. One sight of thee, and no more, may set never so many myriads of men and angels in the burning flames of immortal loves! Much was spoken in time, of thy acts, and glory, and majesty; but lo, the thousand thousandth part hath not been told! indeed thou art a beloved, more than another beloved All joys, that I ever took thee for my all, and only one! that ever I cried heartily, Amen, to the blessed bargain of the new covenant, and renounced my vanities, and came to thee!

that ever I subjected myself to the obedience of all thy commandments! that ever I preferred a holy, heavenly, mortified walking, in time, to the fulfilling my vain fleshly inclinations! that ever I esteemed the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the pleasures of sin for a season! Now I clearly behold, that I have chosen the good part, that shall never be taken from me. O happy I! that ever I sold all, and bought this matchless pearl of invaluable price! O my riches, my riches! since I have thee, O Well-beloved, what can I have more? strange! wast thou despised by base worldlings? But they knew thee not; thy ravishing loveliness was hid from their blinded eyes; which if they had seen, how should the whole race of mankind run after thee? Men and angels, all beauty, all loveliness, all excellencies are here to be seen. Much is to be seen in this vissible fabric of this great creation; but no manifestation of glory to this! who can desire more, than to stand beside thee? O flower and only beauty of heaven, what are all created heavens! thou art only heaven thyself. No wonder, Mary Magdalan, you inordinately desired such an armful, as the dead body of this lovely Lord Jesus; since you knew it was, though a dead lump of clay, the body of the man, who is God, infinitely above the value of innumerable, glorious created heavens—What a sweet armful now, when exalted to such a high pitch of glory?

34. *The saints are every way like their Well-beloved; since full love must have full similitude.*

Love desires the nearest similitude and conjunction: as thou becamest like us, assuming our nature, so hast thou made us like thee, both in spirit and body. We are in every part transformed into thy lovely image: whatever before was terrestial, is now lovely and divine.—These tabernacles were sown in corruption, dishonor, and weakness: now they are raised in incorruption, glory, and power. "They were sown natural bodies; they are raised spiritual: for as once we bare the image of the earthly Adam, so now we bear the image of the heavenly." O thy vivifying Spirit, that raised thee from the dead! by whom thou hast made us incapable of any the least change tending to corruption! And what though it were not so? here is the Tree of life, whose leaves are medicines for mortality. Thou art the light and life of the higher house, thy sweet, lively influences can make dead clay live eternally. O thy sweet shadow! thy plea-

sant fruit! thy ravishing perfume, filling all with immortal vivacity! is it possible any can die beside thee, O Fountain of life? What wonder I am so lively, who have the beams of life ever darting upon me? The inhabitants here cannot say, they are sick. Here is perfect security: our iniquities are blotted out, and quite abolished. O excellent life of God, in its perfection! rendering, not only the spirit, but also the body, every vein, every artery, every sinew, active with immortal vigour; for all is filled, and overfilled with joy. O my beloved! thou art excellently termed, the Prince of life, the Resurrection and the life. Verily, thou wast in good earnest when thou cried st, "He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living waters." O the power and strength of immortality! we are become mighty, we have the strength of an unicorn; the Lord Jehovah is beome our strength. We will walk upon the high places of the universe. "He hath given power to them that were faint, and to them who had no might, he increased strength." What was the strength of clay to heavenly vigour? The disproportion betwixt the excellency of the terrestrial and celestial cannot be told: and no wonder we are so vivacious and strong, since our earthly part is become heavenly and glorious: flesh and blood is done away, as incompatible with such heavenly majesty. These bodies, though substantially the same, yet are they quite other, as to the qualities, which are heavenly, spiritual, and divine. Naked beings, considered as such, are endowed with no excellency: it is only by supervenient modifications they are rendered intrinsically more or less excellent, or base.—What wonder we are thus? whose essences are clothed over, and perfected, without and within, with superexcellent perfections, merely heavenly and divine. O the comeliness and beauty wherewith soul and body is adorned! O what beauty, when two excellent beauties are united in one! O sweet union! O pleasant delightsome fellowship! In the days of mortality, the consort betwixt them was, in a great part, jarring, and unpleasant; the one did obscure the excellency of the other: but now the soul in the body, is like the sun shining in its proper sphere; or like the light darting through a perspicuous body adorned with various modifying beauties, whereby the rays are variously perfected, in their modified outgoings: all the properties, perfections, faculties, and actions of

soul and body, are modified and perfected by their substantial connection. Indeed, my Lord, we have gained wonderfully by losing our first excellency, which was excellent in itself, and glorious and heavenly, in comparison of our sinful condition, we precipitated ourselves headlong into; but was earthly, base, in comparison of this. Who could have imagined that an earthly animal creature, should have been exalted to the state of angels? how silly is man, in an earthly state? how excellent in an heavenly? and all by the power and virtue the of Man, who is infinitely more than a man.

35. *Complete blessedness is the complete enjoyment of God, every way, mediately and immediately.*

We are blessed, and more than blessed, who enjoy thee every way: we drink abundantly, both out of the fountain and streams, at once being satiate with the reflex and direct emanations of thy eternal sweetness. Even thou thyself art in an incomprehensible way delighted with the reflections of thy glory, wherewith this beautiful all, but especially thy spouse, is adorned. Art thou not enamoured with thy ravishing image imprinted on her? so that thou criest out, "Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse, thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck: thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." The love of complacency ariseth from similitude: O then, show thy love to us; our love to thee, and one another! we are become altogether fair, by washing ourselves in thy most precious blood. What can be our exercise through eternity, but sweet embracing? O our ravishing sweet entertainments of love, among these refreshing mountains of roses and spices! O what compellations! what love-kisses! O thou overcoming perfume of the vast mountains of myrrh, and hills of frankincense! O the smell of his Lebanon-garments! O his fragrant ointments! O his soul, overcoming emanations! Every hour here is heaven, and more than heaven. What joy to see Christ, and all his members together, in the royal palace of glory?—Are we not all gathered up to these heavenly pastures? and none is wanting. We all longed to be here, sought to be here, prayed to be here, ran to be here, groaned and wept to be here; and behold, we are all here for evermore! We helped and comforted one another in our journey hither; and behold, we are here for evermore!

Satan and the world, our corruptions, yea, and oftentimes ourselves, strove to hinder our course hither; and yet we are here for evermore! now we are personally all come to mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and unto an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect; and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant; to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. O sweet converse! O excellent fellowship! O the frame of my heart! O the high motions of joy and love! O eternity! is it possible thou canst prove wearisome? Ten thousand ages seem not one hour! who can set forth the sweetness of thy land, O Emmanuel? Is it not an house, an orchard, a city, a kingdom, a world, a commonwealth of a most comely order? "How good, and how pleasant is it, for them to dwell together in unity?" It is as the everlasting dwellings of the Spirit, that dwells on these everlasting mountains of Zion; for here hath the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

36. *Christ is the everlasting King, Priest, and Prophet of his people.*

Friends of the Bridegroom, are you not overjoyed, because of the Bridegroom's voice! No wonder it was said of him, "Never man spake like this man." How doth he ravish us with his sweet compellations of love? "Our souls fail us not when he speaks; mortality is swallowed up of life." Sirs, is not our Well-beloved and we in these green pastures together? O his ravishing smiles! O his looks of love towards us! O his voice, his voice, I am inflamed! is he not saying, in the boundless joys of his Spirit, Father, behold me, and the children which thou hast given me, are forever in the most intimate fellowship of one another, here in these highest mansions, which I have prepared, wherein we might be satiate with loves, throughout eternity; according to thy promise, I do see the travail of my soul, and am satisfied; for thou hast divided me a spoil with the great, and I divide a portion with the strong; because I poured out my soul unto death. We all reap the fruits of our groans and tears, afflictions and labours: my chosen are comforted, and I am comforted. All the children of our everlasting love are here, beholding my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou dost glorify me with thine own self, even with the

glory I had with thee before the world was. Now the copestone is upon our everlasting contrivence of free redeeming grace: those whom from eternity we chose for our minions, have I effectually called in to me, in time; and caused them willingly and sincerely cry, Amen, to the bargain of the new covenant; and I have brought them through a world of temptations, snares, afflictions, and all imaginable impediments, into this heaven of everlasting blessedness; as from eternity I loved them, so to eternity will I enjoy them: as I made them sharers of my sufferings and sorrow; so have I made them partakers of my glory and joy: as I have entered into the oceans of boundless joys; so have I made them to enter also. The desires of my soul are fully accomplished: my fair ones' joys are full: as their afflictions were my afflictions; their sorrows my sorrows; so their joys are my joys: for we are one, and they are one in us, even as we are one: for I have given them the glory which thou has given me: I in them, and thou in me; whence they are made perfect in one — As thou hast loved me, so do I love them, and they eternally abide in my love: and Thou hast loved them; for they have loved me, in despite of all opposition, in a vain world. Behold, my Father, how fair, and beautiful, and lovely, and sweet I have made my spouse! she is all desirable and comely; no spot, no blemish is to be found in her. Offended majesty hath nothing to say, I have redeemed her, I have washed her in my own blood. Here I stand an high priest forever after the order of Melchizadeck, as a monument that justice is pacified, and all is in sweet terms: as thou lookest upon me with infinite love and delight, and art well pleased with all my sufferings and actings for thy glory, and on her behalf; so art thou well pleased with her. Since of thine own good pleasure, from eternity, thou accepted of the bargain, vengance hath nothing to exact: I was wounded for my chosen's transgressions, I was bruised for their iniquities; and in my eyes they are worthy to walk in glorious robes, up here with me, before the throne. They kept their garments clean in the midst of a filthy and polluted world; they accounted all the glory and excellency of time, but dross and dung, unto my glory and exaltation; and looked on all afflictions and difficulties, as easy, for my name's sake: they subjected themselves to the universal obedience of all my commandments: "They fought the good fight,

they finished their course, they kept the faith." O how heroically they have done, for the crown of life, which forever adorns their victorious heads! as thou, O Father, hast set me down on thy throne, so have I given unto them to sit down on my throne; for I have glorified and exalted them, as thou hast highly glorified and exalted me: and now we are forever exalted above all our enemies: thou hast made them our everlasting footstool, death and hell are cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. Our joys are full, our glory perfected, our happiness boundless, our praises incessant for ever and ever.

87. *An astonishment, that the high and lofty One should look on creatures.*

Men and angels, are we not all amazed and confounded, with this infinite love of Jesus? What are we to him, that he should cast one look, either of love or hatred, upon us? What are our thoughts? O the wonderful frame my ravished heart! he loves us, he delights in us, his eyes are fixed upon us, his heart is opened to us, his arms are stretched forth to us, his voice is of us, and to us: who but we! O my Lord, what has thou done? O love of Jesus! I will cry the up again and again, and forever I will cry thee up. Blessed I, who have such a glorious assembly to help me, with an high, eternal note of praise! O this is life! O more than joy! more than happiness! more than full satisfaction!

88. *Earth and heaven quite opposite things.*

Yea, surely they are lovely, who are arrayed with his comeliness; and what doth the spouse want, that the Bridegroom hath to give? O then she is endowed with all possible excellency! this is an assembly of kings, and priests, every one is a noble, magnificent and royal person; all are children to the King of kings, all are princes of the blood-royal of heaven; all are possessors of all things. Here is the flower and perfection of all beauties connected together. This is the company God hath chosen, and with which forever he will dwell. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised, in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Beautiful for situation, the joy of all nations, is mount Zion: how compactly is it built together? It lieth foursquare. "No temple here; for the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb, is the temple thereof." None needs teach another; we are all filled with thy fulness! We behold thee, face to face.

No more mediate enjoyment, shadows have fled away. Now, and never until now, are we lifted up above ordinances. Prophesies have failed; tongues have ceased, knowledge hath vanished away: we knew in part, and prophesied in part; but that which is perfect is come, and that which was in part is done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, understood as a child, thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things: for now I see face to face; but, in my childhood, I saw through a glass darkly; now I know, even as also I am known. And what wonder? since our minds are illuminated by the rays of thy transcendent glory. No deed of created light, thou art become all and in all unto us.—We wonderfully enlighten one another, men and angels; but all is nothing to the infinite light. O the glory of Jehovah, which ever shall be admired, and never comprehended! how nearly and sweetly is it communicated unto us through the Day's man, Christ Jesus? And how richly is thy city stored, O Emmanuel! here are all manner of things, new and old, which thou has prepared for thy friends. Were they fools, who forsook all they possessed on earth, to become citizens here? Here is the abundence of all good things, all joys, all delights, all beauties; all are here, in a most eminent and superabundant manner: nothing like imperfection here; no darkness, the Sun is ever in his meridian, the light of his countenance is ever lifted up upon us; forever doth he look upon us, in a sweet, smiling, loving manner; for his anger is turned away, and he comforteth us. O joyful, O white, O blessed, O radiant day of endless eternity! This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it: even this is the day which hath taken its birth from his infinitely amiable countenance. O these rivers of consolations, that make glad the city of God! O the eternal emanations of all fulness, flowing out from the throne of God, and of the Lamb! no mixture of creature imperfections, all proceed immediately from the fountain! O my God, how was I tormented with thirst in the wilderness? I was ever full of wants, and desires; but O now! now I am drunk, ravished, filled and satiate with the eternal overflowings of thy surpassing sweetness, which run over this vast multitude of men and angels, like a mighty inundation. In the days of our vanity, we sat by the rivers of Babylon, and wept; when we thought on the sweet life the inhabitants of this higher house, this higher

Jerusalem had, we could not but groan forth, When shall the night be gone, and shadows evanished? When shall time be out of the way, that I may enter into the pure river of the waters of life, and satiate myself with all the fulness of God? My soul thirsteth for God, the living God; when shall I come to appear before God? 'How long shall I dwell in a dry and parched wilderness, wherein there is no water? "Wo is me, that I sojourn so long in Meseeh; for my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burnt as an hearth; by reason of the voice of my groaning, my bones cleave to my skin. My days are like a shadow that declineth, and I am withered like grass." But O, now is the joyful and white side of providence turned up! my youth is renewed like the eagle's: I swim in the ocean of life. Who can tell what ravishing solace is under the branches of the Tree of life? Divine vengeance cannot dart through: yet I behold fully thy countenance, O Jehovah! we are thy servants, ever serving thee, and beholding thy face; having thy name written on our foreheads. I went mourning to the grave, because of my unfitness for serving thee on earth: but O! now I serve thee in as heavenly and divine a manner, as I would: I am become altogether like thee! I am filled with thy glory and thy beauty: no need to ask, Show me thy glory; thy face incessantly and eternally do I behold, and live.

39 *Nothing in glory but songs to Jehovah and the Lamb.* This is Zion, the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole world: this is the city which God hath made, even which he hath made in a peculiar manner. O what glory! O what majesty! O what joy! O what blessedness! "As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts; God hath established it forever. The Lord our God doth save us this day, as the flock of his people; for we are the stones of a crown lifted up as an ensign upon his land: for how great is his goodness, and how great is his beauty! Sing, O daughter of Zion, shout, O Israel, be glad and rejoice with all thy heart. O daughter of Jerusalem: for the Lord thy God, in the midst of thee, is mighty; he hath saved thee, and rejoiceth over thee with joy; he rests in his love, he joyeth over thee with singing; he hath healed our backslidings, he hath loved us freely; for his anger is turned away, and he comforteth us. He is as the dew unto us, we grow as the lilly, and cast forth our roots as Lebanon. He hath made

us, and the places round about his holy hill a blessing, and causeth the showers to come down in their season; even showers of blessing for evermore And the tree of the field doth yield her fruit, and our land doth yield her increase; and we are safe in our land, and do know the Lord. Behold, he hath brought us from all countries, and gathered us from the coasts of the earth: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and ransomed him from the hand of him that was stronger than he; therefore are we come to, and sing in the heighth of Zion; and flow together to the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, and for oil, and for the young of the flock, and of the herd: and our soul is as a watered garden: and we shall not sorrow any more at all for behold, the Lord hath created a new heaven, and a new earth, and the former is not remembered, nor doth come into mind. Our gates are open continually, they shall not be shut day nor night; for brass we have gold, and for iron we have silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron. Violence is no more heard in our land, wasting nor destruction within our borders; but we call our walls salvation, and our gates praise. The sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw herself: for the Lord is unto us an everlasting light, and the days of our mourning are ended. We are all righteous, we inherit the land for ever: we are the branch of his planting, the work of his hands, that he may be glorified. Our light doth break forth as the morning, and our health springeth forth speedily: and our righteousness doth go before us, and the glory of the Lord is our reward. We are saved of the Lord with an everlasting salvation; we shall not be ashamed, nor confounded, world without end. O Lord, thou art my God, I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things: thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth: for thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress; a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat: and hast brought down the noise of devils and their slaves, as heat in a dry place: and hast swallowed up death in victory, and wiped away tears from all faces. Lo, this is our God, we have waited for him, he hath saved us; we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation: he extendeth peace to us like a river, and our glory is like a flowing stream. Our heart rejoiceth, our bones flourish like an herb: and the hand of the Lord is

known towards his servants, and his indignation towards his enemies; for he hath punished the world for their evil and the wicked for their iniquity; and hath caused the haugtiness of the proud to cease, and hath laid low the pride of the terrible, and broke the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers. Hallelujah, salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God: true and righteous are his judgments; for he hath judged all his enemies; and the glory of avenging justice is for ever displayed. Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King; for the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he hath beautified the meek with salvation Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion; for he strengthened for ever the bars of thy gates, he hath blessed thy children with thee; he maketh peace within thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat: the Lord hath chosen thee for his rest. here will he for ever dwell; for he hath desired it."

40. *The happiness of the saints superabundent, since they have all manner of enjoyments.*

Are we not more than blessed? United happiness hath the greater force. O the sweet fellowship of blessed men and angels! all manner of enjoyments are here! all our natural propensities are fully satisfied, and we are every way filled with God: as our fellowship with him was interrupted, imperfect, and at a distance on earth; so our converse with creatures was of small profit: vanity (as to us) was poured out on all creature-enjoyments; since our faculties were, in a great part, vitiate, was not our fellowship on earth oftentimes for the worse, as well as for the better? for that our converse savoured strongly of earth, differing little from that of worldlings. But, is not this a wonderful change! We look like an assembly of kings and priests indeed Are we not all one, in mind, in love, in joy! for we have the mind of Christ! All of us resemble advantageously that perfect, and only pattern of holiness, that infinite world of ravishing beauty, and boundless ocean of overcoming sweetness, that only delight, love, satisfaction, wonder, and all, of men and angels. I am like thee, O my Well-beloved! I am like thee, O joy! superabounding joy! this one thought bears in its bosom, ten thousand heavens. O Sirs, are not his glory, his excellency, his sweetness diffused among us? We are one in Christ; and therefore one among ourselves, being

united by the Spirit of love Thou art the *head*, we the members, all treasures of excellency are communicated from thee unto us, as from the *root* to the *branches*, which are the same tree. We are one with thee; for both he that sanctifieth, and they that are sanctified, are one.—Are you not excellent then, O ye angels? were ye not passing excellent, and only delightsome, O ye excellent ones of the earth, when encompassed about with innumerable infirmities? and are you not now so many masses of excellency and delight? If, when clothed with mortality, you were of sublime and princely spirits; what are you now, when mortality is swallowed up of life? Was our converse sweet in the valley of tears and sorrows? and is it not more than pleasant in this paradise of joys and delights? Was our lamenting our distance from God to one another sweet? what ravishments in our mutual congratulations of these overflowing delights, and happiness, in the immediate presence of *Jehovah* and the Lamb? what a golden life is this? As this full enjoyment of thee, O my God, doth swallow up all other enjoyments; so doth it perfect them also. Until our love to thee was perfected, never did we love one another perfectly. The more thou art loved, the more of thy image. Thou art the centre of all my faculties all my love to saints and angels terminates in thee; thou hast clothed them with thy loveliness, and they are become lovely: yea, though they were not, yet since they are the object of thy love; therefore will I love them: but because thou hast loved them, therefore hast thou made them wonderfully lovely: and therefore how are we all kindled together into an eternal flame! O what a wonderful sympathy! as we suffered in one another's afflictions; so do we rejoice in one another's joy. O this superabundant joy and happiness! since all your joy and happiness, men and angels, are mine; even me they affect; I am as filled with them: the happiness of thousands, and myriads of thousands, are abridged into one happiness. And how discovering is the light of thy glory! I know every one of you in particular, as by name, and what was your lot on earth When our converse is more joyful, shall not our fellowship now be passing excellent? The faculties are great, the objects are great, and great is eternity, which we have ever before us in our fellowship: we are not confined, as on earth, to days, hours, and years; but shall speak to one another of his

infinite excellencies again and again, and more and more, and forever speak: and what new delights, since earth's childish dialect is done away! Words, sentences, orations, and volumes were as dark shadows, of little or no signification: but O the profound idiom of Emmanuel's country! every word is like a talent, representing more than ten thousand excellent volumes in earth's language. How admirably do mortality and immortality differ in all things! Cry out then his matchless praises; shall we not contend, who shall speak most excellently of his glory? shall we not for ever be recounting his wonderful goodness to us, in time and eternity? O ravishing fellowship with men and angels! O more than ravishing voice of the Son of God! were it not the prerogative of glory, that one enjoyment cannot divert from another, I should for ever shut all my faculties against you, O fellow-creatures; that they might only be filled with Jesus my only Well-beloved. Whatever I enjoy, still I enjoy thee perfectly and fully: with whomsoever I converse, continually I am with thee.—Thou art the beginning, middle, and end of all. O the eternal high tides of joys in my heart! nothing can separate me in the least, from this immediate enjoyment of thee. The members are not hindered from receiving influences from the head, because of their mutual commerce among themselves; reflex rays hinder not the direct; the enjoyment of the thing *included* eminently, hinders not the enjoyment of that which *includes*. I enjoy thee; and therefore I enjoy all things; and my enjoyment of creatures, is no new enjoyment; but another manner of enjoying of thee; like the beholding the light of the sun darting from the moon: every one of us reflects the beauty wherewith thou adornest us.

41. *All the attributes of God contribute to our eternal blessedness, but his unchangeableness is the crown of all.*

How do all smile with a ravishing countenance, whether we view in time on earth, these present enjoyments, or their flourishing throughout eternity? The consideration of God's wonderful providences in time, will fill the thoughts with endless admiration. And am I not ravished in looking back into infinite perfections, before all ages? Here there is ever a further; but it is according to a finite conception, to look upon thee, as past, present, and to come. Thou art eminently all things, yet not formally, and in their own proper natures: we change every moment, and

have still new acting, because we are finite beings; but with thee there is no variableness, nor shadow of turning. Whatever thou dost, from eternity thou dost it: thy actings have neither beginning, middle, nor ending; which are but one simple act, the same with thyself, though virtually and equivalently it contains in its bosom innumerable actions; even as thy everlastingness, innumerable days, years and ages. Who can admire enough thy simplicity? All thy excellencies are but one excellency, equivalent unto infinite worlds of excellencies. O what a blessed life have we, men and angels, in dwelling in God, the Almighty, all-sufficient *Jehovah!* in whom is contained infinite varieties of all joys, all pleasures, all sweetness, all contentments, all beauties, all glories, in a transcendent, eminent, and most perfect manner. O happy I! who have such an infinite One, boundless One in all perfections, to be my portion! O thou art infinite, eternal, unchangeable in thy wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth. Everlasting ravishments! he, who loveth us, is unchangeable; he, in whom we trust, is the Rock of ages, whose goings forth have been from eternity. O then! thy smiles are everlasting. Our happiness is eternal; it is joy upon joy, to consider, this life can have no period; it hath neither middle, progress, nor ending; but shall ever be a beginning, and shall be ever, ever alike far from the period of my joys and happiness; ever in this same ravished unspeakable frame of divine love and joy, I am just now into! Shall it ever be high tide? O more than happiness! it overflows its banks: it is much I bear this joy! O my joys! my joys, you are of an immortal duration! O my excellent Well-beloved, now hast thou with eternity crowned all my happiness! to think ever to be disjoined from thee, would embitter all the present sweetness: the greater the enjoyment, the greater the loss. Temporary enjoyments nothing affect me: what will end, will be as if it had not been. Never so many ages are nothing in the minds of elevated creatures: only brutes are taken with time. Nothing is real and substantial, but what is enduring. Nothing vain and empty now: all things here shall be ever in the self same state we are now in. So are all things in hell also. The fashion of this world shall never pass away: all are now solid and enduring: vanity is for ever banished out of the universe; all things shall be forever as they are. O my

joys! though you were low, yet the thoughts of your eternal permanency may cause you to swell over your banks. O glory, glory! how massy art thou? Not a thing glittering now, and anon evanished O the more enduring substance! the kingdom unmoveable! these everlasting arms encircle us eternally! For "the Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, to all generations." We "that trust in the Lord, are like mount Zion, that cannot be removed, but abideth for ever: the glory of the Lord shall endure for ever; he shall rejoice in all his works. The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee: with long life dost thou satisfy them, and showest them thy salvation. Thou art the strength of their heart, and their portion for ever."— O real, solid, substantial, enduring portion! indeed, thou art the Rock of ages. All the innumerable ages past, present, and to come, do roll upon thee as their foundation "Thy years are throughout all generations; of old didst thou lay the foundations of the earth; and the heavens were the work of thine hands; they did perish, but thou shalt endure; yea, all of them waxed old, like a garment; as a vesture thou changed them, and they were changed: but thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end." O my passing happiness shall have no end! O life, and marrow of joys! I shall be ever with thee, O most lovely Well-beloved! some transient glimpses of thy loveliness upon my soul, was an heaven upon earth: but O, the permanent and full outlettings of thy beauty, sweetness, and all excellencies, are more than ten thousand heavens of happiness! I am here dwelling within the boundless circle of eternity! O sweet for evermore! only because of my sweetest Well-beloved, whom I fully and eternally enjoy! what good would my life do unto me, were I not to enjoy him throughout eternal ages? Not, that I account it not an invaluable happiness, to receive one love-kiss, and no more, from thy sweetest mouth; should not its wonderful impression leave a passing ravishing sweetness, throughout endless evermore? One sight of thy only excellent beauty, one smell of thy ravishing fragrant garments, one love-smile of thy overcoming lovely face, transcendently excels the height of all creature-enjoyments. Any thing of thee, my matchless One, is of incomparable excellency: thy very frowns are inconceivably sweet, because thine.

42. *That we are altogether Christ's, and not our own, is our only happiness.*

Thy kingdom, O Emmanuel, is an everlasting kingdom; the sceptre of glory dost thou sway to all generations.—Indeed, when time and days came to a period, and thou hast put down all rule, and all authority and power, thou delivered up the commission of governing the church, and (in part) bringing the world back to thy Father; and art subject as Days-man betwixt God and creatures, that God may only fill the faculties of men and angels, with his uncreated sweetness: yet, as Days-man, thou art for ever King, Priest, and Prophet of thy chosen; the eternal Head of men and angels; "the first-born among many brethren, having the pre-eminence in all things:" thou art the great Lord Mediator, the crowned King of Zion, for ever and ever: we are under thee so many crowned kings in Zion; but thou art exalted above all; upon the throne of thy father David dost thou sit; and of thy kingdom there shall be no end. The Lord hath laid help upon one that is mighty, he hath exalted one chosen out of the people; he hath made him his first-born, higher than the kings of the earth: his mercy doth he keep for him, for ever; and his covenant standeth fast with him: his seed also hath he made to endure for ever, and his children, as the days of heaven: all kings fall down before him; all nations serve him. There is an handful of corn in the earth, on the top the mountains; the fruit thereof doth shake like Lebanon: and they of the city do flourish like grass of the earth." O Plant of renown, men and angels are as so many branches ingrafted in thee eternally! or else we should in a moment wither; to all eternity we stand in need of a Days-man, we are not able eternally to stand on our own legs: neither are we able to behold God so fully and familiarly, as in the face of Emmanuel, the white and the ruddy! and what amazing dignity, men and angels, for us to reign over all, as co-heirs with this essential Heir of all things? Do I reign with thee, O King of kings? wonderful! thou hast given me "power over the nations, and I do rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter are they broken in shivers;" even as he received of his Father! What were earthly kingdoms and principalities, but evanishing vapours, night-dreams and vanities? What were the shields of the earth, but bits of half-dead clay, breathing for a few hours, days and years,

at the most, and then returned to dust again? No wonder he loaded the basest of men with the greatest portion of thick clay; such a dunghill was a fit portion for dunghill worms: no wonder he gave so little of earth to his chosen; such gifts are below sublime, heavenly and divine spirits. Sirs, have we not been ordained for far better, and more excellent things than earth's silly glory? It was not our Father's will we should be troubled with many nothings; much clay would have clogged us, in our way. He knew best what was for us, who cut us short of creature-enjoyments. What have we lost, who have received gold for clay, diamonds for common stones, solid satisfaction for vexing vanities, heaven for earth, eternity for time, all things for nothing? All glory to him, that sits upon the throne, and the Lamb. Let the crown eternally flourish on the head of the purchaser of such superabundant happiness. O the great things we have escaped! O the great things we have attained! And were these joys purchased by sorrow? this golden life, by a shameful and cruel death? this glory, by shame and contempt? this rest, by labour and wrestling? this exaltation, by lowliness and submission? O the price, the price! every sight of the man, who is God, would overvalue, and over-buy ten thousand excellent worlds. O my happiness! art thou not of infinite value, though thou wert not, in the thousandth part, what thou art? "What can we render unto the Lord for his wonderful goodness?" What can we, thy eternally bound dyvours, do but cry aloud thy excellency? And the more we praise thee, the more our obligation grows upon our hand. O let us ever, in this manner, run ourselves into thy debt. No greater liberty, no higher prerogative, than to be eternally obliged debtors to thy free grace, redeeming, exalting grace. O then! shall I not praise thee, my Redeemer, my exalter? shall not boundless eternity be filled with thy praises? Is my happiness, life immortal? and shall not my praising be immortal also? O this high, high praising frame! Nothing but ravishing hallelujahs throughout eternity. O Sirs, is not this frame altogether inexpressible, wholly inconceivable?

43. *The manifestation of God, in time, nothing to that of eternity; and that of eternity, nothing to what dwells hidden in himself.*

Even the small breathings of these full gales of the Spirit, that blows strongly in this higher region, falling

down upon the land of grace, filled my heart with such passing sweetness, that I could not but cry out, Lord, my heart is fixed, I will sing praise unto thee. O let all creatures, in all places of thy dominion, sing forth thy excellencies. Let me behold thy name set on high, and the desires of my soul are accomplished. I am ravished, I am ravished with thy surpassing sweetness, thy overcoming loveliness! Is not this heaven, even glory come down to grace's rigion? Or, what can glory be more? But now, now I clearly find these have been but the first fruits; some drops falling from this boundless ocean; and no wonder little seemed exceeding great to a little child; then I could not be capable of glory, in the perfection and bloom thereof. The ground sufficient to bear a tree, in its first arising through the earth, would not be able to bear the least branch when it attained its perfect pitch. Yet the remembrance of thy ways to me, in my childhood, is full of delectation. How thou hast brought thy sons to glory, is an eternal wonder. O to think of the wonderful discoveries of thyself to weak mortals! whence thou evidenced, that thou couldst show forth thine excellency by weakness and emptiness. Did I not sometimes, even when a blockish mortal, live rather by sight, than faith? O the strange discoveries of thy infinite beauty! from whence arose high flaming love, then zeal for setting thee on high, far above all. Continually were thy praises in my mouth; I desired that all I thought, spake, or did, should tend to thy glory, for whom are all things. How tormented was I, to see so few on earth, for extolling thee! to see almost all minding their own things, and very few thine. How vexed was I, that my heart was so shallow, and my faculties so unfit for glorifying thee! Therefore did I long to be here, for nothing more than to praise thee aright, before this glorious assembly of men and angels. How oft have I been crying out, O to be an instrument of his superexcellent glory! Let me be eternally confounded, (abstract from sinning), if thereby his excellency may be manifested. What are all creatures to him? Let him be exalted, let him be praised, though we all should be abased forever more. O the inexpressible sweetness my soul finds in praising thee! in the bosom of this divine exercise is contained a great reward. It is both the work and the wages; it is happiness to extol thee; it is only hell not to be for thy glory. O praise him, for-

ever praise him, all his works. It is a light thing that thou alone shouldst praise him, O silly I! O when shall I stand among the innumerable assembly of praisers? and tell, and hear told over thine acts, and glory, and wisdom, and infinite excellencies forever and ever! verily all thy promises are Yea, and Amen, to those who put their trust in thee. Thou hast given unto me all the desires of my heart: now, O now, I am in the land of praises, in the midst of you. O glorious creatures, who forever sing forth hallelujahs to him that sits upon the throne, and the Lamb! it was but the weakness of mortality caused small stirrings upper high and mighty overflowings. O glory, glory! thou art indeed substantial and massy. Since glory cannot fully delineate thy excellency, I behold thy amiable countenance to the full, O God of glory; and O then the enlargement of my heart! O then the wonderful flames of love! nothing was known, was felt, until now: I have heard some rumour of thee; but now I behold and perceive, that all possible creatures, exalted to the highest pitch of excellency, can never be able to praise thee to the full: even because of this I will praise thee, that thou art infinitely above all praises. Wert thou not infinite, thou shouldst not be the eternal object of my praises: created enjoyments cannot satiate forever. How am I overjoyed; thou hast thus fitted me for setting thee on high! how am I lifted up in my capacity, almost infinite stages above the highest pitch of mortality! Sirs, this is another manner of praising than was to be found within mortality's tents: our songs can only be learned by those who have attained the height of wisdom; even who are filled with all the fulness of God.—What are finite things in the way of our conceptions?—We are past from the low conceptions of mortals: earth's putrid idiom, in its highest strain, composed and divided by all possible ways, or pourtrayed down in as many books as would fill the creation, should not express, in the thousandth part, so much of the excellency of our never enough exalted One, as one sentence of this song of glory. What is expressed by dull sound, or tuned out in black and white, is not now worth the noticing; yet, had I no other way of expressing thy excellency before men and angels, I should forever and ever be writing songs of thy matchless praises, that all the beholders might, in some measure, conjecture the high thoughts of my heart.—

Were there oceans of ink greater than ten thuosand worlds. and paper pens conformable thereunto, I should soon exhaust them, writing new songs of thy matchless praises: and yet the thoughts of my elevated heart should not in the least be diminished; but should be like an eternal fountain, ever inditing new matter. ever sending fourth new streams of praises. What wonder? I am filled with thine image, I behold thee face to face, and therefore see more and more of thee to all eternity. Ever, ever shall I have new discoveries; and yet forever shall I have the same; for I behold thee as thou art What wonder we are in such an high praising frame? O blessed ones! who, being framed so capacious, to receive the full emanations of his infinite glory and sweetness, stand continually in his immediate fellowship. Are we not ravished in praising? It is the only happiness to be thus exercised: the only misery, to have the faculties exercised in other things. No monster to a creature careless of thy glory! You abominable prodigies of nature, who are not for extolling your Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor; can the desperateness of your state be told? should you not praise him, eternally praise him? He is the Potter, you are the clay; he is the absolute Sovereign, you his eternal bound vassals: all that you are, and have, is of him: if you are miserable, it is only of yourselves: nothing from him, but that which is good. He is a pure mass of holiness, excellency, and desirableness, O cursed! O desperate! O astonishing frame! to have the heart hardened against the original of all joys and blessedness. Thousand times happy I, who am thus! thus conformed unto the divine nature. O this sweet, sweet frame of heart! I am altogether for praises: this is the land of praises; the whole assembly resounds with praises. O my blessed ears! which are eternally filled with the melodious raptures of Emmanuel's ravishing world. Is it possible sorrows can enter here? All is filled with superabounding joys: every where thy beauty is fully manifested. Let us dive deep, and look & look again, ever shall we find new matter for love songs Doth not a sweet willing constraint lie upon us to praise thee? Inundations of all goodness do flow out from thee, O inexhaustable ocean of all excellency: and must they not incessantly run back to thee again? Yea, who can but extol thee, O all sufficient Jehovah? because thou art essentially beautiful and excellent. What though

little of thy goodness were let forth on creatures? the manifestation of thy goodness to creatures adds just nothing to thee: whether thou create or not create one creature, or a world, or millions of worlds, all is the same to thee. Thou art infinitely above the praises, or the blasphemies of creatures: thy glory is unchangeable; before all ages did thy infinite perfections shine forth, in the same infinite splendor; so that, in the fulness of time, when it pleased thee to show forth thy glory, in the production and adorning of finite beings, nothing in the least was added to thy boundless excellency; thy creating was the manifestation of what was from eternity; not the bringing forth of what was not at all; as when the sun should dart forth his light, which before he kept within himself; or a box of precious ointment, when broken, exhales a perfume, which before lay hidden.

And what hast thou manifested on creatures, to that which thou mightst, if so it had pleased thy sovreign will? What is this world existent, but as a vast ocean should let forth one drop, when it might pour forth millions of millions of showers forever and ever? What are these handful of creatures, unto these vast numberless armies, eminently contained within the campass of thine infinite power? whence thy dominion over things that are not created is greater, than over things that are: from all eternity hadst thou the sovereign disposition of all possible beings, and they are forever at thy beck. Hadst thou never determined to create any creature, thy power and sovreignity should ever have shined forth in as full a splendor, in order to these self-same creatures existent, as now it doth: to restrain a being from existing, or to cause it to exist, are alike acts of infinite sovreignty. Men and angels, shall we not cry up the incomprehesible excellency of our God? What can we contribute even to his declarative glory? Are we any thing, to the infinite armies in the womb of his omnipotency? and yet hath he appointed us the only criers up of his praises, the only spectators throughout all ages. O how inconceivable are thy ways? hast thou chosen these few out from among innumerable armies of excellent creatures. contained within the bosom of excellency? mightst thou not have numberless worlds of men and angels just now serving thee, and not one of us existent? How is absolute sovreignty, and free grace to be seen every where? Creation is an act of free grace and goodness. O thou whole

handy work of God, how oughtest thou to praise thy sovereign Lord? You sun, moon, and stars, forever exalt him, who conferred upon you an everlasting being, passing by infinite numbers of others; and only you hath he chosen, as never-ending monuments of his transcendent excellency Thou earth, with thy various beauties, praise thy bountiful Creator, who hath appointed thee an eternal monument of his justice and mercy, passing by innumerable possible ones O thou glorious and majestic heavens, sing forth the high praises of thy almighthy Former; though thou art the top and flower excellency of this vast all, what art thou to these innumerable possible heavens, Jehovah could produce? Thou whole creation, though thou art exact in number, weight and measure, what art thou to what incomprehensible Jehovah can effect? What are you, O all ye creatures? you are infinitely every way within the limits of his infinite power: yea, though it were not so, one blast of his nostrils could confound you to nothing in a moment. Down with your glory before him, all creatures, acknowledge your eternal Sovreign: shall not eternity resound with his incessant praises? shall not this great all be ever in a rejoicing, praising sound? shall not the earth clap its hands, the heavens leap for joy before him, who hath formed them eternal monuments of his superexcellent glory? this is the only world God hath been pleased to make; from eternity to eternity there is no other; neither shall this undergo changes any more: how sweet a savour doth the Almighty smell? pronouncing, that the vicissitudes of day and night, seed time and harvest, winter and summer, shall forever cease; and that an eternal spring tide, an endless summer, an incessant havest shall remain. This is the golden world; all things have a smiling countenace: wickedness shall triumph no more. It was but for a moment they opened their eyes, and behold they are not: but the righteous are in everlasting rememberance.— Thou lower world, how art thou loosed from that bitter servitude to the filth and off scourings of all things? being the stage of horrid rebellion against thy great Former; the place where created enjoyments were preferred before that fulness of all sweetness in the all-sufficient Jehovah. Our eyes behold what we believed, and hoped for: O glorious new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness! are we not now masters of all?

through the heir all things, do we inherit all things. All things before were ours in title. now they are ours in full possession; for our minority is expired.

44. *All the promises are in part fulfilled in time, and fully in eternity.*

Your folly is even manifested to yourselves, cursed worldlings, who imagined us fools, who laid our hope and confidence on the great promises of the Almighty: lo, all that ever he promised unto us, he hath performed to the full, and more than to the full. Lo, we inherit heaven and earth, and all things, and delight ourselves in abundance of peace. We behold the floods of honey and butter, and heap up gold as the dust: yea, the Almighty is our defence, and we have plenty of silver: our eye is clear, as the noon-day, we shine forth, and are as the morning: our flesh is fresher than a child's, and we return unto the days of our youth. The Lord is our keeper, the Lord is our shade, on our right hand: the sun doth not smite by day, nor the moon by night And the Lord preserveth our going out, and our coming in, from this time forth and forever more. Behold, we eat, cursed wretches, but ye are hungry: behold, we drink, but ye are thirsty: behold, we rejoice and triumph, but ye sorrow and are ashamed. Lo, he that sitteth upon the throne, hath made all things new; and the former things shall not come into mind "Behold, a new heaven and a new earth! for the first heaven, and the first earth are passed away; and there is no more sea Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he doth dwell with us, and we are his people, and he is our God. and he hath wiped away all tears from our eyes: and there is no more death, nor sorrows, nor cries, nor pains, for the former things are passed away" Vile wretches, though your everlasting dungeon be situate within the verge of that dunghill you adored heretofore; yet shall you never set your head withing this glorious fabric, but shall abide forever, in utter darkness: ye possessed the earth for a moment, and carried yourselves, as all had been yours, bearing dow the excellent ones of the earth: but now we have you under our feet forever more. Now it is manifest, who were the true heirs of the earth: now it is clear, who were really excellent. What think ye now of your pleasures of sin for a season? Have ye not built your house, as a moth, and as a booth that the keeper maketh? As drought and heat consume the snow

water; so hath the grave consumed you. Your triumphing hath been short, and your joy but for a moment.—Though your excellency might seem to mount up to the heavens, and your heads reach unto the clouds; yet are you perished forever, like your own dung: you are fled away, as a dream, and are not found; all darkness is hid in your secret places, a fire not blown hath consumed you — Your strength is hunger bitten, and destruction is ever at your side, it doth devour the strength of your skin; even the first-born of death doth devour your strength: brimstone is scattered upon your habitation, your root is dried up beneath, and above your strength is cut off: you are driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world: for God is jealous and revengeth, the Lord revengeth, and is furious, and will not at all acquit the wicked: the mountains quake at him, and hills melt, and the earth is burnt at his presence; yea, the world and all that dwelleth therein: with an overflowing flood doth he make an utter end of the wicked; and darkness doth forever pursue his enemies. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works: he hath fulfilled the desire of them that fear him, he hath heard their cry, and saved them. All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and all thy saints shall bless thee. Thou hast delivered us from our enemies. We have fled unto thee, and under the shadow of thy wings we ever rejoice. Thou hast led us unto the land of uprightness; and as for the head of those that compassed us about, the mischief of their own lips hath covered them; burning coals have fallen upon them, they are cast into the fire, into deep pits, that they rise not again. But the righteous give thanks unto thee; the upright forever dwell in thy presence: many a time have the wicked afflicted us from our youth, yet have they not prevailed: but all that hated us are confounded, and turned back, and are as the grass on the house tops, that withereth before it be grown up. When the wicked did spring as the grass, and all the workers of iniquity did flourish, it was that they might be destroyed forever.—The Lord is a sun and shield; he hath given grace and glory; no good thing hath he withholden from those that walked uprightly. Blessed is the man that trusted in thee! we trusted in thee, and we were delivered, for thou hast considered our trouble, thou hast known our soul in adversity, and hast not shut us up into the hand of the

enemy: thou hast set our feet in a large place. We were in trouble, our eyes were consumed with grief; yea, our soul and our belly: our strength failed, because of our iniquity, and our bones were consumed: we were a reproach to our enemies, a derision to a fanatic world. But we trusted in thee, O Lord, we said, Thou art our God; and lo, thou hast delivered us forever, from the hand of all our enemies; thou hast made thy face to shine, in its full splendour, eternally upon us; thou hast saved us, for thy mercy's sake. O how great is thy goodness, which thou hast wrought for them that trusted in thee, before the sons of men! O love the Lord, all ye his saints; for the Lord preserveth the faithful, and plenteously rewardeth the proud doer: his anger endureth but a moment; in his favor is life. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow us, all the days of our life, and we will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

45. *All the attributes of Jehovah, especially his justice and sovereignty, are seen evidently in the damnation of the wicked.*

All joys! how doth the glory of mercy and spotless justice shine forth before the eyes of all? within the limits of time, some small forerunners there were, of what we now most evidently behold. How didst thou drown almost a whole generation, for their iniquity? How didst thou make thine earth to devour and swallow up thy rebellious blasphemers? Yea, in all ages thou broughtest down signal strokes of thy displeasure on a vile world; burning up their cities, destroying their fields, and making their cursed carcasses to be like dung upon the earth: so that thy most impious enemies could not but say, Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth And every stroke of thy vengeance was mercy to thy chosen; for, how often hast thou compelled thy sworn enemies to come bending unto thy people? Such were small skirmishes, and partial victories over parties of thy foes. Since earth, by thine appointment, was the place where every one was to act their part, in order to eternity; and the wicked to fill up their cup of wrath against this eternal day of wrath; is not hell a part of our heaven? is not the displaying of the banner of justice, matter of eternal exaltation? By the horrid rebellion of wicked men and devils, thou appeared to be robbed of that honor and glory, due to

thee, from all thy creatures. How doth thy excellency forever break out from under the clouds, that seemed to darken it heretofore? Thy vile enemies, through thy long suffering, did pass on in their rebellion, some time unpunished: nay, in their abominable ways, through thy wonderful providence, they prospered, they lived, they became old; yea, were mighty in power: Their seed was established in their sight, and their offspring before their eyes: their houses were safe from fear, neither was the rod of God upon them; they spent their days in wealth, and in a moment went down to the grave. Yea, one event happened to all: he destroyed the perfect and the wicked; when the scourge slew suddenly, he did laugh at the trial of the innocent. In the place of judgment wickedness dwelt: yea, there were just men, to whom it happened according to the work of the wicked; again, There were wicked men, unto whom it happened according to the work of the righteous. No man knew either love, or hatred, by all that was before him. The wicked were buried, who had come and gone from the place of the holy. O golden year of jubillee! wherein every thing is reduced to its proper order; every man rewarded according to his work; the most hidden things of darkness are laid open: the innocency of the righteous, and the perverseness of the wicked, are laid open, before all. All things are in a right order now. No more to be seen exalted folly, or debased wisdom: the histrioanic fancies of riches, and titular honors, are quite done away; fools shall no more rule over the wise. Heroic spirits eternally the state of princes; and slavish spirits are bound in everlasting chains of darkness. How doth the equity of thy proceedings appear? O righteous God! what though monstrous reprobates roar out their horrid blasphemies against thy spotless? Thou art of purer eyes, than to behold iniquity; and wilt not at all acquit the guilty — What joy! to behold truth vindicated from all the horrid aspersions of hellish monsters. I am overjoyed, in hearing the everlasting howlings of the haters of the Almighty; what a pleasant melody are they in mine ears? O eternal hallelujahs to Jehovah and the Lamb! O sweet, sweet! my heart is satisfied. We committed our cause to thee, that judgeth righteously; and behold, thou hast fully pleaded our cause; and shalt make the smoke of their torment forever and ever to ascend in our sight: "For

righteous art thou, O Lord, and just in all thy ways."—Cursed creatures, your consciences tell you the equity of Jehovah's ways. Are you not the creatures that banished God out of your thoughts? and it is most equal you are banished eternally from the presence of God, and the glory of his power; being given up to a reprobate mind, hardened against your great Former and Preserver: are you not all most worthy of divine vengeance, who hate your Creator, and preferred your base selves before him; who in the midst of his bounty, when he gave you abundance of created enjoyments, contemned and abhorred him? who are so desperately mad against that infinite original of all goodness, that though he should remove from you his just punishments, and restore unto you your former enjoyments; yet should you stand out ungratefully against him? O horrid monstrosity! that which might be known of God was manifested unto you; For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world were clearly seen, being understood by the things which were made, even his eternal power and God-head: so that you were without excuse; because that when you knew God, you glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in your imaginations, and your foolish heart was darkned; professing yourselves wise, ye became fools, and worshipped, served and loved the creature, more than the Creator, who is God blessed forevermore. Even your own selves being judges, vile wretches, is not your lot suitable to your abominable nature, which showed itself, in your way of walking in time? The characters of a Deity were so written on your hearts, as it was impossible to cancel them; yet ye sacrilegiously strove to eradicate such noble draughts, written by the finger of God: and banished from your minds the thoughts of his mercies, or judgments: self, and only self was the ultimate centre of all your designs and projects: whence you preferred the enjoyment of creatures, before that of the all sufficient Creator; esteeming it a more desirable lot, to live eternally in the midst of eathly riches, honors, and pleasures, than in an immediate fellowship with God.

And is it not most just he remove these enjoyments you basely placed in his room? Your own glory was more designed by you than his; and should not he confound, and put to shame the nothing beings you adored, and set above him? What should he otherwise do unto

you, monstrous wretches! Should he restore the enjoyments you used against him? Should he cut you off to nothing, who have desired to be his eternal enemies, and would have essential eternity destroyed? Did you not care to see his cause and people debased? and is it not most just you should be spectacles of shame and vileness, throughout eternity? Would you be above the Most High? and should ye not lie under his feet, while his glory remains? Are you stated enemies against him? and may not your adversary use his power against you, and tread you under his feet, as you would do to him, if your power did answer your monstrous, abominable will? Do you curse him, and want a relenting heart to acknowledge your madness? and are so dreadfully hardened against him, that ye would despise and blaspheme mercy, even mercy offered unto you? and is it not most just you continue forever, in that most terrible condition? No wonder your consciences gnaw you so fearfully; you cannot but be dreadfully affrighted at your monstrous selves; God in his equity having so wonderfully sharpened your faculties, as that you are able to understand your own wickedness most clearly and fully. Your wickedness, in time, was in its bud, now it is at its heigth; the smell of hell was upon you even then: but now you are so many black lumps of death and hell, cast into the lake of fire. You were not afraid to speak irreverently of him; now you directly (O monstrous madness!) curse him to his very face. The sentence is now fully accomplished, "To him that hath shall be given: and from him that hath not, shall be taken away, even that which he hath." Did you hate the lovely image of God? and is it not most just, the remainders thereof, you had on earth, be quite abolished? Some loveliness, some excellency you were endowed with, through the Creator's bounty: now you are stript of all, and are nothing but vile lumps of deformity. Your torments on earth might have raised compassion in the hearts of fellow creatures, but now your malice and deformity is so monstrous, as you cannot became objects of compassion: no, the beholding of the smoke of your torment is a passing delectation. O my God, thou art holy in all thy ways, and righteous in all thy works: thou art not the cause of their everlasting ruin, though they blasphemously father it upon thee. Cursed wretches, who hath turned your hearts against God? hath he turned

them against himself? This is repugnant. Or, was he obliged to hinder your rebellion, or to turn your minds again towards him, when you sought against him with all your strength, soul, and mind?

46. *Sovereignity the first mover of all things.*

How gloriously doth thine absolute sovereignity shine forth in all thy ways? "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." Because so it pleased thee, will abundantly answer all questions concerning thy proceedings. Why are we here, such and such by name? Because so it pleased thee. We that are praising thee, might have been thine eternal blasphemers; and those who are cursing thee, might have been thine eternal praisers: but absolute sovereignty would have it otherwise. That all things are thus, is because of thy free will: these creatures might have been in another state; or others in their room, or none at all; if so it had pleased thee. All the external lots, in time, the most contingent things, were eternal draughts of absolute sovereignty Is not the eternal resound of our endless songs, Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thee, O absolute Sovereign of all things, be the glory forever! Wicked men and devils have mightily endeavoured to obscure the glory of thy absolute sovereignity, by ascribing undetermined and absolute sovereignty, to intellectual agents, over their actions: stupid madness! are not all things at thy beck? Whatever pleased thee, hast thou done, in heaven and on earth: the hearts of men are in thine hands, as the rivers of waters, thou turnest them withersoever thou wilt. Thou removest the mountains, and they know it not; thou overturnest them in thine anger; thou takest away the heart of the chief of the people of the earth; they groupe in the dark without light. Though thou art not the cause of such a monster as sin; yet sin could never have entered within thy creation, without thy infinite counsel; its existency, or not extency, was at thy disposing; for thou wilt have mercy on whom thou wilt have mercy; and whom thou wilt thou hardeneth Hast thou not power over the same lump, O great Potter, to make of it any vessel thou pleasest, either of honor, or dishonor? Mayst thou not do, in thine own things what thou wilt? Blasphemous miscreants, your blasphemies redound to his glory; for this were you created, that his absolute sovereignty might be clearly

manifested over you, the vessels of wrath, fitted to destruction: and that sovereignty is cast in justice's mould; so that ye most deservedly undergo eternal wrath: he shall have eternal glory over you. O haters of his glory! these beings of yours are so many ever-standing monuments of his ravishing perfections. O the depths of the riches, both of thy wisdom and knowledge! how unsearchable are thy judgments, and thy ways past finding out? For who hath known thy mind? or who hath been thy counsellor? For of thee, and through thee, and to thee are all things—Here is my heart satisfied, since the disputers of thy ways are eternally confounded. Roar out now your blasphemies, vile creatures; you are indeed in your enemie's hand, divine justice hath overtaken you: every billow of vengeance that runs over soul and body, might dash to nothing ten thousand worlds. But he holds you up with one hand, and dashes on with the other; strong influences, for sustaining a being, are ever showered down upon you. Why strive you against him, silly bits of nothings? For he gives not account of any of his matters: far be it from him, that he should do wickedly; for the work of a man is rewarded unto him. For he layeth not upon man more than right, that he should enter into judgment with him. Can a creature be more just than God? can a creature be more pure than his Maker? Behold, he putteth no trust in his servants, and his angels he chargeth with folly: behold, he taketh away, and none can hinder. Who may say unto him, What dost thou? Can we by searching find out him? Can we find out the Almighty unto perfection? Shall creatures shape thee out, according to their infinite conceptions? shall they think to comprehend thy ways? art thou not altogether wonderful in thy working, O Infinite? What comprehendeth infinite excellency, except an infinite understanding? Shall we not be ever diving further and further, and ever a beginning to dive? Wert thou, and thy goings out from eternity, comprehensible by us, then wert thou not God, the infinite Jehovah; thou dwelleth in light, which no man can approach unto; thou art he, whom no man hath seen, or can see Can we stoop low enough before thy throne? What are beings of yesterday to thee? what are never so many worlds before thee? Shall empty nothings quarrel at what they cannot comprehend? Thy thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are thy ways as our ways Who hath directed thy Spirit, or being thy counsellor, hath taught thee? Who

instructed thee, and taught thee in the path of judgment? Behold, all creatures are before thee as nothing, less than nothing, and vanity. O boundless ocean of all perfections! we are forever swallowed up in thy infinite fulness. O superabundancy of all happiness and joys! O more than perfect satisfaction, in the full accomplishment of all desires! O more than sweetness, surpassing all sweetness! O heaven! O glory! how massy, solid, real, substantial, and enduring art thou; O only life! O marrow, flower and vigour of all lives! O life of beholding, praising, rejoicing, wondering! O life of ravishments! O life of living! O life of lives!

47. *A world of free redeeming grace, the most excellent world possible.*

What speak we, men and angels, of the limits of divine power? what talk we of his manifesting his excellency in one, or many, or innumerable worlds? Is it not manifested to the uttermost? The production of never so many armies of creatures can add nothing thereto, since the manifestation of God in the flesh is the principal design of eternity; and all other manifestations are in order to this. Thre stands one among us all, who is the first-born of every creature existent, or possible; here is the man, in whom is vissibly to be seen, such glory, majesty. loviliness, sweetness compassion, mercy, justice, wisdom, and all treasures of overflowing fulness of excellency, in such an incomprehensible, transcendent, eminent and superabundant manner, as all the beholders are overwhelmed in a sea of delightsome ravishments forever more. Couldst thou, O my God, manifest thyself more clearly, familiarly, sweetly, condescendingly? Away with other worlds, though they were; this is the only one, since my all lovely, Well-beloved dwells here. Thy beauty, my fair One darts round about thee, and fills this world with passing glory; yea, were this world myriads of myriads of stages, and never so many times greater than it is, one ray of thy countenace, one glance of thine eye would enlighten, and adorn it all. What though we could view and comprehend at once thousands of thousands of created paradises of beauty; one sight of God-like visage would swallow up all. Angels had you such a sweet manifestation of divine beauty in the beginning, as now? Is not our heaven now two heavens? since the essential image of God standeth here, cloathed with the human na-

ture, as our everlasting King, Priest and Prophet, the great Lord Mediator of the new covenant, the boundless treasure of all fulness, out of which we shall be filled and satiate forever more. Are we not, as it were, constrained betwixt standing aback, and drawing near? Those who behold thee, what can they think of themselves? Yet, who can see, and take rest until they be folded in thy ravishing embraces? Verily thou art both the shame and glory of creatures; created excellency is exalted in thee, to the highest pitch; and all created excellency is beautified and obscured before thee. This is the man, men and angels, by whom all things in heaven and earth do flourish and bloom: this is the Tree of life, the great Vine of glory, into which we are all ingrafted, as so many boughs and twigs; all the glory of his Father's house hangs upon him; the offspring and the issue, as so many chips and pieces, darting out from him. This is he, in whom we have been ordained to this blessedness from eternity: this is he, who was promised to the people, under the first dispensation of the gospel, who was held forth by types and shadows unto them. This is he, by whom the carnal and beggarly elements of the world were destroyed; the clear, evident gospel-despensation was brought in; the hand wrighting of the law cancelled; the vail betwixt Jew and Gentile was rent asunder; the nations were ingrafted into the old stock of the peculiar people; the abstruse secrets of eternity were opened; the kingdoms were shaken, the princes of the earth were set up, and pulled down; the church was preserved, and flourished, in despite of all the world. This is the Man, who wounded the heads over many countries; who trode the wine-press alone, and trampled the people in his fury, until all his raiment was stained with blood. This is he, whose name is called Wonderful, Counsellor, the almighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace: of the increase of his government and peace there is no end. This is the Stone cut out without hands, which smote all the power, strength and might of kingdoms, nations and languages: and lo, all principalities, and thrones, and powers, and dominions are broken to pieces together, and become like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor, that the wind hath carried away. And behold, this Stone, which hath smitten to nothing all transitory glory, is become exceeding great, and filleth all in all. This is he, whom nothing

could overcome; he entered the lists with death and hell, and gave them an eternal foil: so that they lie under his feet, and the feet of his chossen, forever and ever — Could ten thousand deaths overcome him? Were not devils and wicked men fools, that imagined to bind him with any ties? What would chains greater than many worlds? what would infinite numbers of mountains of brass, be to hold him down that he rise not again? How did this Lion of the tribe of Judah, rouse himself from the sleep of death, like a mighty man after wine; and made heaven and earth, and all to quake? Who but the Standard-bearer among ten thousand? who but the Prince of the kings of the earth? who but the mighty Captain of the Lord's hosts, could have done so valiantly? Thou only hast done heroically, O Well-beloved You little heroes of time, your magnanimity, and heroic acts evanish here: even though you had done all you did, in your own strength, and not by his: what though you subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, through weakness became strong, put to flight the armies of the aliens? All these were done through faith in him. Yet what have ye done? Could you have trode the wine press alone, and drunk the cup of wrath of the Almighty, from brim to bottom? Could you have stood in the gap, when infinite, eternal vengeance, like a mighty flood, was rushing in upon rebellious mankind? Who else could have turned back the mighty current of such floods of wrath, and pacified offended Majesty, bringing rebels to stoop, and be received into mercy and favour again? Who other could have given hell such a blow, as it shall never be able to rise; and raised men and angels to such a pitch, as that they shall never fall? Who other could have led captivity captive, and purchased gifts for men, even for the rebellious? Who other could have opened the gates of this celestial paradise, shut up base, ungrate man; and exalted him, by thousands of stages, to more glory and excellency, than he fell from? Thou art all in all thou art marrowless, O Well-beloved! no more comparisons betwixt thee and creatures. Hide yourselves, and be confounded, all lower excellencies: be ye silent, all creatures, when he begins to speak; cover your faces, all you little glories and beauties. when he doth show his face: you are nothing, you are vanity compared to him: he is all things.—

Verily, in him dwells all fulness. Thou art not, O heaven of heavens, worthy to be a footstool for his glorious feet. Infinite worlds, erected above one another, were low for him to tread upon. What are you, men and angels, that you should thus stand beside him? that you should set your head within that world he is pleased to dwell in? Did he not wonderfully condescend, you might run out without the very creation? What is our strength and beauty? on whose legs do we stand? are we able, for one moment, to persevere in our integrity without him? should we not all become deformed, and fall a sinning, did he draw into himself what he darts forth? How is this paradise of God planted with goodly trees, blossoming and flourishing with an eternal verdure? But did they not receive sap and life, and all from this golden branch of the stem of Jesse, how in a moment should their golden blossoms wither, their fruit fall off, their leaves decay. and their root dry up? It is ten heavens of joy, O Well-beloved, to know that thy love is unchangeable, and that these that are united to thee by faith in time, and immediate beholding in eternity, shall never be disjoined from thee, but shall ever remain close locked in the arms of eternal love. What are your thoughts, O ye ransomed ones, of this astonishing dispensation? what an inconceivable transportation is this, that any of the cursed stock of mankind should be adopted co-heirs with the essential Heir of all things! Of him are we in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, redemption, and all. Thousand times blessed counsel of eternity! that chose us in him before the foundation of the world; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace; wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he had purposed in himself; that in the dispensation of the fulness of time, he might gather togather in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth. It was not thy purpose, dread Sovereign, that any should inherit glory, through their own obedience: a world of working was but for a time, that this of altogether free grace might shine forth more gloriously Free grace's banner is the only pavilion we should forever abide un-

der How greatly did the divil befool himself, in endeavouring to obscure the glory of his Maker, by the rebellion of man? was he not herein an instrument in the hand of the great Sovereign, whereby he made way for his chief and only purpose? what should our blessedness have been, to what now it is, if we had wanted thee, O Emmanuel, the man of God's right hand, the very breath of our nostrils? our eternal songs should not have been so melodious; the praises of free redeeming grace should not have been heard here: glory to the Lamb that was slain, and lives forever, should never have been sung. No worlds to this world! no happiness to this happiness! this is the flower and top of all possible dispensations! here is a confluence of innumerable providences, that shall never be comprehended. Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works, which thou hast done; and thy thoughts, which are to us ward, they cannot be reckoned up in order to thee. How evidently do I now see, that thy love passeth all understanding; that thy ways are innumerable; and thy thoughts unsearchable? My eyes are eternally fixed upon thee, O flower of all beauty and loveliness; thou art the centre whereto all desirableness and excellency betakes itself: in beholding thee, I behold all things. Art thou not love, discovered to the full? mercy manifested in its highest perfection? judgment and righteousness vissibly in its full splendour? What have we, which is not in thee? and what can creatures want which is not in thee? Shall we not, O enjoyers, be satiate, beautified, ravished, blessed, forever more, with that infinite fulness of all excellency which dwells in him? We behold to the full, thy glory, as the glory of the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth; and of thy fulness have we all received, and grace for grace. We have received thy testimony, have set to our seals that God is true; that thou whom he sent into the world, speakest the things of God: for he giveth not the Spirit by measure unto thee. O how great is the mystery of godliness! God manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory. If this was wonderful in time, is it not ten thousand times more now, when the bright day of eternity hath broken up? If a sight of this, by faith, was ravishing, am I not now passed all the limits of such motions? O this frame! O glory, glory! thou art massy indeed!

48 *The work of salvation, a never enough admired draught; and all drawn through the channel of exigencies.*

Immortality, glory, praise, and dominion to the Highest, that ever it pleased him, thus to communicate himself to men and angels; that ever he proposed in himself to give unto us the eternal Son of his delights, as our everlasting Days man, Redeemer, Husband, Head, Lord, and all things. To have enjoyed thee, according to the first dispensation, had been unspeakable happiness; but to be chosen in Christ, is overflowing happiness! O! were we predestinate to be conformed to the image of thy Son, which, in time, was begun, and now is perfected? Any tincture of thee, O Well-beloved, any perfume of thy garments, is passing glorious and excellent. O then, thousand times blessed I! who am clothed with the robes of thy righteousness, the garments of thy beauty; who am satiate with thy likeness, filled with thy sweetness, adorned with thy loveliness, decked with thy ravishing graces. I am like thee! I am like thee! here is all my happiness. This, thy ravishing image, was begun in me, in time; and now thou hast brought it to the high bloom and perfection What passing joys! to think how thou hast made me grow up, from my childhood, to this manly constitution? how hast thou been making me grow up, until thou transplantedst me from thy lower garden of grace, to thy higher paradise of glory! Once I was a small shrub, scarce discernible from the base thorns and briars that overgrew the earth: but now I am, through thy infinite excellency, a mighty and flourishing cedar in this higher Lebanon. Strange! how thou hast brought me to this glorious condition; and still from lesser to greater, until I have arrived at perfection. Is it not most evident, that the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day? Though our beginning was small, yet our latter end is greatly increased; our beginning was full of ignorance and infirmity; now our age is clearer than the noon-day. We shine forth as the morning; thou hast brought forth our righteousness as the light, and our judgment as the noon-day. And thus hath been thy way, in all thy proceedings. How small was thy church in the beginning? how few in number among the numerous multitude of mankind? Yet, how didst thou increase and multiply her, as the sand in the sea-shore, in despite of devils and wicked men? And appearedst thou not, O Well-be-

loved, as a small stone cut out without hands? and yet hast become great, and filled all. Thou showedst thyself, at thy first manifestation in the flesh, unto the sons of men, in the form of a servant; so that thou wast of no reputation in the eyes of a stupid world, who are only affected with external shows: how didst thou make thy gospel to go through the world, without any earthly pomp or observation? so that the wise men of the world, for a long time, did little notice it; yet did thy name break forth before all nations: the whole world spake of thy glory. It had been a light thing, that thou shouldst only have raised up the tribes of Jacob: but thy God did also give thee for a light unto the Gentiles, that thou mightest be his salvation unto the ends of the earth. When darkness did cover the earth, and gross darkness the people, thou filledst them with thy glory, and madest the place of thy feet glorious; for the Lord sent the rod of thy strength out of Zion, and caused thee rule in the midst of thine enemies; and made thy people willing in the day of thy power; and at thy right hand did strike through kings in the day of his wrath; thou judgedst among the Heathen; thou filledst the places with the dead bodies; thou woundedst the heads over many countries. How vain hath the judgment of worldings proven, who despised the seeds of glory, sown in the hearts of the chosen? they considered not the noon day brightness succeeding the dawning; fools! were only taken with what filled the external senses: transitory glory was a dying blaze. It is gone, eternally gone! the bastard's portion did flourish, and seem to eclipse the children's for a moment; because it was then the bastard's harvest, but the children's seed-time· because thou wouldst show, thou couldst lead thy chosen, in their weak and childish estate into this kingdom, through fighting, and wrestling, and great opposition of all kinds: whereby our eternal song is drawn up higher, in exalting thy wonderful providence, in bringing us to glory. What astonishing things do I behold, concerning my pilgrimage, which then I could not perceive! O time, time! thou filest eternity with admiration Wonderful! thou brought us not hither at the first production of our beings: and was an inch of time a prelude to eternity? did a moment's fighting usher in an eternal triumphing? a life of faith, a life of beholding? a small intercourse by letters and love-tokens, an eternal, full and naked enjoyment?

O wonderful! O sweet dispensation! O pleasant conspiration of diverse providences, and all linked together in the most comely order! what an excellent connection between time and eternity? what joy, to be viewing them both at once, and comparing them together? It is wonderful! to consider the difference betwixt the workings of thy Spirit upon me now, and then together! was it not the day star, that arose then in my heart? now all is fully illuminated. I am placed under the full rays of thy glory. How is this being of mine filled with thy divine nature? All is perfected! O my elevated faculties! all my accomplishments in time, are so perfected, as they are swallowed: and so may be said to be done away, as a small drop, by the approach of a vast ocean. What higher happiness, than thus to resemble thee, O fulness of all happiness! O ever flourishing estate of joys! every moment is a golden life, every day is ten thousand heavens of blessedness.

49. *Our blessedness, one eternal act of marrying, feasting, triumphing, solacing in the bed of love.*

This is the day of our King's espousals, and the day of the gladness of his heart: this is the day we longed, prayed, sighed, weeped, and wrestled for: and may not every minute obliterate millions of millions of ages of sorrow and tormenting labour? This is the day wherein it is ever morn, ever noon-day; but never a declining shade. You sorrows, you griefs, you labours, you cannot enter this thrice blessed day of eternity! it is our marriage-day, the day of the gladness of our hearts. No nights, weeks, months or ages; all is after the same, eternity is but one day; the day of the great consummation of the match, betwixt our glorious Bridegroom and us. In time we were betrothed unto him, by the mediation of his ambassadors, and there passed love-tokens, as a seal of the willingness of parties; and such were sufficient until the full accomplishment. Now, O now! are we met together, in this majectic marriage-hall of glory, prepared for the solemnizing of this eternal marriage. All are now in the marriage-robes. Attendants of the Bridegroom, you are majestically arrayed, as it well becomes the ministers of so magnificent a Prince O! how doth the Father of the Prince, the Bridegroom, appear in his glory and majesty? what wonderful manifestations of Jehovah are here? and how is the Bridegroom adorned? O my Head and Hus-

band! how hast thou arrayed thyself in thy royal and gorgeous apparel? thou appearest indeed like a prince in his marriage-day! O but thy raiment is far changed! thou has cast from thee the base garb of mortality, that in a part obscured thy matchless glory and loveliness, and hast decked thyself with ravishing divine majesty and leveliness as with a garment. Thou sought and wooed thy bride in a low and contemptible equipage; thou madest it known thou couldst draw hearts to thee, in the most low and despicable condition: it would not have been so wonderful, if thou hadst allured, and gained consent, appearing in thy royal and majestic estate. But here is the wonder! yet, no wonder, since lowness, weakness, shame and contempt, cannot but change their nature, and become exaltation, vigour, glory and renown, if once thou assume them. But now, thou art altogether gloriously arrayed, suitable to the porson and the day O the beauty! O the ravishing perfume of thine apparel! all thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad. The very perfume of his raiment is two heavens! what sweetness then, to stand within the place filled with such ravishing fragrancy? But O to be ever thus, in an eternal act of marrying, espousing, embracing, kissing, and full communications of love, is ten thousand lives of satisfaction, ten thousand worlds of perfect blessedness, all beaten in one mass. Who but Christ, and us! how hath he arrayed us, according to his grandour and excellency? all is embroidered with gold and gems; every diamond, every ruby, every sapphire transcends by innumerable stages, the sun of the lower world, shining in his strength. And doth not this great all appear in joyful apparel, as befitting the espousals of so glorious a couple? All things dance and sound forth melodiously, our *epithalamium!* what a life is this? ever to be marrying! ever to be at the marriage-feast! ever to be entering the bed of love! this feast is furnished with all delights, it ravishes every moment, and throughout all eternity! O what variety! O what efficacy in every delicate! every one doth forever satiate; and yet delights are renewed! this land is nothing but a table furnished with all abundance of fruits always. All milk, all spices, all delights, every where superabound eternally. And in what a ravishing manner art thou ever inviting? Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O be-

loved; drink, and drink again, and forever drink. This is a day of gladness and rejoicing; this is the day of the accomplishment of all our desires. The pomp of this day is glorious indeed! verily, my God, thou hast made us as happy as can be! this dispensation transcends inconceivably all other! this delight and love is ever blooming and green! O this sweet and delightsome bed of love! one sight and smell of it, afar off, is ravishing. How is it all strewed over with ever flourishing and overflowing roses and lilies? with infinite kinds of odoriferous and beautiful flowers, of infinite virtues? all my faculties are filled, and overfilled with all manner of delights and sweetness! is not this wine of glory, O enjoyers, of wonderful efficacy? who can endure to pull the cup from the mouth? and yet every draught doth satiate to the full. And is it not endowed with all possible virtues? do not its spirits fill all the faculties and powers with an immortal vigour? an unspeakable sweetness, and surpassing joys? great things hast thou prepared, O Well-beloved, far above all our conceptions! what shall be my never-ending exercise, but to be satiate and ravished with thine uncreated sweetness? If my closing with thee, though absent, was passing joyful, how shall I now rejoice, and exult, in solemnizing the bargain, in satiating myself forever with fully manifested loves, in this bed of love? the wooing time seemed small and incosiderable; O the marriage is wonderfully glorious and excellent! What esteemed a base world of thy great call? when thou sent thine ambassadors to call them unto this everlasting supper; how did they slight such an astonishing dispensation, as a well invented fancy; and turned themselves wholly to their earthly enjoyments, as being the only real things, which affected their brutish minds? Do you not now see your desperate madness, O vile worldings? is not your apprehension wonderfully changed? did you slight the sweet invitations of the Almighty, to such boundless happiness? Well, you shall never taste it, through all eternity. You have gotten your choice, a momentary enjoyment of earth have you received: this boundless joy you never cared for. If you have done wisely, rejoice therein throughout eternity. O happy I! that ever I gave up my name into the number of thy espoused ones! that ever thou inclined my heart to take thee, for my Lord, Head and Husband! blessed choice! thousand times blessed

choice! had I known in time how happy a bargain I had made, should I not have been overjoyed unto the death? and was there such difficulty, to get the children of men to say, Amen, to such an advantageous bargain? didst thou knock, and knock again, O Well-beloved, at the doors of our hearts, before we would heartily accept? didst thou argument, beseech, threaten, and weep for a consent? who would have thought but one serious invitation had been enough for all mankind! O blockish mortality! O stupid brutish madness! thou hast not cause here to exalt thyself, O empty self, who despised, and overlooked, so much, this glorious match: who stood more out against these glorious offers? didst thou not play fast and loose with Jesus, as all others? When he saw he could not prevail with thee, more than others, (all mankind being alike in their original) he put in his hand by the hole of the door, and then caused thy bowels be moved for him: he filled thine heart, ere ever thou wast aware, with his overcoming love and sweetness: thou wast hearing the sound of this gospel in a dead and natural way, but he breathed upon all thy faculties, and said unto thee, Live; and thou arose from the dead, and heard, and saw wonders in the gospel, that blind stupid worldings could never perceive. Had he suffered thee to follow thy natural inclinations, thou hadst marched on, to endless destruction, contrary to all his loving invitations.—Nay, but since from eternity he had chosen thee, of his own good pleasure, out of the mass of mankind, he could not but manifest his love to thee, in time, in a special manner; and therefore he past from intreaty to ravishments, and drew thee with such strong cords of love, that thou couldst not but yield. O my holy One, no creature can resist thy overcoming beauty: when thou dartest forth thy love, all is set in a frame; hell and death could not resist thee. Ever hast thou been drawing sinners up to heaven after thee, unto this great marriage; and now we are all within the bed of love Love! nothing but ravishing love! O what looks of love! nothing but kisses, but eternal embraces! men and angels, is it possible we can be more happy? what can creatures have more? is there any more sweet and lovely than the Chief of ten thousand? can there be any greater and nearer fellowship with him than this? He is our friend, our most intimate friend; we speak with him face to face. Nay, he is our brother,

near of blood unto us; we will kiss, eternally kiss, and shall not be ashamed. Nay, he is our husband, one with us, as he is one with the Father, one in nature, spirit, mind, and affections: He is ours, and we are his. O what great communications of love shall we eternally be filled with! Are you not chanting forth marriage songs, O ye angels? are ye not forever inventing love-songs of your matchless Bridegroom, O ye saints? O thou whole creation of God, art thou not in a smiling exulting posture? And is not all this glory and blessedness the object of your grief and sorrow, vile miscreants? are you gnashing your teeth through torment, and sorrow, and envy, when the whole creation claps its hands, for exceeding joy? Is it not most just, that you are the curse and the dirision of all? you judged yourselves unworthy of this boundless happiness, and are you not justly shut out from this joyful marriage-supper of the Lamb? no more crying, Come unto the marriage; all is past and done, nothing to do, all things continue in this very condition they are into. O now! who but Jehovah and the Lamb? who but the Lamb and his spouse? who are now masters of all, who are now the eternal triumphers. Behold, men and angels, behold your King, and Head, and Well-beloved, in his robes-royal, with such a massy diadem of glory on his majestic head, as would crush in pieces ten thousand myriads of worlds: every ruby of his crown transcends all valuation; the diamonds and pearls for ever dazzle the eyes of the beholders: all the spectators are amazed and confounded; they sparkle and ray forth beauty and loveliness throughout all generations. Is it possible you can restrain your eyes, O spectators? must not all your faculties bend thither eternally? who can express the thoughts of his heart? who can tell what he clearly beholds? who can behold enough what appears most evident? This is the sight, the only sight! what greater happiness, O Prince of glory, than to follow thee whithersoever thou goest? What glory, to run after thy chariot, in this day of thy glory and power? What honor, to bear up thy train, in this thy marriage-day? follow thee! could we but follow thee, though it were but through innumerable worlds! never, never shall we be disjoined from thee. O strange world! O wonderful estate! ever to be triumphing! ever to be marrying! ever to be solacing in the paradise of loves! ever to be riding in the chariot of honor! this

chariot is of the wood of Lebanon, the pillars thereof are of silver, the bottom of gold, the covering of purple; the midst thereof being paved with love for the daughters of Jerusalem Is not this a majestic chariot, that contains such a great company of kings and priests? What a life is this! thus to ride in the chariot with the great King of glory, whose goings forth have been from eternity? is this the honor of the saints? is this the glory we heard, and spake so much of, on earth? is this the accomplishment of my expectation? This is more than ever I could ask, or think; thus to triumph in at the gates of this golden city, up and down its golden streets, along the border of this pure river of living water, overshadowed with this delightsome Tree of life! O astonishing exaltation! O silly I, art thou not highly exalted? It was much thou couldst expect this, but more than can hear it. One beam of thine infinite excellency, O my excellent Well-beloved, hath a wonderful efficacy that can render dunghill wretches of such sublime royal spirits, as that they can carry, bravely, the highest exaltation and glory! thou art worthy, O Flower of excellency, thus forever to ride gloriously, and all thy redeemed ones after thee! thou fought and overcame; and shall not all be crowned with immortal glory and honor, thou art pleased to cast thy favour upon? Thou wooed and sought thy bride through labour, and shame, and pain, and sorrow, and death, though deformed and vile, slighting all the manifestations of thine infinite love; and shalt thou not deck and beautify her, and be delighted in her eternally? O this sweet, sweet union and communion! O the mutual compellations of vehement and mutual love! nothing but, "O thy fairness, thy beauty! behold, thou art fair, my love, behold, thou art fair! behold, thou art fair, my beloved! thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot, no spot in thee! thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck! O the fairness of thy love, my sister, my spouse! the most rejoicing liquors, the most refreshing fragrancies are nothing comparable thereunto: O thy honied lips! O thy ravishing sweet tongue, passing all rivers of sweetness! O thy Lebanon garments! they smell like a field which the Lord hath blessed. I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine; he feedeth among the lilies. Come, my beloved, let us enter the bed of loves, and eternally satiate ourselves with overcoming delights: O then, I will

be satiate with love-kisses and embraces! I will cause thee to drink of all my delicacies: thy left hand shall be eternally under mine head, and thy right hand shall embrace me. I shall be forever a seal upon thine arm, upon thine heart." Strong burning love requires the nearest enjoyment. O what a green and blooming love is this! we are ravished with the love of espousals! throughout eternity, every hour is as the first hour, every enjoyment as the first enjoyment! all is like the lilies, roses, paradise-flowers round about us, that laugh and smile, with an immortal verdure! dance, and dance eternally. thou whole creation of God; let the manifestations of thy joy be forever manifested; rejoice, even rejoice forever, in these wonderful glorious espousals of the Lamb; for upon every part of thee hath its excellency an influence. Had Jehovah so admirably adorned thee, O thou heaven of heavens, were it not for the glory and majesty of these everlas ing espousals? would he have adorned thee with such glorious and delights of his bride? would the mountains of myrrh and frankincenes been filled with such passing ravishments, all the gardens of love with such rarities of beaties? Would the wall, the houses, and streets be made so wonderfully excellent and delightsome, were it not for the honor and delight of such a glorious couple? Wouldst thou been renewed after so glorious a manner, O thou lower world, were it not that thy Maker will have all to smile, and appear in a sweet, joyful, and marriage-apparel, in this day of the boundless joys of his heart? O joyful creation of God! O my heart, thou overflows with ravishments! O flower and excellency of all lives! O highest top of all felicity! O boundless oceans of eternal ravishments.

50. *The full enjoyment of God, consists in the nearest mutual conjunction.*

O blessed self! that rests so sweetly in the arms of thy only Well-beloved! thy head eternally lies in his bosom: the heat and life arising from his flaming heart, hath a virtue, would cause death and sorrow to live and be cheerful. Hell and devils, though I were in the midst of you all, I could not fear you, who rest within these invincible arms. You flower and excellency of all creature-beauty and loveliness, you could not allure me, to leave, for one moment, this ravishing repose. This was a counterpoise in all thy difficulties through the valley of tears: the fore-

thoughts of this added strength and courage, in all thy faintings and infirmties: the hope of this sweet rest hath not been vain Had I had suitable apprehensions thereof, how valiant had I been for the truth upon the earth? how should I ever contended to the uttermost, for the smallest things of my Well-beloved? how should I raised up against me the tongues and opprobries of the most excellent saints on earth? how should I have been so couragous, and zealous, for his interests, as that I should have proven a *man of contention*, in the purest times? the threatenings, opprobries and mockings of of either friend, or foe, should have been nothing regarded by me: but I should have so carried, that I should have scarce escaped capital punishment, in the best of times. How should I have acted to admiration? how should I have run and fought, and fought and run, ever with joy unspeakable and glorious? Can there be greater blessedness, than to dwell within these arms of love? My labour, my grief, my sorrow, hath been just nothing: one moment's repose in thy bosom, sweetest Well-beloved. might swallow up ten thousand ages of all labour, pain and sorrow. Now I need no more pray for kisses; and I will also kiss, and be ever drawing sweetness from these blessed lips; for we shall never change this blessed posture. No need to charge any, that my Beloved be not provoked to arise, till he please. I am overjoyed, that all sinning and vanity is done away, which did much separate us asunder! O sweet, sweet! that thou hast made me pleasant and desirable in thine eyes! what can I desire more, than that I am lovely and delightsome in the eyes of my Lord the King? Rejoice and be glad in what is thine own: even rejoice over me with singing, and rest in thy love towards me. Drink, and drink again of that sweetness, wherewith thou hast filled me; be delighted always with this loveliness I am partaker of by thy bounty favour. Let mine eyes for ever ravish thee, for ever dart forth rays of loveliness upon thee; and be satisfied with my breasts, at all times. My blessedness can be no greater; Thou art mine, and thy desire is towards me. Wonder, and be greatly amazed, O all creatures; the eternal One, and yesterday-beings are for ever in the mutual delights of love, in the ravishing solaces of one another! dive, and dive eternally, men and angels, you shall ever be infinitely from the furthermost of this abyss of wonders: who can compre

hend this exaltation? who can conceive this condescendency? what think you, that God and creatures converse so familiarly together? what think you, that he is our Brother, our Husband, one like us, one with us, one for us, one ravished with our fellowship, for evermore? who can show the thoughts of his ravished heart? who can fully reflect on the astonished apprehensions of his elevated mind? Hast thou not shown what infinite power can do? how low infinite love can stoop? how highly infinite bounty can exalt? how wonderfully infinite excellency can make beautiful and excellent? O my faculties! you shall be ever filled with astonishment, ever satiated with his uncreated sweetness! Can I suffer any want in thy bosom, O Fountain of excellency? shall I not be filled, who am set down beside this well of living water, under the boughs of the tree of life, whose delicious fruits are ever falling upon me? I am satiate with thy love, my fair One; some glimpses thereof on earth were ravishing, wonderfully above what the abundance of corn and wine could prduce: the report of thine excellency and glory filled the heart with passing sweetness: thy ravishing emanations could not be contained within this large land, but had influence upon the lower world, causing many of the inhabitants to be deeply in love with thee, whom they never saw; so that they renounced the love of all things for thee, strove exceedingly to be like thee, and please thee in all things: fought against all opposition, endeavoured to the uttermost, for exalting thy glory, and continued in a longing frame, to behold thee face to face: and so remained faithful unto the death. Thy lovers are never satiate, till they have thee in their arms: the enjoyment of thee afar off is ravishing sweet, and cannot but cause the beholder run with all his might, until he be at thee, even innected in thine eternal embraces. O my life, my life! O sweet, sweet, sweet for evermore!

11. *The life of glory, the only life, that overtops all other lives, and swallows them up.*

All creatures live according to the capacity of their being, but no life to that which is divine! the animal life is dead and dark, and without efficacy and beauty; the intellectual is a low and base thing: but this life of glory doth only excel all other excellencies. All other lives are swallowed up here! that which is in part, and imperfect, is done away, by that which is the perfection of ex-

cellency. O my lovely One, thou art indeed the Prince of life! thou art the life of all the inhabitants of this majestic city: didst thou withdraw what thou hast communicated, should we not be so many lumps of death and deformity? Thou art my All in all, my fair One! thou art my life, and vigour of all my joys and desires That divine life, by which thou eternally livest, hast thou breathed into me; so that I am become inconcievably above a living soul, or an intellectual creature: this noble divine life didst thou communicate unto me, in my dead and sensual condition, but in a small measure, that it was much obscured by sin and corruption; then being the time of childhood and wrestling: but how hath it grown more and more, until it hath overtopped, and swallowed up all other lives? so that now I am filled with all thy fullness, even thy nature, thine image, thine excellency hast thou fully impressed upon me: so that, as thou art, so am I. O secure estate! Christ is my life; is not then my life eternal? My life lies in the fountain, and shall it not be ever in its vigour and full strength? Other lives are like small drops, separated from the ocean and may evanish: how soon did animal, rational and intellectual lives fall from their native constitution? Nothing permanent, which is not divine; nothing everlasting, which lies not immediately without the mixture of creature-imperfections: the nearer thee, the safer; the further off thee, the more dangerous, to be quite cut off from thee, is perfect and only misery. Cursed men and angels have no other influence from the fountain, but that which conserves their natural beings, in their natral operations. O Well-beloved, not only in thee do I live, move, and have my being, but thou art my All in all! I am filled with all thy fulness. O my life, my life! do I not live for evermore?

52. *No necessity of creatures in heaven*: Jehovah *is eminently all things.*

All things are swallowed up in thine infinite excellency! created enjoyments are cried down; times and days are for ever fled away: all things are immediately subjected to JEHOVAH, even the Son himself. All rule, all authority is put down: no subordinations among creatures; one thing stands not in need of another; every thing would be, as it is, though all other creatures were done away; all flourish by the immediate rays of the Sun of righteous-

ness; God doth maintain all creatures without the concurrence of creatures: no connections of second causes, no dependencies of one creature upon another: nature's world is quite abolished; the conditions of beings are altogether changed: yet, in how sweet an order do all things agree? all are independent; yet all conspire in one: the bond of love betwixt all, is strong and immortal; the mutual aspects of all are pleasant and superabounding, in beings accomplished, every one in their own measure, immediately from the original of all perfections. You creature-beauties, the full emanations of your loveliness and sweetness are ever darted upon me with delight, yet am I happy to the uttermost, whether I enjoy you or not: time was when I could not well have wanted you: but now, whether I enjoy you, or not, I am ever the same; being filled and satiate with his eternal sweetness: you are the adornaments, outfields and pendicles to my great inheritance, and no addition thereunto. And art thou O, my God, become all unto me? The want of all my temporal enjoyments is a gain that cannot be told! how have I been vexed, and wearied, with being occupied about vain, empty, unsatisfying nothings! so that I was glad of a borrowed vision of thee, of a reflex manifestation of thy glory and excellency; and was so covered over with shadows, that I could neither order right expressions, nor conceptions, because of darkness. How oft have I bemoaned, "When shall the day dawn, and the shadows fly away, that I may be filled immediately with his glory? This sight of his beauty, this taste of his sweetness is tormenting, as well as delightsome; I cannot rest, until I get full enjoyment: still I would have more and more of God, until I be filled with all his fulness: but oh! I cannot; ten thousand things stand in betwixt me and him, through this earthly and sinful estate; so that I am oft-times so confused and disordered, that I can desire nothing at all: how doth this poor life depend, every moment, on ten thousand things? Here am I diverted, through mortality, by every thing that comes in my way; innumerable creatures having a commanding, diverting influence over me; must I be ever sleeping, eating, drinking, conversing in this and that trifle? must I draw consolations from this and the other, and the third creature; and have a fellowship with my God, by benefit of means and ordinances, which ever have the tincture and savour of im-

perfection? and are not the conduits oft-times so corrupt, as that they imbitter my enjoyments? and are they not so stopt, as that I am almost dead for want? How am I drawn aside hither and thither; this feeble flesh being apt to receive new impressions, every moment, from every thing that comes in the way? and how vexing are all these enjoyments, though most necessary? what a nauseating round do I run, ever tossing the same stone? That "which hath been, is that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun. What profit hath a man of all his labour?" For though the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, so that new enjoyments are ever required; yet must the same thing be run over, and over again: and what might seem more excellent than, by the serious search and study of things, to have the heart filled with great experience of wisdom and knowledge? yet I perceive, that this also is vanity and vexation of spirit; for in much wisdom, is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow. Run fast, O time, and days, that this world may be cried down for ever, and God may become All in all. Silly worldlings desire to have these enjoyments eternally; because they know no better; some thing the faculties must be exercised with, though with vexing vanity. O but I have a sight of the only satisfying object! O to have all these out of the way! were it not thy good pleasure I should continue thus for a time, I could not but die through longing for the immediate vision of God. Scattered streams and drops are become bitter; when shall I enter, body and soul, into the ocean, and be filled, and swallowed up for ever and ever? when shall I receive the direct rays of all excellency from the Sun of righteousness; no clouds intervening throughout eternity? O Flower of all blessedness! O golden life of all my desires! I am past from the light of the sun, and of the moon; I am part from the necessary help of shadows, and nothings: the Lord *Jehovah* is my only strength, and light, and life, and joy, and song, and all things. Is it not sweet living thus, in the immediate presence of *Jehovah* and the Lamb? O Emmanuel's world, thou art an excellent habitation! how sweetly and commodiously art thou situate directly against the Sun, and original of all light, and life, and joy and sweetness? Who can but be lively and joyful here? Indeed, this is the smiling world, the rosy and sunny side of

the creation. What more can be said of my overflowing happiness, than that I am here for evermore?

53. *Glory is an eternally blooming thing.*

Is not the fountain of life deep? men and angels, is it possible you shall ever draw it dry? nay, is it possible you can draw so much, that less remains behind? yea, what could millions of millions of angels multiplied do here? Not only drink, and for ever drink; but enter in, and you shall be as so many nothings, swallowed up, as it were, and lost for ever. What infinite springs of sweetness and consolation lie hid? Dig further and deeper, for ever, and still you shall find new springs: still there remain as many hid as at the first searching. What boundless varieties of joys and sweetness? Every draught, every tasting may eternally ravish; yet, every moment, every instant is filled with new delights, new ravishments: for what can exhaust infinite delights and sweetness? We may feel, and taste, and enjoy it, as it is; but can we comprehend it, and search it out unto perfection? When we are all filled, the boundless ocean is nothing diminished: and since we are ever drinking, ever drawing in floods of uncreated sweetness, are not our delights infinitely various, and renewed every moment? which is an enjoyment of the same, after diverse manners, according to its infinite varieties of perfections, which eminently and virtually dwell therein. O then, the various and wonderful conceptions of men and angels! O the ever green and flourishing communications of ravishing loves, and joys! shall there not be, every moment, a new love-song of praises? shall not infinite perfections, more and more seen, supply for ever with new expressions of the excellency, glory, loveliness, sweetness and kindness of Him that sits upon the throne, and the Lamb? We are past from augmenting of our knowledge, by borrowed visions; or perfecting it, by striving to know more, and more evidently, and distinctly: all confusion and darkness is done away; error, ignorance, and false uptakings, are no more: we know as we are known, even nakedly, immediately, and face to face; without a prospective representation, or clouds intervening: so that, as to kind, knowledge is perfect; yet, shall we not ever be searching into the unsearchable riches of this bottomless mine, filled with all varities of silver, gold, gems, diamonds, rubies and sapphires, of inconceivable value and excellency? Are we not as so

many *divines*, searching, preaching, discoursing more and more of the transcendent excellency of that fountain of all fullness? do we not, in this ravishing exercise, run over again, in the same round? O then, throughout all eternity our happiness shall ever be increasing. In the very first entry, all superabounds and overflows its banks; so that nothing is wanting, in the least, to perfect happiness, satisfaction and fulness; yet shall these overflowing tides of loves, and joys, and ravishments for ever swell higher and higher; so that the succeeding moments shall be more superabounding than the immediately preceding. O then, the growth and flourishing of ten thousand myriads of ages! and doth not this river increase proportionably to its greatness? O then! after myriads of ages, according to the number of the atoms of the creation, how shall it be augmented above the number of all these atoms, thousands of times multiplied by themselves? So that, to all eternity, we are ever changed from glory to glory, and ever ascend higher and higher, and still the steps become wider and wider; the faculties ever are more and more clear and extended; and the discoveries more and more wonderfully ravishing. This infinite world of all perfections is beheld clearly and immediately as it is; yet who can comprehend all the beauties, delights, excellencies and infinite perfections, wherewith it is stored? or, who can reach the infinitude number of paradises, mountains, vallies, rivers? yea, who can reach the ten thousand thousandth part of its immensity? So that eternally we shall follow the Lamb, through new gardens, orchards, paradises, mountains, and ever be going directly forward, making greater and greater, and more wonderful discoveries. All the powers and faculties become more and more powerful and vigorous; so that joy, and delight, and love, and ravishment, shall swell more and more in height, and breadth, and length, and depth, throughout eternity. Men and angels, is not our inheritance inconceivably large and fertile, rich and beautiful, and delightsome? can we among us all but reckon over our palaces, cities, paradises, countries, kingdoms and worlds? O what high stretchings of mind! and what further and further stretchings, to let in these boundless inundations of increated sweetness, that overflow incessantly, rapidly, and eternally? O my God, this happiness is more than superabounding! who can express, who can conceive,

what a life it is, to be received into the bosom of thy infinite excellencies! to be admitted into the eternal enjoyment of thy incomprehensible Self! O what eternal manifestations of the God-head, to men and angels, in the face of Christ! what outlettings of new and various influences from the Sun of righteousness! what incessant showers of the dew of our Well-beloved's youth! what high, full, constant, lively and cherishing gales of the sweet ravishing breath of *Jehovah*! what wonder then, all the trees of this paradise of glory ascend higher and higher; spread their branches further and further, and increase eternally in their strength, verdure, blooming, and fruitfulness?—Poor life, that depends on creature-influences, and creature-enjoyments! neither are they satisfying in themselves; nor can they yield new sweetness eternally. Was it not the highest of all madness and folly to forsake the eternal Fountain of living waters, and rest on broken cisterns, that can hold no water? O joy of all joys, that ever I rested upon thee, as my only portion! O my happiness! my happiness surpasseth all expression!

54. *Emmanuel's land is altogether of free redeeming grace, yet is it given by way of reward.*

And what is this great assembly of such glorious and majestic creatures, but a number of bound debtors to the free grace, altogether free redeeming grace of *Jehovah* and the Lamb? Are ye not, O blessed creatures, so many monuments of the free and undeserved bounty and love of him, whose love passeth all understanding? Away with deserving and merit! what can creatures do to thee? what can their acting, or suffering for thee merit at thy hand? If any have any thing of its own, or can do any thing of itself, then may it glory in what is its own. If all creatures are not eternally obliged to love, and obey, and serve thee, with all their might and vigour; then let them ask wages for obeying. Yea, is it not an eternal wonder, thou shouldst make men, or angels, actors, or witnesses of thy infinite glory and excellency? what are all creatures to thee, that thou shouldst open thine eyes upon them? what unspeakable dignity, to be allotted to the lowest piece of service for thee? The more creatures adore, and love, and obey thee, the more they are run into the debt of thy free grace: yea, though creatures could deserve, the very active glorifying of thee carries in its bosom full and overrunning recompense. And

what proportion imaginable is there betwixt the acting or suffering of a finite creature, and one moment of these boundless joys? the service is finite, but the reward is invaluable. Though it had been possible for creatures to persevere under a covenant of works; yet could they not have deserved, nor earned wages, except by virtue of paction, a product of wonderfully free, and condescending grace: which way of earning is under this second covenant, and that in a more sublime and glorious manner. Perfect obedience was the condition of the first; sincerity of the second. Continuation of a rational life, in an earthly paradise, so long as the creature persevered, was the reward of the first; eternal duration of a divine life, in this celestial paradise, the reward of the second. The first was made with the earthly Adam, as the head, and principal person of the earthly house; the second, with the heavenly Adam, as head, and principal person of the heavenly. But the first ruined both himself and his, not being able to fulfil the bargain; the second hath made up both himself, and his, for evermore, by perfect obedience, and full satisfaction, and excellency of power, in transforming his children into his heavenly image, and bringing them all infallibly to glory. The covenant was principally made with our Well-beloved; all the promises of the new covenant were made to him, as the chief and first-born of many brethren; so that it was impossible, that any of his chosen from eternity could be lost; being put into so sure an hand, who was accountable to the Father for every one of them: having from eternity received them from him, as his spouse, his children, his brethren, his co-heirs, his pupils, to be guided and tutored by him, in time and eternity: so that all the stress and care of our salvation was laid upon our great Lord Redeemer's shoulders; according to which trust, he hath called justified, sanctified us, enabled us, kept us from falling away, in the midst of infirmities, difficulties, temptations, and presented us without spot or blemish, before his Father.—Our first earthly father played the bankrupt with all, and left us poor, vile, miserable wretches, lying in our blood, and no eye pitying us; our nature being in his loins, as the root, and original of us all. Did he not degrade and debase us; so that from excellent rational creatures, created after the ravishing image of our Maker, we became brutish, vain, foolish, and vile? But in came our

Well-beloved, and assumed our nature, in its low and base condition, with all its infirmities, and passions, yet without sin, and raised it up to a far, far higher pinnacle of excellency, than ever it fell from. Before, its excellency was natural, but now it is supernatural; before earthly, now heavenly and divine. What are our thoughts of the inconceivable rays, and ravishing resplendencies of free, free, free grace, shining from the God-head, in the face of Christ, to undone creatures? What could we do for ourselves, when broken and lost? was not our condition most desperate like? we could not keep ourselves in our first condition, when entire and in our full vigour; what then could we do, when broken in pieces and destroyed? Had we not been obliged to him, who had restored us to our former estate, or merely saved us from eternal wrath, though no more? But O! what astonishing bounty, love, mercy, condescention, compassion, kindness, patience, and infinite wonders shine here! Sirs, what have we lost by our great and unspeakable loss? Our fall was abominable, dreadful, monstrous, ungrate, and astonishing; yet what have we lost? Ah, no thanks to us, that we are not eternally undone: utter destruction may be ascribed for ever to us, though the guilt thereof is eternally cancelled; let all the glory and praise rest upon his head, unto whom it doth alone appertain; even on his glorious and majestic head, who is the author and finisher of this great salvation. We are thine! we are thine! O excellent Well-beloved; even thine upon all possible accounts! In our first condition we were thine by creation, thine by covenant, and these were sweet; but O now! now we are also thine by redemption, thine by purchase, thine by a better covenant-foundation, a better foundation than by conquest: thine by a new creation, thine by exaltation to this glorious and divine estate. O sweet, sweet! we are altogether thine, and nothing our own! O boundless joys! I am eternally tied to thee, by all obligations? O my inconceivable happiness! self hath not the least occasion to boast of itself: no creature, man, or angel, hath any thing to glory in, before thy presence. O thou heaven of heavens, shalt thou not be filled with songs of free redeeming grace? what should we do with our diadems, our sceptres, our palms, our robes, our glorious adornaments? what should we do with all that we are and have, but cast them down at the feet of him, who hath created, redeem-

ed, and sanctified us? even at the feet of him, who hath redeemed us to God by his own blood, and made us to our God kings and priests; and we shall reign for ever and ever. O excellent! the less our own, the better; the more thine, the more blessed condition! we are altogether thine, all our excellency, all our actings, all our sufferings, all our glory, is only thine. This kingdom thou alone didst purchase, without the help of any: all, all are the product of free, eternally free love! all is given to us most freely! from eternity were we chosen to all this blessedness, most absolutely, without respect to foreseen excellency, or deserving All is most free to us; but dear to our Well-beloved! what couldst thou give more, my dearest Lord, than thy life, thy blood, thy very self? couldst thou lay down a greater pawn for our salvation, than thy noble, superexcellent, and glorious Self? could love have been manifested in a more transcendent, glorious and excellent way? what couldst thou have done more than thou hast done? Is not this an excellent inheritance, men and angels? is not this land a beautiful, rich, and pleasant land indeed? doth this look like the field of blood? our Emmanuel conquered all this by blood and death: he rode over hell and devils, and vanquished all the opposers of this boundless blessedness: thousands and ten thousands were nothing in his way. He made nations and languages sacrifices to divine justice. "He rent the heavens, and came down, the mountains flowed down at his presence: he trode down the people in his anger, and made them drunk in his fury; and did bring down their strength to the earth. He gave Egypt for our ransom, Ethiopia and Sebah for us." Were not these great things? Hath he not redeemed Zion by blood? hath he not made a noble conquest? yea, he slew death itself; he went to the land of death and destruction, and vanquished his strongest, and most cruel enemies, in their own native soil. O wonderful! he led captivity captive, by being led captive! by undergoing shame, and pain, and grief, and ignominy, he conquished boundless joys, and delights, and glory, and renown; by dying, he vanquished death, and him that had the power thereof. Here, O here is the invaluable price! the life, the life, the blood of God! wonder, and stand in an eternal amazement, all creatures! the life of the Lord of life was laid down a ransom for us, as the price of our eternal blessedness!

Who can value the life and blood of the man who is God, blessed for evermore? shall we speak of ten thousand millions of millions of excellent men, of glorious angels? That is just nothing. Shall we speak of myriads of myriads of worlds, more excellent every one than another? That is just nothing also: so many creatures, so many nothings. Never so many worlds are so many shadows, in comparison of the enduring substance. O the price, the price! do not the thoughts thereof heighten the conceptions of men and angels beyond all conception? What strange flamings of love! what high motions of joy! what overflowing tides of admiration, at every thought of the wonderful way, wherein God hath done all this to us! all this honor saith, behold the Son of God shamed! all this glory saith, behold eternal, essential glory obscured! and this joyful and flourishing life saith, Behold the Prince of life in a great agony, bleeding to death, even the shameful and painful death of the cross! O highest manifestation of infinite love! all is come through the bowels of our dearest Lord Jesus, whose love to us was so strong, that nothing could in the least quench it: he laboured through love, sorrowed through love. wept through love. he died of love. When cold death began to seize on his heart, he found it all flaming with the love of his dearest spouse; neither could he destroy these immortal flames, which flash and dart forth their overcoming rays, throughout eternity O thy incomprehensible love! bend hither all your faculties men and angels, and be amazed for evermore! O my heavenly Father, by thy infinite gift, thou hast lost nothing; the Son of thy everlasting love and delights is ever in thy presence. O my Redeemer, thou lost thy life, yet thou hast not lost it; behold thou art alive for evermore. The price of all doth eternally remain, else should the things bought be nothing. Let no creature speak of its excellency, or acts; what can they conquest? what can they purchase? Our Emmanuel hath purchased all things: indeed by birth-right he is the eternal and essential Heir of all; yet hath he added a new right, and made all his over again by conquest. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thee be all the glory, dominion, and praise, for ever and ever. Yet, O wonderful bounty, condescency and love! thou hast put on our heads the crowns of conquerors, the laurels of triumph: thou hast put in our hands the never-fading palms of victory;

Hast thou done all? and shall we bear the honor of Well, and heroically done, for the great and massy diadem of glory? Hast thou conquered? and shall we triumph, as purchasers of heaven and all? Hast thou suffered? and shall we enter into this glory, as having undergone all the assaults of hell and death, in our own proper strength? This is a sweeter, more condescending and wonderful dispensation, than if thou hadst brought us immediately out of the state of nature into this state of glory; or created us in the midst of this incomparable happiness. O sweet, sweet! to think, that grace hath ushered in glory; a life of believing, a life of immediate vision; a life of labour and of difficulty, this life of eternal repose; a life of shame and reproach, this life of immortal glory and renown; a life of fighting, this life of everlasting triumphing; a life of tears, pain and sadness, this life of boundless joys and delights; a life of fears and weakness, this life of perfect security and might! how wisely hath my Lord connected all things together? that our glory might be more than glory; our happiness, more superabounding happiness. This glory, this incomprehensible glory and renown will he have to rest for ever upon our heads: worlds of amazement! to hear my Lord say, in the presence of all, to every one, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord:" heroically done, for this massy diadem of glory: "Worthy art thou to walk with me in white; for thou hast kept clean garments, in the midst of a polluted world: thou hast valiently fought and overcome; and art not worthy to triumph with me, throughout the vast ages of endless eternity? As I have done, so thou hast suffered patiently, even unto the death; and therefore it well becomes thee to enter into this unspeakable glory." What, Lord! must I, poor silly I, once base, sinful, wretched and undone I, must even I possess this undefiled, incorruptible, never fading inheritance? What have I done? or, what have I suffered for thy excellent name? yea, what have I not done, endeavoured and desired against thy holiness? Yet, even I must enter here, as worthy of all! I must wear the conqueror's crown! I must bear the palms of victory! even thus it must be, thus it should be, since it is the good pleasure of my Lord the King. When our Bridegroom hath made his spouse the perfection of

beauty, how is his mystical body composed of various members, every one endowed with its own proper beauty? Every one is not graced with the same measure of excellency, since every member conduceth to the beautifying of the whole; varieties of glories in the same is wonderful, ravishing and pleasant. Even on earth the spouse was adorned with various excellencies, chiefly for beauty, and not for necessity: nay, the heavens and the earth are not defective herein: were every star like the sun, or all the stars of equal glory, or the whole expansion adorned with equal glory; or were every part of the earth covered over with the same beauties. so that nothing did excel another; were all heaven, or all earth; or were earth of equal glory with heaven; or were all a sun; or were the higher and lower world nothing differing in glory: all would be every way the same; and so nothing so beautiful as it is. Indeed, the head is loving to all the members, and is alike affected with them all; yet, every member is in its own order, according to his good pleasure, which from eternity he purposed in himself. As he distributed, after diverse digrees and manners, his gifts and graces, to his chosen in time; so doth he make the harvest correspondent to the seed-time, the manly constitution to the infancy, the vigour and blooming to the budding and first springing forth. According to the grace given unto us, in time, and the improvement thereof, in acting, or suffering for his glory; accordingly is every one of us rewarded: as he did promise and testify, that as every man should receive according to his works; so they that are wise, shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever. The connection betwixt time and eternity here, is not natural, from the nature of things, as if so much grace deserved so much glory; so much, or so long acting, or suffering, such or such a diadem of honor; but merely from his good pleasure, who disposeth all things most absolutely and freely. If it so pleased him, he might have disposed otherwise; but this is the most excellent, because he hath done it. All our excellency, and all our acting, or suffering, was only of him, and not of ourselves: he alone did work in us, both to will and to do, of his good pleasure. The more we were graced, the more we were enabled, the more we were obliged; only it hath pleased his infinite bounty to perfect in eternity, according as he did begin in

time; and to give us the purchased possession, by way of reward In our Lord's distribution of his rewards, he considers the multitudes of talents, and the improvement of them, and way of improvement; as, if with vigour and great sincerity; also perseverance therein, and duration, with more and more magnanimity unt · the death; also the greatness of the opposers is considered; also the effects, and extending of talents, for the good of others; as when the man acts bravely, before sun and moon, whereby great glory doth redound to him, for whom are all things; and many are strengthened, and converted unto righteousness: suffering is considered in itself, as such, excelling acting; which is more or less excellent, even as acting, according to other various circumstances. O the wonderful way thou hast taken to beautify thy spouse! how doth the head shine most eminently above all the members; and every member according to its measure, allotted from eternity? Every one of us was appointed, before the foundation of the world, to this measure of glory, most absolutely and freely, without any respect to excellency, or good works in time: and yet, O eternal admiration! He hath rewarded every one of us, according to our righteousness; according to the cleanness of our hands he recompensed us; for we kept the ways of the Lord, and have not wickedly departed from our God: for all his judgments were before us, and we did not put away his statutes from us; we were also upright before him, and we kept ourselves from our iniquity: therefore hath the Lord recompensed us, according to our righteousness, according to the cleanness of our hands in his eye-sight; for with the merciful thou hast showed thyself merciful; with the upright man thou hast showed thyself upright; with the pure thou hast showed thyself pure; and with the froward thou hast showed thyself froward; for thou hast loved the afflicted people, and hast brought down the high looks. All thy promises to the overcomers hast thou perfectly accomplished. Boundless happiness for evermore!

55 *All things are fully discovered in glory, which lie hid in time.*

All things are laid open before the eyes of all: how passing clear and evident is the light of glory? Do I not know you all, and every one? not only according to your proper essences, and weight of glory; but also, what manner of persons you were in time, as to all these circum-

stances, by which men were differenced from one another: so that we may say, This, and this is the man, who was such and such an instrument in time, for the incomprehensible glory of our never-enough exalted Redeemer; who will manifest all the good works, and excellency of every one before his Father, and before his angels. He from eternity knows by name, and hath manifested the name of every one, before the whole creation. Are you not eternally shamed and confounded, you haters of the only excellent One? You are declared by name before all, and every one in singular; the most hidden things of darkness are now laid open forever and ever: all your thoughts, your words, your deeds: all your inclinations, your purposes, your projects, your impieties are made known perfectly to the consciences of every one of you, to one another, and to us all Hide yourselves now, if you can; neither yourselves, nor your wickedness, shall ever henceforth escape our view. Now we are inconceivably elevated above all natural sagacity, natural illumination was wonderful discovering, as the sagacity of man in his first estate did show; the light of grace was more piercing, as discerning things far above the reach of nature; but all are scarce emblems of this light of glory. How just and holy art thou, in all thy ways, O my holy One! Thou hast forever unmasked the two great companies of men and angels; all now appear in their genuine colours: our innocency is manifested, and their wickedness is laid open. How many things did we refer unto this day, as indiscussable by dim-eyed mortals, who judged according to externals, conjectures and probabilities; and not according to the things as they were in themselves? whence the condemning of the innocent, and justifying of the guilty: whence many went off the stage of the world, branded with the approbrious names of hypocrites, new gospellers, traitors, seditious, factious, fanatics, and what not; who were the glory, flower and excellency of the generation: how many of the most excellent of the earth were cried out against on every side, because of their singular holiness, and fervency of spirit, for the interests of Christ, and power of godliness, above others; because of their testifying against the proper sins of their generation; that even some of the weakest of the saints did cast abroad foul aspersions of them, did hate and persecute them, as troublers of the world? And how many

were accounted, by the generality, true and sincere saints, because of their selfish prudential way of carriage, in all exigencies, and among all sorts of persons; because of their large recommendations of all, and baseness of spirit, in the public interest of God, though rejected, deserted blasphemed and troden upon by almost all; because of their compliance with the humours of most, and insinuating of themselves upon both good and bad, in an humble and loving manner; because of their sinful reservedness, in the matters of God, in a declining time; because of their keeping themselves free from gross outbreakings; because of their counterfeiting of real saints, by acquiring a fine outward carriage, and a huge literal, notional knowledge of divine things; that they might pray, write, and discourse like men, much in the intimate fellowship of Jesus: as also because of their outward prosperity, which give men a brave lustre in the eyes of dull mortals. All, all is now unmasked! now, now it is manifest, who were excellent, who were not; who have been the real friends of the Bridegroom, and who have been counterfeit. How sweet is the righteousness of God, now vindicated! what delectation to behold all things drawn out of darkness! my hatred to impiety and hellish madness is so great, and my zeal for the glory of my never-enough exalted Lord and Redeemer, is so violent and strong, that all natural affections, in their highest bensil, would here be swallowed up to nothing: to see the glory of divine vengeance manifested on father, mother, sister, brother, son, or daughter, now black and ugly lumps of hell, and haters of the fountain of all loveliness and sweetness, is a sight enternally delightsome.

56. *Among the many pendicles of the fair inheritance, the sweet fellowship of men and angels is very considerable.*

O how sweet a despensation! how wonderful is divine providence! you who were sweet and profitable company to me in my pilgrimage, forever walk with me on the tops of glorious and majestic mount Zion Sirs, I esteemed and loved you above all then, as the only excellent ones of the earth, in whom was all my delight. But now, love is in its bloom and full perfection What a golden life would I have esteemed it on earth to live in the company of the most wise and excellent in all ages? O now, all the excellent of the world are my companions; every one of which transcends, by millions of stages, in wisdom and

excellency, the most excellent mere man on earth. O ye beloved ones, is not our fellowship far changed? Old things are passed away, all things are become new! All earthly ties are broken asunder, which did much hinder the fellowship of saints on earth: we are every way free! spiritual relation hath swallowed up all other. No obligation betwixt us, but that of love: we hold not any thing mediately; Jesus the first-born of the Almighty King is our immediate superior in all things. O glorious magnific kingdom! O let the crown forever flourish on the head of the Conqueror! what though all this assembly of men and angels should be abased, if he be exalted? what though all should decrease, if he increase? what is the flower and chief excellency of all created glory? He is the beauty and triumph of all creatures, the head and first born of every creature, infinitely more than all creatures; he is Jehovah.

57. *The saints are eternally acquitted; and all their faculties are filled up with his ravishing voice.*

All things are eternal: the saints are eternally acquitted and justified; and all the wicked are ever impanelled and condemned. In how ravishing a manner doth our Well-beloved smile upon us? forever doth he stretch forth the arms of his love to embrace us? O the sweetness of his lips! the loveliness of his voice! honey and butter is under his tongue, and the smell of his nose, is as the smell of Lebanon: his eyes are ever fixed upon us; every look, every beckoning of the hand manifests a love, ever to be admired, and never to be comprehended O his voice, his voice! is he not saying. "Behold, and forever behold your Lord, your Head, your Husband, your King, your Maker, your only Well-beloved, who loved you with an eternal love; washed you, when polluted, in mine own blood; and made you kings and priests to my Father and your Father?

Did I love you, when vile and abominable? and shall I ever hate you, when made fair and lovely, through my perfect comeliness? Come, my fairest spouse, come my lovely one, let us satiate ourselves with ravishing loves, while the heavens remain. Behold these arms, that were stretched out upon the cross, for your sakes, are ever ready to embrace you: with desire have I desired this golden day of mutual loves and delights; even this day of my espousals and gladness of heart; and therefore I have

put on my marriage-robes, arrayed myself with glory and majesty, as with a garment: and you also have I decked with passing glory. And, can we be but ravished? Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse! even when thou wast black, thou wast precious in my eyes: sin and vileness is nothing in the way of my infinite love. I loved thee, because I loved thee: and because I loved thee, therefore hast thou become exceeding lovely. Are you not dear unto me? are you not my delights and rejoicing? you are the fruits of my labours. sufferings, sad hearts, tears, sighs, groans, fear, pain, shame, reproach: in seeing you, I behold my seed, the travail of my soul, and am satisfied: enjoy me now, as much as your soul desires.—All mountains are removed, all shadows are fled away; the occasions of your doubtings, jealousies, despondencies, are no more: we shall enjoy one another to the full. Love shall be no more pained and sick of delays Have I not hasted to this eternal day of enjoyment? how have I dispatched much in a small time? I have come skipping over the mountains, leaping over the hills. I swimmed through seas of blood, oceans of tears, worlds of woes and griefs; trode the wine-press of the wrath of God Almighty; crushed the people in mine anger, and trampled them in my fury; made my name to sound throughout the whole world; filled the earth with the knowledge of my name; erected a glorious church on earth, of Jew and Gentile; put away time and days, cried down forever all earthly pleasures, pomps, glory, that we might enjoy this eternal day of love's fullest manifestations: and behold, I am become all in all unto you forevermore. Rest, my dearest spouse, in my bosom: rest in your love unto me; behold, I rest in my love unto thee, and rejoice over thee with singing. Hast thou laboured with me? here is an eternal repose. Hast thou mourned? partake of my boundless joys. Hast thou suffered for my name's sake? thou shalt eternally ride with me in my majestic, triumphant chariot of glory: thou shalt no more be sick of love, through absence and want of the light of my countenance; whence ill thoughts of mine unchangeable love.—Kiss, and kiss forever, and take thy fill of love-embraces. His banner of love shall ever overspread us! it is nothing what thou hast been; since I have elected thee, and washed thee, and made thee passing beautiful and excellent; and thou hast become mine: my life, my blood, my soul

did I give for thee: I have become like thee, and made thee like unto me, that our fellowship might be most intimate and sweet: and what, my fair one, could I have done more, to make thee superabundantly blessed? have I not fitted thee for my fellowship? have I not adorned thee with superexcellent beauty, glory, and majesty? Nothing can show forth thy pleasantness, thy surpassing excellencies: all trees, all flowers, all roses, and lilies, all the beauties that adorn the spangled heavens, would blush, to contend with thy surpassing beauty; all their perfections are but emblems of that substantial excellency, wherewith I have beautified thee. Thine eyes would overcome me, I could not look upon thy beauty, if thou didst not draw near; that love may be satisfied with full enjoyment." Can there be greater blessedness? can there be more intimate fellowship? O what love-embraces! what love-kisses! what overcoming smiles! we bathe ourselves in the oceans of pure unmixed love! "The very smell of thy garments, my fair one, ravish my heart, they exhale a fragrancy like a field which the Lord hath blessed! even my Father hath blessed thee, and thou art blessed forevermore. All who have cursed thee, have been cursed; and all who have blessed thee, have been blessed. The eternal God is thy refuge; and underneath are everlasting arms: and he hath cast out the enemy from before thee; and hath said, Destroy them. Thou dwellest in safety, alone; the fountain of Jacob is open unto thee. O people saved of the Lord, the shield of thine help; and who is the strength of thine excellency: and thine enemies have been found liars unto thee; and thou hast troden them upon their high places. O are you not blessed, eternally blessed, who have been appointed to so great things? Glory, excellency, strength, beauty, honour, and all are yours! behold, behold, ye children of my everlasting loves and delights, these precious crowns, these garlands of glory, wherewith I adorn you!" Behold, behold, all creatures, devils, and wicked men, thus is it done eternally unto the men whom the King delighteth to honour. "This is the majesty I clothe them with, who have loved, feared, and obeyed me, unto death, in their generation. This is the kingdom, these are the glorious mansions, I have set them down into. I spake not to you, my fair ones, of earthly kingdoms, and possessions: these celestial habitations were you ordained unto, as your everlasting country.

I told you of worlds, and kingdoms, and crowns, and sceptres, and cities, and glorious mansions; and behold, inconceivably more than I promised: yea, did you not inherit time also? did you ever want journey bread, as long as on the way to this country? though, for your good, I did not laden you with the thick clay of the earth, I ever cut out that lot which was best for you, which was not a life of earthly abundance: if it had been otherwise, I should have made you the only sharers of earth, the only potentates of time; but dunghill earth was far below your divine minds. How degrading had it been, to see my fellow heirs vexed, turmoiled, and distracted with dunghill concernments? No, your generous spirits were exercised with high and excellent things, and were not brought down by the empty concernments the sons of the earth were only occupied with. My way to this unspeakable glory was through contempt, reproach, afflictions, poverty, shame; I could not dignify you, more than by making you partakers of my lot, my excellent ones: if I had plunged you in the midst of earthly prosperity and abundance, you should have missed the greatest glory, which is suffering for my name's sake; your crown should not have been so massy and glorious: and where would have been the exercise and trial of all your graces? your patience in tribulations, your meek, quite, and contented spirit, when the vilest of men were exalted, and did abound in temporal enjoyments, sharing the earth among them, as if they alone had only derived their pedigree from Adam? where had been manifested your confidence in your heavenly Father, if sense had not seemed to contradict the promises? Thus was the draught of my infinite wisdom, that your way to the crown should be through all manner of trials, afflictions, and oppositions. Great was your agony with devils, with wicked men, with your inbred corruptions, with many external disasters; even unto hunger, thirst, nakedness, and sore trouble for your daily bread: and should it not have been thus? for, if no enemies, no fighting; if no fighting, no victory; and if no victory, no triumphing: is not here a golden chain of wonderful wisdom and love? Possess forever this glorious kingdom, my valiant ones, a kingdom ordained for you most freely and absolutely, without respect to work or excellency: yet, possess it by way of conquest: my free grace, given to you in time, do I crown with this eternal

and exceeding weight of glory: all this kingdom is for every one of you, as if there were none else; all of you are possessors of all things. I have redeemed you from eternal wrath, misery, and sinning; I have purchased all things for you; I have prayed to my Father, that you, whom he had given me, might be forever with me where I am, to behold my glory, which he hath given me; for he loved me, before the foundation of the world. These, lo, all these are your portion. Earth was a portion for the bastards only; and therefore I divided it most largely amongst them, casting crowns and principalities, and the greatest earthly things of time, to the vilest of them: to indulge your childishness, I gave sometimes to some of you large portions of the earth; for many ends, known only to myself, and for giving you a breathing time, lest the spirit that I had made should have been brought to nothing: but earthly portions were only fit for base spirits; poor and empty were the donations I vouchsafed upon them, in comparison of this. When I give to you. I give like a king indeed: when I have ascended on high, and led captivity captive, I share no less among my friends, than everlasting, ever-flourishing kingdoms and principalities; and this is the manifestation of free love, before the corner-stone of the earth was laid: here, as every where, doth my absolute sovereignty shine. I am Alpha and Omega. No cause of my actings without myself: by me, through me, and for me are all things: for you have I chosen vessels of glory and honor, that on you I might show forth that infinite bounty, love, and compassion that dwelleth in me."

58. *Reprobates are already judged, and condemned; and all their faculties are filled with the dreadful roarings of the Lion of the tribe of Judah.*

How doth our holy One fill the senses of cursed reprobates with his dreadful voice, wherewith ten thousand worlds might be shaken to nothing! how doth the Lion of the tribe of Judah roar forth! "Be eternally confounded, from my amiable presence, vile wretches, you are a smoke in my nostrils, a fire that burneth all the day long. Your soul abhorreth me, O prodigious monsters! and my soul abhorreth you. Betwixt us this unquenchable hatred shall increase throughout eternity: as your hellish violence, and monstrous abominations do increase, eternally will I kindle the flames of my fury upon you; so shall I

be eased, refreshed, and comforted: I have been wearied with refraining: now is this unquenchable fury, that burned in my breast, broken forth, and my soul is delighted. Did such an hellish madness possess you, as to think you might escape my avengeful hand? And know ye not yourselves, bits of creatures, rebelling against me, the omnipotent Sovereign of all things? Let your ownselves accuse yourselves of your horrid villany against me, the boundless original of all excellencies, loveliness, and sweetness, which you experienced, ungrate wretches: did you prefer, and love, and desire only yourselves? shall the creature be set up above the Creator? The monstrousity of this doth eternally affright you. Yourselves are intolerable torments to yourselves: for you behold your vileness as it is. Did you think, because of my silence, that I was like to base you? But now I will eternally reprove you, and set your sins before your eyes: now you see your wretchedness. What think you of your holding the truth in unrighteousness? so that you became vain in your imaginations, and your foolish heart was darkened; professing yourselves wise, you became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God, into the vain fancies of your desperately deceitful hearts; still looking upon him, as one like yourselves. What think you of delighting more in created enjoyments, than in me, the fountain of all? Your affections bended most to nothings and vanities; the fountain of all blessedness you abhorred. Did you not say, Let him depart from us; for we desire not the knowledge of his name? What profit is there in serving him? what pleasure in being in his fellowship? yea, what a weariness is it? Let us have earthly enjoyments, and we desire no more: these are the only things we delight in. What think you, that you are born enemies, haters of me from your very first original? With your first breathings of life, did you breathe forth malice against your Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor; and what can you do eternally, but roar with your malicious blasphemies? But what availeth either your malice, or goodness? I am infinitely above all creatures.—What is that to me, whether creatures obey, or disobey? What are you that I should be mindful of you, and bring you into judgment? What are you, that my anger should burn eternally against you? Yet is it my pleasure, that upon you be manifested the glory of my avenging justice:

As I have sworn, so have I performed, that every knee shall bow to me. You stiffnecked wretches, would ye not yield to the sceptre of my government? I will make you stoop and lick the dust like serpents, under my feet, and the feet of my chosen, whom you hated and despised, in a vain world. I alone will be exalted, and my glory will I not give unto another. Would you not be the actual instruments of my glory? I will eternally make you the passive proclaimers thereof: your cursings and howlings shall set me on high, even proclaim the glory of my holiness, throughout all ages. Cursed creatures, whom my hands formed to serve, and obey, and glorify me; shall I not recompense your hatred and rebellion upon your own heads? shall not my soul be fully avenged upon you? You are the abomination of my soul; and therefore vengeance shall be my eternal delight. I am of purer eyes than to behold iniquity: triumph I not? I the righteous Lord love the righteous; my countenance doth behold the upright: but the wicked, and him that loveth violence, my soul abhorreth. According to my absolute sovereignty, might I have made out of you any thing I pleased; but thus have I done, that the glory of my spotless holiness might eternally shine forth: but as I said, so have I done; and it is known, whose word stands, yours or mine. Said you, in the stoutness of your hearts, Our tongues are our own, who are lords over us? We are lords, we will no more come unto thee. And shall you not find to your eternal misery, who is the great Former, and absolute Sovereign of all things? And you the vilest of all vileness, to whom most lovingly I offered my heart, my blood, my life. my kingdom, and all things; and yet you slighted and neglected all, as things of no great excellency: O mine enemies, mine enemies! slain and destroyed ye shall be eternally before mine eyes I have no enemies like you, unto whom I most condecendingly revealed my will, appointing your lot within the pale of the church. I have found you, O mine enemies, you haters of my holiness, and despisers of mine excellency, who at the most loved a form of godliness, but denied the power thereof. Did I rise up early and late, crying unto you? did I beseech, intreat, protest, obtest, sigh, weep and groan over you, that you would come out from your vain conversation, and partake of a blessed communion with my Father and me? and shall I not cause you howl, and rear, and weep and gnash

your teeth, in utter darkness for ever and ever? Have I not intreated long? should I wait for ever upon creatures madly furious against me? I have sworn by my holiness, that after death no more forbearance; the word hath gone out of my mouth, it cannot be recalled: I am not a man, that I should change. I appointed a time for every thing; a time of forbearance, and a time of punishment. This is the eternal day of wrath; the endless day of vengeance is in my heart; The year of my redeemed is come: I curse you, bitterly curse you; all the woes that ever I pronounced fall upon you; let them be written upon your foreheads, and on your hands, and fill all the powers and faculties of soul and body: Wo, wo, wo! world of woes and curses fall down incessantly and eternally upon you all, according to your wickedness: as every one of you hath sown, so shall you reap. Wo unto you, who have joined house to house, and field to field, extruding Adam's fellow heirs. Wo unto you, that have mingled strong drink. Wo unto you that have drawn iniquity with cords of vanity; who have called good evil, and evil good. Wo unto you who were wise in your own eyes, and prudent in your own sight. Cursed be you that placed your confidence in creatures, and not in the Lord *Jehovah*. Wo unto you, that shut heaven both upon yourselves and others: wo unto you, who devoured the needy, and for a pretence made long prayers. Wo unto you, who compassed sea and land, to draw others unto your faction, under the pretence of the salvation of souls: wo unto you, who, by your foolish subtleties, did cast a mist upon all the duties of religion: wo unto you, who were strict in the circumstantials and externals of religion, and careless of the power and life thereof: wo unto you, who pretended love and reverence to the dead saints, because they could not testify against you; but maligned, persecuted, and contemned the living ones, because of their standing out against the sins of the generation wherein they lived. O cursed wretches, the flames of my rage shall feed themselves upon you: try your stoutness and magnanimity now; the threatening of my fury and indignation did little affect you: you gave me the lie, and said, it is not the Lord, neither shall evil befal us. When my hand was stretched out, you would not see; but now you see, and feel, and are everlasting ashamed. Your Atheism is quite done away: know ye not now, that I am a God of truth and equity? have I not performed all upon

you, that ever I spoke? are you not filled with wrath? is not soul and body tormented with the dreadful flames of my fury? shower I not down upon you incessantly fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest of all manner of pains, griefs, and torments? Devils and wicked men, tear and torment, and curse one another: you concurred bravely in sinning, concur in your punishing; you loved the fellowship of one another, be eternally together: companions in time, and companions in eternity. The fellowship of my holy ones you little esteemed; I have made betwixt them and you a vast gulf of eternal separation: had you known their dignity, you should have wondered, that I suffered you to abide in the same world with them. What think you now of provoking me, vile wretches? are you the creatures that thought highly of sinning? are you able to despise and mock at the just punishment thereof? No more vain laughing and jollity; the fewel of your base and sinful delights have I taken for ever from you; not one smile of joy from henceforth. All the mercies I vouchsafed upon you, did ye use against me; the more I continued my bounty, the more you rebelled and vexed my holy Spirit; though in me you lived, moved, and had your being, yet you forgot me, and minded your own worldly things more than my glory and interest through the world. All your actions were subordinate to base self, even your most excellent-like actings and sufferings for my cause, were ever out of one selfish design or other: I will fill you with your own ways. You shall not be troubled with offers of mercy any more, or with the exercises of godliness any more: nothing but blasphemy fills your hellish mouths. You shall not be vexed with the company of my saints any more: you shall have your fill of one another's hellish fellowship throughout eternity: your choice and delight shall not be taken from you. Know you not who I am? Am I not he whom you despised and forgot? am I not he whose yoke you brake asunder from your necks? am I not he whom you defied and proclaimed war against? Gird up now your loins, like men, and maintain your quarrel valiantly; show, by your magnanimous deportment, the justness of your enmity against me. Desperate wretches, you have not the heart to submit; neither are you able to stand against one billow of my indignation. It was plainly manifested unto you all would come to this; but your minds were filled with vanity: I

am free from the ruin and unspeakable misery of you all; only, yourselves have destroyed yourselves: madly and desperately have you run to your own destruction; and who was obliged to stand in your way? Who hath struck you with such a monstrous hatred to all good, and inclination to all evil? are ye not naturally wicked and abominable? are you not haters of my holiness and excellency? had ye not from the beginning a strange averseness from my spotless holiness? Blasphemous wretches, you see my ways are equal, to your eternal torment and confusion; your mouths are for ever stopped, and you are found guilty: nothing have you to say for yourselves. your monstrous hellish frame is a thousand witnesses against you. Should not I alone be exalted? should I not crush to pieces all the despisers of my glory? shall I not for ever cause you to drink the pure and unmixed wrath of the Almighty, that is poured forth without mixture? that ye may be filled with my fury and indignation, and may be drunk, and made mad, and torment. and tear, and devour, and curse yourselves, and one another; that every thought may bring in a dreadful horror, and hellish pangs. O mine enemies, mine enemies! whom I made the shields of the earth, who became greater in wickedness, than in your worldly greatness: you ringleaders of iniquity, betrayers of the great trust I dignified you with; the ruin of thousands shall fall on your heads. Did you tyrannize without law or reason, alledging you were accountable to none for outrages, but unto me? that you might fulfil your wicked desires without controlment? O vilest of wretches, whom I set over my church, to defend her from all external damages, to hold her in all her glorious privileges, that I left her in my legacy, and to hold the crown upon my head, in despite of the opposers; did you make havock of her? did you rob her of her adornments? did you pull the crown off my head, and put it on your own? did you neglect the affairs of my church, and subordinate them to your own temporal, vain, transient affairs? did you put the sword in the bowels of my chosen, which I gave you to protect them with? O mine enemies! I will neither fight with small nor great, in comparison of *you;* even *you* I will for ever be avenged upon; *you,* and all your parasites executors, applauders, connivers and consulters to your horrid rebellion. Durst you, you base, you vile wretches, be so monstrously audacious, as to

usurp my prerogatives? durst you destroy, imprison, banish, torment, and be as thorns in the sides of my excellent ones? What you did to every one of them, you did to me; I will recompense it. It had well become you, to stoop and lick the dust at the feet of my brethren; it had well become you to hold up the train of my robe royal, in the day of my wounding: it had well become you, to have honored, and reverenced every one of them, from the highest to the least: had you considered their dignity, you would have wondered I permitted you in my providence, to dwell in that world they inhabited; far more to have had any manner of superiority over them. Here I meet you, my cursed enemies; know you with whom you contended? Am not I He, whom you contemned, despised, impoverished, imprisoned, banished, maligned, and spewed out the venom of hell against? I am He whose blood you esteemed as water; my brethren you hated, because they bare my image: for my sake, even for my sake, you persecuted them; whatever were your pretensions, the power of godliness was the Butt of your malice: durst you malign the exercising of my Spirit of grace, in its highest actings, as a spirit of sedition, and rebellious combinations? did you take it upon you, to shape out the government of my church according to your foolish fancy, as an indifferent thing? as if I had left any blanks in my testament, for you to fill up according to your hellish pleasure. You, even you, with the betrayers of my interests and people, will I place eternally in the brunt of my fury: be eternally confounded, all mine enemies together; sects, ranters, civilians, devout naturalists, formalists, carnal gospellers, latitudinarians; you have I chosen, before all ages, vessels of wrath and dishonor, fitted to destruction; that over you I might show forth my absolute sovereignty, long-suffering, power of my wrath, purity of my holiness, and infinite perfections.

59. *All the creatures are sharers of this eternal day of joy, except reprobate men and angels.*

Clap your hands, and be exceeding joyful, O thou creation of God, who art forever loosed from vanity and bondage: This is the day which the Lord made, rejoice and be glad in it: This is the eternal day of the restitution of all things: shout and cry aloud, ye lower heavens, and dance, thou earth; sing melodiously, O ye heavenly hosts, sun, moon, and stars: O ye mountains, are ye not eternal-

ly skipping, like lambs? You valies, you pleasant fields, are you not ever smiling, and shouting for joy? you have been wearied, and worn out, in serving sinful creatures, you have been defiled and written over with vanity; but now are you renewed, and made pure and clear. How earnest was your expectation of the manifestation of the sons of God! for you were made subject to vanity not willingly, but by reason of him who had subjected you in hope; because you were also to be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. O fair, beautiful, and delightsome creation, all things now are thousands of stages more excellent than at the beginning! nothing dwells here but righteousness! thou art not now, O earth, the stage of all wickedness and rebellion against thy Creator; thou groanest not under the weight of sinful abominable wretches. You fields, you are not divided, and possessed by the vilest of men, who, by the benefit of the revenues cast out of your fruitful womb, were, in their own eyes, and in the eyes of silly fools like themselves, excellent and considerable persons; you furnish not fewel for their stinking pride, tyrannizing, and villainous pleasures. It was by you, under the appointment of your Creator, the vile worms of the earth appeared somewhat; being clothed over with the scenical garbs of riches, and titular honors, else they had been vile in one another's, as now they are to all eternity; having no internal, real, or personal excellency worthy to be accounted of. Out of thee, O earth, do not come the precious fruits, for filling the bellies of wretched miscreannts, who did eat and drink largely, and wallowed in all earthly delights; when the only excellent of the earth, through oppression, were sometimes pinched in the necessaries of a mortal life: out of thee do not come instruments of cruelty, the weapons of war, with which the seed of the serpent did kill, and torment, and persecute the blood royal of heaven; out of thee do not come the beasts, wearied with serving and holding up the filth and offscourings of all things; the horses are not groaning under lumps of death and hell, riding in a brave and gallant manner, with a fine train; joining battle with the camp of the saints, that they might destroy the righteous from the earth, and have none to stand in the way of their hellish endeavours, their monstrous triumphing and tyrannizing, as absolute sovereigns of all: the sheep are

not wearied in furnishing coverings and ranting apparel for the vilest of creatures; now they have not a rag to cover their nakedness; no silk and brave embroideries for the vile carcasses of hellish monsters: the excellent creatures are not now slain to hold in the life of base miscreants, ten thousand stages below the lowest of beasts. Thou air, thou art not an instrument any more, whereby the wretched souls and carcasses of cursed sinners are kept together, in a tolerable condition; base and treacherous enemies to God and man, do not now defile thee, by drawing thee in, and out, for the conservation of their abominable life. Thou water, thou art not now used, by the devil and his slaves, as instruments of their cruelty against the only princely and noble persons, the co-heirs of heaven and earth, and all things. Thou art not, O fire, compelled violently, against thy nature, to reduce to ashes, with great torment, the precious bodies of Zion's children, comparable to fine gold. You sun, moon, and stars, you shall not shine upon the wicked, as well as the righteous any more: you do not lose your sweet influences upon the abomination of heaven, and earth, and all things: are you not in your own kind happy, by being freed from such grievious bondage; more grievous, than to be corrupted, destroyed, and broken in a thousand nothings? O what joys! all dance, and rejoice! all are in a melodious frame! the virtue of my Well-beloved's suffering and exaltation extends by superabundance to all things. No wonder we are plunged in the oceans of unspeakable joys and delights! though all were in a mourning apparel, we could not but eternally superabound in joys! this is the eternal day of our redemption, the day of the restitution of all things.

60. *All things are renewed, and glorified, nothing annihilated.*

O thou lower world, thou art made new indeed! O such a majestic, glorious fabric out of the ashes of a dunghill! O heavenly earth! or earthly heaven! wonderful! not a new creation, but a renewing of the old, that perished by the fire of his indignation! O my Lord, thou canst make any thing out of any thing thou pleasest: beings, and no beings, are all alike to thee! verily this is a change, wherein infinite excellency is highly manifested. What joy, to behold the face of all things! our seeing of the *first* temple will not cause us weep, because of this *second:* here

is a magnificent royal palace reared up, in the place of a dungeon; a stately, majestic city, in the place of a few poor cottages. Was the former fabric real; or was it not rather imaginary? were they not fools, who were only delighted with it? were they not bewitched, and led away with fancies, night-dreams and vanities? I thought the former earth, in the days of my mortality, full of the glory, bounty, riches, and excellency of the great Former; and was it not? Yet was it a dark shadow to what mine eyes behold. This is a change could never have entered within the conceptions of the most excellent creatures! this is materially the *former*, and yet not the former.—It is manifest, my Almighty One, thou canst create never so many worlds, differing altogether in excellency from one another; but thou hast done it, because it so pleased thee: just, and holy, and wise, and true art thou, in all thy ways. This is the stage whereon thou actedst most wonderful things, as a prelude to this endless day of eternity: whereon thou ran an inconceivable mass of various dispensations, which will fill eternity with admiration: here didst thou display the banner of thy mercy and justice in the very same traces of providence, as the wisest of mortals could not trace thy footsteps; here thou wroughtest the never-enough admired work of our redemption; here thou wooed thy bride; here thou prepared thine enemies for the time of vengeance; here thou madest all things ready for this everlasting day; and therefore in thy wisdom hast thou continued it an eternal monument. Oh! thy sovereignty runs in the channel of thine infinite love and bounty! thou mightst return all things back to their original again; but thy goodness is for ever extended over the works of thine hands: "Thy glory endureth for ever; thou dost rejoice in all thy works:" shall I not then rejoice in them? shall not I, considering them, be eternally ravished? might it not render a creature eternally blessed, to consider thy infinite glory and perfections, written on thy handy work? Even in the days of my childhood, I could not open mine eyes on the most ordinary productions of thine excellency, without strange stirrings, love, joy, and admiration. O the ravishing sweet sights that even then I have seen of thee, through the glass of the creature! how have my thoughts run a maze of ravishing delights and sweetness, in considering the vastness and expansion of the canopy of the lower world; the beams of thy chambers, laid

in the waters; the clouds, thy chariots, whereon thou didst gloriously ride; the winds, the pavement whereon thou walkedst; thy omnipotent power, in laying so firmly the foundations of the earth, that it cannot be moved; the prodigious overflowing of the waters when they overwhelmed the earth; the unsearchable manner of bounding the boisterous waves of the raging sea, by sandy bulwarks; thy wisdom in watering the vallies from the mountains, and the mountains from the sea and heavens, that the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field might drink abundantly: the excellent virtues of base dunghill earth manifested in its rich, pleasant, sweet, various, and lively offspring; as grass, herbs, flowers, shrubs, trees, and innumerable multitude of beauties, filling all the senses with passing delectation, and subservient to all the defects of indigent mortals; as nutriment, medicine, clothing, and habitation: the wonderful eye of thine omniscient providence over the most inconsiderable creatures: as the conies and goats, who were provided of fit refuges from all danger: the exact ordinances of sun, moon, and stars; the vicissitudes of light and darkness, for the several exigencies of men and beasts. In the midst of such ravishing thoughts of thy power, wisdom, and goodness, how have I been filled, according to the measure of mortality, with inexpressible joy and sweetness? so that I could not but cry out, with ravishing astonishment, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all! the earth is full of thy riches!" and again fell into the deep contemplation of the greatness of the sea, its innumerable progeny of small and great animals; thy wisdom in appointment of navigation, and power in the Leviathan's playing there; thy rich bounty, in holding a well furnished table, to so numerous a family, as the people of heaven, earth, and sea; their necessary dependance on thee, every instant, in their living, moving, and being; so that they are not, if thou draw in thyself, and the vivifying spirit thou communicatest unto them. Have I not, O my God, been in many such sweet meditations, until I have been wrapt up in a frame of spirit, inutterable, inexpressible? and sung forth in the midst of such sweetness, "The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever; the Lord shall rejoice in all his works: I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praises unto my God, while I have my being; my meditation of him shall be sweet; I will re-

joice in the Lord." How oft have I thought, is the wilderness so sweet and pleasant? what must the inland be? Is there such ravishing variety of beauty, glory and sweetness, all alongst in my pilgrimage? what can I imagine to behold in my native country? Is the habitation, where devils, wicked men and beasts inhabit, so excellent and glorious? what can I think of the place where Jesus, the Emmanuel, with his fair white company of saints and angels, everlastingly abides? Is my God's footstool so glorious? what must his throne be? Is the undervault of this base dungeon so majestic? O the higher hall of glory, where the glorious King, and his magnificent court remain! Doth the habitation symbolize with the inhabitants? the higher world must inconceivably transcend this lower. And is this earth so sweet, when cursed, and defiled, because of its abominable inhabitants? what shall it be when renewed, and made only an habitation of righteousness? shall not every place excel Eden? and Eden the celestial camps? Indeed, O lower world, we might, in our mortality, conceive something confusedly of thy renovation; but could never have imagined thou shouldst have been thus. O earth, thou appearest to be placed after the former manner, to be of the former magnitude and figure, as to every point corresponding to the same points of the heaven of heavens; also the lower heaven differs not in magnitude, situation, and number of tapers, from the former; and only herein do the old and new world agree: now, the smallest star would have confounded the inhabitants of the old, and made the very sun to evanish in its light: the beams of light darting every where are substantial; filling not only the eyes, but all the senses with passing delight; it containing innumerable perfections and virtues, not to be perceived by mortals; their senses being few, and capable of little: but now, every sense is equivalent to ten thousand thousand differing in kind from one another: the light of one luminary confounds not the rays of another, though all are united and made one: the moon appears to change faces, by the nearer or further approach of, or distance from her King; yet she is ever more glorious than the sun in his former condition: every star showers down millions of millions of various influences, which in a moment would convert the former earth into a lump of gold or gems: all are transparent, even the sun, moon, and stars, though compact

solid globes of light: no veil drawn betwixt the higher and lower habitation: no smoky fumes betwixt heaven and earth: no winds, nor storms, tempests, pinching cold, nor piercing heat No vicissitudes of summer and winter; nothing but an eternal spring-tide and endless summer, a constant harvest: all are in their blooming estate, and fullest perfection. What wonder! is it not the centre of infinite influences? the sweet influences of Pleides are never bound up, but are every minute showered down; the bands of Orion are ever loosed: and is not the heavenly earth so impregnate with such infinite virtues? is it not so lively and vigorous; so full of the seeds of innumerable excellencies, as that in itself, it is beautiful, fruitful, and excellent, without influences from creatures of an higher nature? In its own nature doth it contain the virtue and operations of sun, moon, and stars. How infininitely various are the sensitive vegetables? what beauty, and glory, and virtue is to be found in every one? the smallest pile of grass might alone banish darkness from the whole universe. O the roses and lilies! every one like a star in its proper orb: all things are like lamps of light; yet nothing hindering the varieties of colours, which are infinitely various, and wonderfully lively: all the rays of such innumerable beauties and excellencies, though united in one, are nothing troublesome, through their intensity, but the more delightsome; and all lights, all colours, all excellencies as infinitely intended. O then their passing pleasantness! every thing appears endowed with all manner of excellencies, as colours, figures, &c. and so to be a little world!

What may be said of this, in comparison of the former? This is beauty, the former was deformity: this is light, the other darkness: this is liveliness and activity, the other deadness and laziness: the former was a confused, deformed and loathsome chaos; out of which is made this excellent, beautiful and glorious fabric. Who can behold, and not smile and leap for joy, at the bounty and power of *Jehovah*, so visibly manifested? And what sweet cheering breathings do so harmoniously sound among the stately trees of this universal paradise? O what diffusing of delightsome, odoriferous exhalations! one gale would cause death itself to be lively; being a thousand times more excellent than the most pure and refined animal spirits of mortals: one gale of this would have rendered

the former earth a fertile Eden for many ages: eyes and ears, and all the faculties are lost in an endless maze; to find a beginning, middle, and ending, is a task for eternity. All is one orchard, one paradise, one field, one garden of delight! the most curious artifice of cities, palaces, or what else, would be deformity. Nature now cannot be bettered by helps; *Jehovah* hath ordered all, in an order above the invention of all creatures. Eden here would be like a black spot on a fair and beautiful face. Every drop of dew, that dangleth on these trees of God, excels rubies and carbuncles. All the rivers run liquors above the most precious quintessential extractions of the former world. May it not be called indeed, the golden age? "They who behold thee, see the floods of honey and butter." May they not "heap up gold, as the dust; and gold of Ophir, as the stones of the brook? How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings? We are abundantly satisfied with the fulness of thy house; and thou makest us drink of the rivers of thy pleasures. Thou visitest the earth, thou waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it with the rivers of God, which are full of water; thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and all thy paths drop fatness: the hills, the little hills and vallies shout for joy, and sing, 'The Lord is our keeper, the Lord is our shade on our right hand; the sun doth not smite us by day, nor the moon by night; we are secure for ever and ever; all thy promises are more than fully accomplished.' Men and angels, the product of his everlasting counsels is all brought forth: it is done, thus it is, because it thus pleased him. "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and art to come! Thou art worthy to receive glory, and honor, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are, and were created.

61. *The triumphing over the wicked, is a part of the saint's glory and happiness.*

O beautiful, glorious, and joyful world! all have been sad alike until now: who can open their eyes, and not be overjoyed, though they extracted their delights only from creatures mediately? But what is this to you, lost wretches, shut up in utter darkness? your best world hath eternally evanished: this is a black miserable world to you.—What have you to do with this fair creation? It is ours,

only ours; for we are Christ's and Christ is God's. Even the former earth you took for your country; heaven and happiness was only yours by usurpation and oppression; but now you shall usurp no more: if any thing be yours it is that bottomless lake, wherein you crawl, like so many filthy toads, snakes, and abominable vermin: to behold you, would confound any creature, not endowed with immortality. O monstrous sights! O the infinite power of Jehovah! that can shape out after this fashion: your structure symbolizeth with your vileness; your countenance corresponds excellently to your hellish minds: and you cannot but affright one another with your desperate hellish looks and minds: blasphemy, and horrid desperation is written on your foreheads, even the wrath and fury of Jehovah and the Lamb: one of your ghastly looks would affright millions of mortals out of their wits. You are, O dreadful vileness! extremely miserable, yet not objects of pity: you might stirred up compassion in the most zealous breast on earth, because then you were endowed with some small relicts of the image of your Creator; but how fully is the saying of our Well-beloved accomplished on you? "From him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath. All the spunks of goodness are evanished; and what can remain, but a mass of all impiety, and direct hatred of God? Nothing like this was seen on earth. Now you appear in your own colours; God hath stripped you naked of all. Where are all your excellent gifts, your prudence, and civility, your fine natural disposition, your love to God, you so much talked of? Now it appears, that the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, above imagination. On earth, because of natural ties, we could not but love you; your eternal rebellion not being manifested to us: but now you are forever our Lord's stated enemies; that though he would offer you pardon, your cursed hearts would no less rise against him; your hatred is unquenchable, and augments throughout eternity. Fools, are you belching out the venom of hell against him, who forever tramples you under his feet? do not your cursings, and horrid blasphemies sound forth the justness of his avenging wrath? Not because of his wrath and displeasure against you, are you mad against him; in the midst of his bounty did you continue in your enmity.

His holiness, his spotless holiness is the Butt of your hellish malice: your wickedness is come to its perfection: mortality was not capable of outing the ten thousandth part of what is now manifested: ever were you averse from the fellowship of the ever-blessed God: now you directly avouch your enmity, as just and equitable, in despite of your consciences showing right and wrong. Know you not, that he, against whom you have eternally sworn yourselves enemies, may use his power over you? And you would do so over him and his. What would you do with his holy ones, if you had their everlasting lot at your disposing? Is not his mercy over all his works? since he layeth not upon you the ten thousandth part of that punishment he could, and his sovereignty and displeasure carves out the measure of your punishment: but, is there any measure, which he might not in justice inflict? When it is augmented with never so many ages, and your strength augmented to bear it; never can it be said, he inflicts more than is meet; since your rebellion is against annifinite Majesty, and is of an endless nature: since you are ever sinning more and more, therefore you are obliged to his everlasting mercy and bounty.

O my God, what a delightsome change is this! "I will rejoice, yea, I will for ever rejoice in beholding!" What now, you some-bodies of time, where is your gay clothing, your fine well pampered carcasses? what think you of these vile, abominable, ugly, clubbish bodies, which you only cared for, and would have so finely decked, as if they had been made of some celestial substance, and not of the same lamp that all mankind was made of? what is come of the excellent majesty and reverence, silly flattering fools made you believe, had been enstamped upon your very bodily visage? where is your brave attendance, you imagined followed you, for your real excellency? where is that admiration had of you, beastly wretches, because of advantage? what think ye, base sycophants, of the men you trusted to, and adored above God all-sufficient? see you now any majesty, or excellencies in such poor, base, trembling caitiffs? are they not the same that they were? only the fig-leaves that covered them are taken away. They imagined themselves some-bodies, while they possessed earthly abundance: how highly did they look, because they seemed to have some more shovel-fulls of earth than others? But now the lofty looks of

man are humbled, and the haughtiness of man is bowed down; and the Lord alone is exalted in this day. What now, tyrants, silly caitiffs; are you the very same men that made the earth to tremble? The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers: your pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of your viols ceaseth, the worms are spread under you, and the worms cover you: are you not despised in the eyes of all, whether in heaven or hell? the Almighty hath laid open your nakedness, he hath discovered your secret parts: fools, were you never thinking that it would come to this? did you imagine, that the vilest of men should domineer over the most, and no more of it? that the wicked might oppress the man more righteous than himself, and yet no more of it to all eternity? did the Almighty create man after his image, to eat, and drink, and pass away an inch of time, and no more? was it the purpose of the wise Disposer of all things, that men should be ranked according to the fancies of riches and titular honour, acquired by vanity, and maintained by folly? What think you now of those you contemned not long ago, whom you esteemed as the filth and offscourings of all things, whom you thought unworthy of your excellent presence, because they were not laded with the thick clay of the earth? What distance and reverence looked you for from fellow creatures, as if they had been made for so base an end, as to hold up your yeas and nays? as if caping and cringing, and such histriaonic vanities had been requisite for the sons of wisdom? O joyful day of eternity! wherein all things are unmasked; all odds are made even! the forethoughts of this held up me heart, in my sad pilgrimage. Now, wretches, it is evident, who on earth should have been most honoured and esteemed, who should have had the chief place among men; who sees not now, that wisdom is the princpal thing? How vain was the esteem of the world! were they not fools, who in the least regarded it? who considered things only according to their external shows. Caitiffs, what think you of your fools-paradise? your golden dream hath miserably beguiled you; earthly riches are cried down; the vain denominations of time are fled away. Only wisdom for ever remains. What then, are you, poor wicked wretches, exposed to the shame, contempt, and mockery of all the world? are you not made a gazing-stock to God, angels, and men? you snatch-

ed at fancies, and neglected wisdom, which would have rendered you excellent for ever and ever. They that practised best your foolish modes and inventions, that could comply best with your foolish humours, that knew best how to scrape together the pelf of the earth, were esteemed wise and accomplished by you: as for the truly wise (who were ever very rare, and the wonders of their age) you contemned and reproached them as the dregs of mankind. How did you triumph over the poor and meek of the earth, while your world remained, which was but for a moment? An everlasting world is now come; may we not triumph time about? which of us have chosen the better part? judge ye; present things you esteemed only real; and wondered at our folly, that lived upon the hope of things to come; yea, and to come after death, and the dissolution of all things. And are you not fools, who neglected immortality, and glory, and honor, though you had a miserable, pining life on earth, earning your daily bread by sore labour and grief? could not a frowning, vexing world loose your base minds from it? O vile wretches, esteemed you earth, in its winter garb, before the eternal enjoyment of the Fountain of all blessedness? Verily your mouth is eternally stopped. Wretches of wretches, who were endowed with the knowledge of the only excellent things; who spake and wrote to the good admiration of others: wonderful! knew you so much of the all-sufficiency of *Jehovah*, the emptiness of all things below him; and yet did not put your trust in him, did not care for a near fellowship with him, but placed your love and delights on vanities? You are to be doubly punished, who knew your Master's will, and did it not, good had it been for you, vilest wretches, that you had been idiots, and sots: how did you despise some of the excellent ones of the earth, because of your more sagacious nature, in uptaking? Your heart hath not been upright before God; your knowledge puffed you up; charity hath been away; your gifts and abilities have you not used to his glory, for whom are all things· but self hath been the end of all your endeavours. What a glorious lustre had you then among weak saints! the rottenness of your heart was over-vailed with a multitude of natural gifts and education; but he who knoweth all things, hath found you out; he hath weighed in an even balance, and ye are found wanting. Now it is manifest, who is the searcher of the

hearts, and the trier of the reins: were they not wise, who overlooked the approbation of men, and gave all diligence to be approven by thee? What thy thoughts are concerning a creature, that it is indeed. Many hypocrites have passed off the stage of time, with the passport of many of the saints; but thy *well done* hath only landed fair in thy blessed kingdom. Indeed, Lord Jesus, in time thou madest a brave separation betwixt the righteous and the wicked; how oft hast thou sifted thy church over and over again, with smaller and smaller sieves? so that the difference betwixt the wheat and the chaff was very discernable. How oft hast thou drawn the controversy betwixt thy friends and thy enemies, to smaller and smaller concernments? so that many, who for shame could not, in palpably gross things, comply with the devil and his slaves; yet in matters that seemed of less consequence, did they side with them: whence their hypocrisy and lukewarmness in the matters of God did appear. O apostates and betrayers of the interests of Jehovah and the Lamb, your mouth is eternally stopped! many fine excuses did your hellish minds invent, in the midst of your villany: your fine subtleties, drawn from prudentials and politics, are now laid open before sun and moon. You were too wise and prudent to take the plain way, and come to the streets for God: you were of too meek a nature to hold the devil and his slaves at long weapons; you were of too fine and subtle a spirit to speak in plain terms of the controversies of the time, and sins of the generation you lived in; you were too courteous and submissive to contend with the very shields of the earth, in every concernment of the prince of the kings of the earth: no, you were not such fools, as to incur the deadly feud of those who had authority and power in their hands: yet would many of you have been ranked among the camp of the saints, whereby you were esteemed as excellent amongst some of the weaker ones: now it is evident you were base traitors, playing with all hands, for your greater security and advantage: and that you have been lukewarm and indifferent in the royal prerogatives and honours of the great and mighty Lord of all things, and the welfare of his spouse. You stated enemies against *Jehovah* and the Lamb, what think you of your desperate madness? thought you to conquer and destroy the friends and darlings of the high and mighty One? imagined you

that you were triumphing, when you prospered in persecuting of his church? fools, that was one of the great ends that the Almighty raised you up for, that you might scour and rub the vessels of his temple: useful instruments were you in the hand of the great Actor: by you he hammered and polished the stones of his house; by you he cleansed it of filth; by you he pulled it down, in order to a more excellent fabric: you, you did the Almighty use, as slaves, in all servile employments; and when he had fulfilled his intentions with you, he cast you into the fire. Vile wretches, is it not a dreadful torment, to look our Lord Jesus in the face? how doth his presence, and the presence of his holy ones abash you? Where are your high and lofty looks now? what feared and astonished-like countenances! are you the men that spoke so highly against the work and people of God? are you the men who mocked his holy ones, or not? are you the men who cared not for our fellowship, but thought the world might be well enough without these heavenly creatures? were you weary of our neighbourhood, as troublesome; because of our stoic (as you fancied) and precise principles, contrary to your loose and worldly way of walking? now you have your will, you are no more troubled with our fellowship; the tares and the wheat are eternally separate: now your hatred and envy cannot reach us; we tread you for ever as dung among our feet. What are your cursings and blasphemies to our Lord and us? could a filthy toad defile the sun, by spitting venom upwards? could the smoke of the lower region darken that lamp of light? could the blustering winds make the stars to tremble? could the proud ocean with its turbulent swellings, beat down the pearly foundation of the higher house? Your envy and malice is a vehement flame, burning up eternally your soul and body: your own wickedness is poured upon you, and it burneth as the fire; it devoureth the briers and the thorns, and kindleth in the thickets of the forest, and they mount up like the lifting up of smoke. Wickedness containeth its punishment in its bosom. All our desires are fulfilled: the zeal of our God's house did eat up our heart, in the days of our pilgrimage; but now we are overjoyed, in beholding of the vengeance: much of the vengeance of the wrath of our God did we, with exceeding joy, behold, when we lived within time. How oft did he appear for the salvation of his people, with gar-

ments rolled in blood? how did he overturn a whole world by an universal inundation of waters? how did he burn up countries and cities in one hour? how did he make earth's devouring jaws swallow up many of these that it was burdened with? By sword, by famine, by pestilence, by the beasts of the field, how hath he made the carcases of his enemies to be spread like dung upon the face of the earth? What strange judgments have we seen upon families and persons conform to their iniquities? How signal was his providence over the children of men? so that men were convinced and could not but say, verily there is a God that judgeth righteously in the earth: verily there is a reward for the righteous and wicked; a difference betwixt him that feareth God, and him that feareth him not. But all was emblems, types, shadows, and representations of what now we behold: all the vengeance inflicted on cursed wretches was just nothing. What was mortality capable of? All the wrath inflicted in time, compounded in one, was nothing to one moment of this everlasting day of pure and unmixed vengeance: the inflicting of punishment in time, was only for the sake of the spectators, that the inhabitants of the world might learn righteousness. Vile creatures, do you not know whom you should have feared? what think you of your prodigious madness, who feared feeble nothing creatures, like yourselves, and forgot and despised the threatenings and judgments of the infinite One? What could all creatures do? all their wrath and fury, compared to the vengeance of the Almighty, is like a small drop to a boundless ocean. Find you not now, that it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God? O what billows of divine vengeance! what oceans of wrath hath he treasured up at his right hand! every drop whereof might confound ten thousand worlds, "The Lord hath come out of his place, to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity: the earth also hath disclosed her blood" For behold, the Lord, a mighty and strong one, who, as a tempest of hail, and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, doth cast down to the earth with the hand: The name of the Lord is come, burning with his anger; and the burden thereof is heavy: his lips are full of indignation, and his tongue as a devouring fire; and his breath as an overflowing stream, doth reach unto the midst of the neck. How doth the Lord go forth as a mighty man? how doth he stir

up jealousy like a man of war? he crieth, he prevaileth against his enemies, I have long time held my peace, saith the Almighty, I have been still, and refrained myself: now will I cry, like a travailing woman: I will destroy, and devour at once, multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision; for the day of the Lord is in the valley of decision. He hath come down, and trode upon the high places of the earth; and the mountains were molten under him, and the valleys were cleft: as wax before the fire, and as waters that are poured down a steep place. The nations saw, and were confounded; they laid their hand upon their mouth; they licked the dust like a serpent, they moved out of their holes like worms of the earth; and were greatly afraid and confounded because of the Lord our God: for he is jealous and revengeful; he revengeth, and is furious; who can stand before his indignation? and who can abide in the fierceness of his anger? His fury is poured out like fire; and the rocks are thrown down by him. O thou enemy, destructions are come to a perpetual end: but the Lord's anger endureth forever; he hath prepared his throne for judgment. Sing praises unto the Lord, that dwelleth in Zion. When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them: he hath not forgotten the cry of the humble; the needy have not always been forgotten; the expectation of the poor hath not perished for ever. Upon the wicked thou rainest snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be for ever the portion of their cup. O love the Lord, all ye his saints: for the Lord preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer. The Lord is righteous, and all his works are done in truth. All my bones shall say unto the Lord, who is like unto thee? who deliverest the poor from him that was too strong for him? Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds; thy righteousness is like the great mountains, thy judgments are a great deep.—Many, O Lord my God, are the wonderful works which thou hast done; and thy thoughts which are to us-ward, they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered. Sing praises unto God, sing praises, sing praises unto our King, sing praises. The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved; he uttered his voice, the earth melted; the Lord of hosts is with us; The God of Jacob

is our refuge. Selah. Through God we do valiently; for it is he that treadeth down our enemies. Surely men of low degree were vanity, and men of high degree were a lie; to be laid in the balance, they were altogether lighter than vanity. God hath spoken once, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God; also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy; for thou renderest unto every man according to his work. Thou hast ascended up on high, thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men; thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain; thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm; but mine horn hast thou exalted like the horn of the unicorn; I am anointed with fresh oil; mine eyes see my desire upon mine enemies; and mine ears have heard my desires of the wicked, that rose up against me. Who is like the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven? He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes. I will exalt thee, my God, O King; I will praise thy name for ever and ever; I will speak of the honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works; thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth to all generations; bless the Lord, all ye his angels, that excel in strength; bless the Lord, all ye his saints; bless the Lord, all ye his works, in all places of his dominions; Bless the Lord, O my soul. Hallelujah.

62. *Reflections upon the victorious power of faith, and on the folly of faithless worldings.*

I, thus to triumph over death and hell! am I eternal victor over so strong and numerous enemies? O ye gates of hell, could ye not prevail against me? might ye not have destroyed ten thousands worlds of the like of me? what hath come of all your boastings, when you have not been able to destroy poor me, when assisted and helped by my Well-beloved? Strange! have not I overcome you in the midst of great weakness and infirmity? O the strength of faith! I laid hold on him who is mighty; I could not be moved: I took hold on the Rock of ages; and what could ten thousand raging seas have done unto me? These who hold gripes of him, may swim safely through the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.—Devils, and wicked men, you were fools to assault us: did you think, because of our weakness and mortality, to

vanquish us, and carry away the day? If you might have overturned the Rock of ages, then might you have overturned us; for we relied upon him; and it was a repugnancy, to imagine, he might fail us. No wonder, devils, that you strove to bring us to doubtings, and distrust; for in faith did our strength lie: had you ruined our faith, and brought us to diffidence, or presumptuous foolish boldness, ye had ruined us forever: but our Well-beloved prayed to his Father that your faith should not fail us: and he is greater and dearer in his Father's eyes, than to be said nay in so earnest a request. Now it is manifest, that all things have been done by believing; it hath been the sun, original, and king of all other graces: because I believed, therefore I spake and did for him on earth; therefore did I place the flower and vigour of my love upon him; therefore did I contemn all the glory and excellency of time, for my portion; therefore did I exceedingly endeavour to do the things that are well pleasing in his sight, and to be more and more like him; therefore did I long to see him face to face. Men and angels, through faith in his name, am I entered this blessed place: not by my holiness, not by my strength, and integrity, is this wonderful thing come to pass; but by laying hold on him, who is mighty to save unto the uttermost. Wicked men and devils, I have vanquished you; I have thrown you eternally to the ground; not by the excellency of mine own vigour and courage, but by laying hold on his strength, who sustaineth all things. Faith was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen; for by it we have all received an everlasting name. We believed, that what he had promised, he would perform, though we saw them not, either intutively, or rationally; though we had not received the promises, but only had a view of them afar off, yet were we persuaded of them; and confessed ourselves strangers and pilgrims on earth, declaring plainly to worldlings, that we were seeking a place of eternal abode, overlooking the wilderness as a wayfaring place. O fairest Well-beloved, how was I enarmoured and ravished with thy very name, when I had not seen thee! how was I persuaded of the truth of all thy promises and threatning, as if I had beheld them fully accomplished? how gladly and cheerfully did I loose my heart and love from all temporal concernments, that they might be set wholly upon the great things to be re-

vealed? I believed all thou spoke; because I accounted thee both faithful, willing, and powerful to accomplish: I consulted not with flesh and blood to go and reason, Is it possible such a thing can be? nay, I overlooked all objections, though never so plausible and strong, and stopped the mouth of all earthly, sensual, and devlish wisdom, with, The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. But, O my fair One, how doth beholding inconceivably transcend faith! I trusted thou wouldst perform above all I could ask or think; but how confused, general and childish were my conceptions of what I now enjoy? The highest I could bend my conceptions, was to imagine, that eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath entered into the heart of mortal, what thou hast prepared for those that waited for thee: all I could conceive of this boundless happiness, was to consider it as passing all conception.— How have I been vexed with the baseness and lowness of my apprehensions! and have endeavoured to strain them above their proper measure; not considering that childish estate was not capable of manly conceptions; and that mortality must be swallowed up of life, else the creature cannot behold thy face and live. It was wisdom to long for this day of immediate fellowship; but folly to desire it within the tents of mortality: all I could then have of thee, was thy portraiture thou set down in thy testament; love-letters I received from thee, in earth's childish dialect: thou told me of kingdoms and cities, diadems and honors, riches and pleasures: thou told me of thy greatness, and majesty, and loveliness; all which were things of the lower world much esteemed: but here are neither kingdoms nor diadems, but things transcendently above all such trifles. How ignorant have I been of my happiness! Wonderful! that the hope of this made me not overjoyed to the death. O silly, hungry wilderness, when I cast back mine eyes upon thee, can I but smile at the childish folly of worldlings, who only desired, endeavoured, contended for portions and inheritances out of thee: they that purchased most, have acquired nothing; and they who purchased least, can be in no poorer case.— What have you gained, base worldlings? Enjoy the fruit of your expectation and labour; now, when the end of all things is come, gather together your purchase, and rejoice forever in it: what! have you provided nothing for the last days? laid you up no treasures for this time? were

you not thinking on this endless day of eternity? have you been all such brutish fools, as to provide nothing for the last day? Strange folly and madness! had none of you but that much consideration, as to think, possibly there might be a life after an inch of time? Were ye wise, or were ye fools, who consumed all your time, in providing for this time? Base fools, did God create you for an inch of time? thought you his wisdom made only to eat and drink, and mind your base selves; to provide only for your sensual decaying life, and never to aim at his glory, To whom, and through whom, and for whom are all things? Did you imagine it just, that the lower creatures should serve you, and yet you to neglect the Creator? did you forget him; and should he have minded you, and given rain and fruitful seasons, filling your hearts with food and gladness? O ingrate wretches! O abominable fools! shall we not tread you eternally under our feet, as the dross and offscourings of all things? Dross you have coveted and desired as to you portion; dross you have loved, feared, and served; and therefore baser you are than the basest dross. Did you not consider what lay beyond time? and was earth your only desire? then have you judged yourselves unworthy of any more. Did you seek for no higher life, than the dying, evanishing, natural life? and have you not excluded yourselves this sublime, excellent, and immortal life? would you not believe the faithful and true Witness, who testified unto you, of what excellent things were laid up in store for these who feared, loved, obeyed, and walked with God, in their generation? Would you not rely upon him for time and eternity, but laid hold on a present vain world? yea, and in such a base and brutish manner, as you did not acknowledge him, and depend upon him, in your earthly enjoyments, but trusted to your wisdom, your labours, and a thousand vanities? Reap the fruit of your own sowing: you have received your choice, and what would you have more? had you chosen this endless happiness, you had gotten it; and immortal life would have been, by ten thousand times, more sweet than it was. And did you mock, in your hearts, at our folly, who overlooked all visible things, and placed our hope, our joy, our portion, our blessedness on things that neither eye could see, nor heart conceive? And shall we not forever insult over you now, when your folly is manifested even to yourselves? Our hope hath not made us

ashamed: but what hath come of all your aims and hopes? Now we have you eternally as dust under the soles of our feet. O death and hell, we have vanquished you forever; never shall you be able to rise again. O grave! O death! show the trophies of your victory. Through God we have done valiantly; for he it is that hath beat down our enemies. You seemed to overcome us, and hold us in prison; but through his strength, we have broken all your bands, and ruined you utterly. The victory was ever ours: but all now is fully accomplished; not one enemy is able to shake a weapon any more. Everlasting hallelujah to our God, who hath given us victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. O what an endless triumph! wicked men and devils, you were ordained for the pomp and glory of this day. Our Well-beloved has made our state every way excellent and glorious; therefore hath he ordained enemies for us to combat with, vanquish, and triumph over, forever and ever. That our state might want nothing of the top, and flower, and perfection of glory and exaltation, you have we as a footstool, forever to trample upon: all things are ours, and for our honor and glory. Now it is evident who were the really great ones. Now doth appear what manner of persons we are. Who but the Lamb, and his followers! who but the First-born, and his brethern! O the height, and glorious dignity of a saint! Sirs, what think you? are we not made great persons? Knew we our dignity when we were on earth? Surely not, in the ten thousand thousandth part: mortality could not have borne it. Have we not been like young minors, who considered not the glory and majesty of our vast inheritance we were coming unto? and therefore we sometimes degraded ourselves with the similar converse of base worldings, and cruched so creepingly as if such beasts had been fit companions for us: but in our childhood we could not conceive these superexcellent royalties. Indeed I ever looked upon all the saints, as the only excellent of the earth; and oft-times struck with reverence and admiration, at the sight of the least of them: yet then I knew them not; mortailty could conceive little. Worldlings, know you not now whom you have despised? Time was when a saint, as a saint, was a despicable nothing in your eyes; pelf, worldly grandeur and appluse rendered persons only excellent in your esteem. What was a man's holiness to you, but some imaginary fancies and

opinions he had learnded by education and teaching, and entertained through conceitedness and fancy? some precise tenets, which were needless and superfluous: for religion, in your judgment, was an easy and trivial matter; the generality were saints: a large and wide charity had you for every one, not transgressing the limits of common humanity; civilians, moralists, formalists illuminated, were all, in your opinion, fit for this glorious and majestic kingdom; fit for entering this golden city, and conversing familiarly with Jehovah and the Lamb, in this royal hall of glory: us you reproached, as censorious and uncharitable, because we looked upon holiness as a difficult, rare, and excellent thing; because we counted the way to this unspeakable glory strait, and travelled by few; because we looked upon the saints as so many miraculous signs and wonders. Who have judged right, is now made manifest to the whole creation. We have fought, we have vanquished! glory, glory, immortal glory to the Captain, the Author and Finisher, forevermore.

63. *What appeared on earth, is really in heaven; for there are really all things.*

O pleasant and melodious world! the former was jarring, every part in opposition to another: all things were full of labour, groaning and travelling until this glorious birth was brought forth. It could not stand, being divided against itself; being full of intestine wars, and desolations, it could not but come to nought, and this fair fabric arise in its place. Behold, nothing now but peace and eternal friendship: nothing is out of order; every part agrees with the whole, for sounding forth an eternal hallelujah to the great Former. All contention and violence are banished out of the blessed world, into utter darkness: nothing but deep peace and serenity; all things seem to kiss and embrace one another; these eternal gales have no flux or change, though they are forever blowing. Sirs, is not this gentle breathing, passing delightsome, after so sore and hot a battle? All is perfumed with myrrh and frankincense! One blast might cause ten thousand worlds to live. What a life hast thou, O blessed self? who art filled with, and draweth in these full gales of the Spirit, that bloweth where it listeth throughout eternity. O these wells of salvation! infinitely transcending the pools of Baca's vale! one drop is more delightsome and satisfying, than the oceans of all earthly sweetness. What were the

broken cisterns, that fools were drinking of? they were inflaming, not quenching; more fantastical than real. O fools! were you not imagining you were swallowing down huge varieties of all manner of sweetness? But you awaked, and behold it was a dream. Are you not confounded, when your eyes are opened, to perceive so deep a delusion? Were you not imagining yourselves enjoying riches, and honors, and pleasures? But now the glorious day of eternity is broken up, and where are they? Here are realities: this land is filled with eternal springs of living waters of all sweetness and satisfaction.—Strange! ever drinking, and never cloyed or surcharged; the deeper, and more draughts, the greater delectation! O my conceptions on earth! O my enjoyments now! I did not in the least conceive them. O my eternally present enjoyments: and yet I have all I could conceive.—Whatever pleasure, satisfaction, and what can conduce to a life filled with all manner of excellencies, delights and sweetness, is here in the top and flower of all perfection. When I strained my conceptions to the highest pitch of mortality, and imagined glory, excellency and sweetness, augmented and perfected by myriads of myriads of stages, above all the glory I could perceive or imagine; still I have fallen wonderfully below this: and yet my conceptions, in part, represented this; for all things are here. Here is an eternal confluence of all manner of good things: who can imagine any thing, which might be here, and this is not? What want we, O inhabitants of this wealthy city? Is not this the centre whither all glory and sweetness run, like a flowing stream? And what wonder? This is the city royal of the eternal King. Here, here he manifesteth, immediately and in open view, his unsearchable riches, transcendent glory, infinite power, boundless goodness, and the infinite varieties of his unconceivable excellencies. Were they fools, who overlooked base earth, and laid out their whole strength, for acquiring a right to the glorious possession, and the unsearchable treasures of this ten thousand times blessed land of Emmanuel? Poor earth, with thy glistering, nothing enjoyments, whither art thou gone? O real, solid and substantial enjoyments, whither art thou gone? O real, solid and substantial enjoyments! all the glories, beauties and excellencies of time were mere shadow, and resemblances of what I behold. What, there, was in ap-

pearance, is here indeed; the real spring-tide is here: here are the true gardens and orchards of delights, here are the substantial roses, lilies and violets; here are the true pearls, rubies, and diamonds; all the former were but counterfeit, and in appearance such. I see the difference betwixt things here, and what were in time, is such, as is between the bare show, and the substance.—I thought, I saw crowns and sceptres, honours and renown; but they were vapours, glistering after their similitudes, which are now eternally evanished to nothing; and behold the real diadems, sceptres and honours! I thought I found some pleasure and delight; I thought, I beheld great varieties of all kinds; but the night is gone, and the day is broken up, that dispelleth glistering shows and vapours, in discovering the real and substantial things: all things are here in substance, which in time were in appearance. Here are the real dwellings, cities, orchards, hills of frankincense, mountains of spices. We were far mistaken, O inhabitants, to speak of any thing, as existent any where else than here; else all our speech and conceptions, within mortality's region, were merely figurative: for, to conceive of things properly, as they were on earth, there was neither sun, moon, nor stars; neither lilies, nor roses, nor beauties, nor excellencies; they are here, and only here for ever more. Were they wise, who placed their delights on shadows, and evanishing nothings? Were they fools, who overlooked all the vain fancies of time, and fixed their minds only upon this enduring substance? I have found the substance for the shadow: I, even I, am possessor of the world of eternal joy and satisfaction.

64. *A frowning tormenting time, the prelude of eternity.* All shame, and sorrow, and vexation, you are eternally gone, as if you had not been: sometimes you possessed us; but the fair and white side of providence is turned up for ever. I see it, it was the ordination of eternity, that the head and members should be every way conformed: all that are here, were of no beauty or desirableness sometime in the eyes of mortals; but were despised and rejected of men, persons of sorrow, acquainted with grief; being destitute and afflicted, and tormented: many moralists, and formalists, and lukewarm Christians went for saints, in the eyes of almost all: but one thing among a thousand, might have discovered what they were,

even that they underwent not the lot of him whom they professed to be following; the world smiled upon them, because they were of the world: other entertainment did they meet with, in their progress through the earth, than the Chief of ten thousand in the days of his flesh: though my Lord could have brought his chosen to this unspeakable glory, through the abundance of earthly ease, peace, glory, joy and delight; yet this hath been the way of his infinite wisdom. O ye angels, could you have found out such a noble draught? could you have invented such an admirable way of bringing poor, feeble, sinful mortals to glory? O sweet, sweet dispensation! base earth, that is now for ever evanished, was not my country, but the place of my exile; not my abode, but my pilgrimage; and therefore it was well it frowned upon me, and appeared like the thing that indeed it was, a vain, empty, glittering nothing My Lord hath been tender of his darlings, and could not suffer night-dreams and fancies to beguile them, which they might, they being in their childish and mortal codition, if they had appeared with a smiling pleasant countenance. O my God, the greatest snares that ever thou rainedst upon thine enemies, were when thou gave them the desires of their heart: earth they desired, and earth thou madest to look kindly upon them; and therefore they are ruined for evermore. I see the dispensation, that most crossed my own natural disposition, hath contributed most for my advantage: my Lord hath withheld no good thing from me: it was best I should have had a life of sorrow, torment, and vexation: it was well I was cut short of earthly enjoyments. My only desire was to finish my course for this unspeakable happiness, and that it should be swift and vigorous; and how excellently hast thou fulfilled the desire of my heart?

65. *Glory causeth a total change in all the powers, faculties and virtues.*

O my heart, thou art changed indeed! how tormenting a burden hast thou been unto me, in the days of my absence! even when I kept most observant and strictest wacth over thy frame, thou played me a slip, and bended oft from the orignal of all blessedness, unto vanity. How wast thou drawn hither and thither, by all dispensations? When I imagined I had got thee wrought up to a sublime heavenly frame, how soon didst thou become carnal and earthly again? When thou seemed all in a flame of di-

vine love and zeal, how didst thou become cold and indifferent, ere ever I was aware? When I rejoiced in finding thee in a lively, tender, gospel frame, how quickly didst thou become dead and senseless like a stone! When I could not but cry out, O my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed; I will sing; yea, I will for ever be altogether for praises: how soon wast thou unsettled, and tossed up and down with the winds of vanity! When I could say, I will trust in him, and not be afraid; I will not fear, though the earth be removed, though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea: the Lord *Jehovah* is my strength and my song, and he also is become my salvation: how soon didst thou become despondent and fearful, afraid of worms and nothings, and forgetting the Lord thy Maker, that stretched out these heavens! When thou wast in so sweet a frame, as I could not but wish. When shall I be in the Well-beloved's immediate embraces; I value not that small brook that lies betwixt me and him; though I walk in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for he is ever with me: yet how soon wast thou overclouded and darkened with doubtings and confusion; so that thou wouldst have given ten thousand worlds, if at thy disposing, for the fixed persuasion of a Christ and a blessedness? How wast thou sometimes in a strong, enlarged, and cheerful frame, running the ways of the Lord's commandments! thy cry was, what is the will of my Lord? All his commandments are easy, because his: anon thou wouldst neither lead, nor drive; his worship and service were a burden. O my heart, thou art now as I would! O all my faculties, you are altogether heavenly and divine; all, all is swallowed up in full immediate beholding: after him do ye go, with an uninterrupted eternal bensil: it is impossible for thee my soul, now in thy Lord's immediate embraces, to fall away from this divine frame; thou cannot but incessantly serve and glorify him, with unspeakable joy and alacrity, since thou eternally beholdest his ravishing countenance. Can doubting enter this noon-day vision of glory, when we have attained the height and perfection of evidence? who can fear, that is incircled within these everlasting arms? This city of refuge is situated above the reach of ten thousand worlds of wicked men and devils Who can dwell thus, with an infinite love, and not be all inflamed with unquenchable fires? The first

sight of thy goodly visage, my fair One, hath captivated all my faculties unto thee.

66. *Heaven the sweeter, the more dangers we have escaped.*

How have I been choked with the pestiferous contagion of a vile world? so that I had almost lost my life.—The hellish sights and sounds, that have entered my faculties, against my will, made hell and death familiar unto me: I found it one of the most difficult commandments of my Lord, to stop my ears from hearing of blood, and shut mine eyes from seeing of evil: even when I set a guard upon all my senses, my inbred wickedness betrayed the fort-royal, and insensibly received the sparks that fired up all. How could feeble, mortal I, but be confused and diverted, and deadened with the hurry, and noise, and vexation of an hellish world? How oft have I complained, 'fearfulness and trembling is come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me? O that I had wings like a dove! for then I could fly away, and be at rest: lo, then would I wander far off, and remain in the wilderness: I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest! Ah! my senses are filled with vanity and mischief, the beholding, and hearing of blood and evil, hath vitiated my faculties, and made folly and madness seem common and ordinary to my apprehensions; so that I cannot attain unto any suitable abhorrence of wickedness, when my love and desire after God is faint and weak; being high, or low, according to my abhorrence and hatred of evil.' It is wonderful, O my Lord, it is passing wonderful how I have landed in this choice happy place with my life! the human nature in its integrity, might have been corrupted and destroyed in such a noisome and pestilential air, as filled the lower world, while it was the proper habitation of devils, and their base slaves: but who can suffer hardship, whom thou once takest into thy tutorage? These whom thy Father hath given thee, hast thou safely preserved, and none could be able to pluck them out of thine hand.—The most entire and excellent nature, committed wholly to its own guidance, could not have been able to persevere, through the ten thousandth part of the difficulties and temptations, I have overpassed: but what cannot thy infinite excellency do? No security, but in being altogether thine, and nothing our own, which happy I, have experienced to my eternal sweetness, O now the danger

is past! O lively and delightsome air of Emmanuel's country! nothing dwells in this world of my Well-beloved's conquest, but righteousness! you offscourings of all things, I am not vexed with your abominable vileness any more: sometimes you vexed and tormented me, that the wonderful efficacy of my Well-beloved's graces might be the more evidently manifested; but you are evanished, unto smoke are you evanished away. O now my senses, you are only filled with the only rose and beauty of this everlasting, ravishing paradise! no sweetness, no fulness, no excellency, but that of the branch; yea, could the abominable smoke of ten thousand hells ascend this sweet region, it would not be perceived; but be lost, like a small drop of bitterness in a boundless ocean of sweetness.—And O! the delightful aspect of the Lamb's fair and white company, that follow him whithersoever he goes! what a golden life, in so ravishing a fellowship! nothing but the mutual emanations of surpassing sweetness! nothing but sublime hallelujahs to him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb, throughout eternity! O my blessed senses, you are no more filled with vanity and vexation! Now, devil, and his slaves, what can you do? your tempting, vexing world is evanished for ever: yea, though it were not, what are you to us? like base cowards, you assaulted us in our childish estate; but what are you all to one of us in our manly vigour? Were you all drawn up in battle array against me, whom once you thought unworthy of the least of your assaults, should I not with one lifting up of mine arm vanquish you for ever? Nothing in me can yield to hell; sin and mortality is swallowed up of life.

67. *The inhabitants shall not say, I am sick.*

All thy infirmities and sickness, O my soul, are quite eradicate; since I am in the arms of all life, joy and satisfaction. How have I been, in the days of mine infirmity, sick of love for my only Well-beloved? Strong love was like to die for want of full and personal enjoyment, even when I had the greatest manifestations on earth: and no wonder; the clearer discoveries of loveliness, the more ardent desire of the nearest and fullest enjoyment. O my ravishing Well-beloved, no sooner I saw thee afar off, by a borrowed vision, than I longed and desired for nothing more, than to have thee in my arms, and be eternally encircled in thy immediate embraces: no sooner did I embrace thee, as thou offered thyself, and

was espoused to thee, but I longed with exceeding longing for this blessed day of eternal marriage. Letters, love tokens, intercourses by ambassadors, and all manner of mediate fellowship, could not give full satisfaction; nothing but faintings, longings, and desires, until I have thee in my naked embraces. Apples and flagons of wine could scarce hold up my swooning heart, in thy absence; the most excellent enjoyment could do no more than hinder an eternal *deliquium*; only thyself could cheer up the fainting soul. O thyself, thy all excellent Self! what but thy noble Self is worthy of desire? None but thee, none beside thee! O flower of my desires, I am well, eternally well! my fair One, since I have thee in my arms, my tormenting love-sickness is quite abolished from my mind; the beholding of thee face to face, hath swallowed up all former things. I enjoy thee fully, and am I not at the furthermost of all my desires? Thou hast for ever, my dearest Lord, cut off all matter of complaint. Sirs, I need now be a supplicant to none of you, for the use of your moyen with my royal Well-beloved, that ye tell him my love-sickness, through his seeming unkindness. Can there be greater intimacy than now, betwixt my Lord and me for evermore? I have entered thy very heart, I lie betwixt thy breasts. Can sickness, or sorrow, or infirmity, dwell within the circle of thine arms? Were there any sickness, it should be through superabundance of overcoming loves; but the vessels are fitted for the superabundant oil of gladness and overflowing of joys. If this ambrosia and nectar of glory be strong and sprightly, the bottles are new, and of a durable structure. What can I say more of my happiness, than that I cannot conceive and express the full emanations of thy infinite love and sweetness?

68. *Grace an excellent prelude to glory, yet the difference betwixt them is inconceivable.*

Whatever sweetness and delight I enjoyed in time, is now augmented, myriads of myriads of stages. By my leaving of earth, I have lost no enjoyment, not only because of recompense and enjoyment of an higher nature; but also because all kinds of enjoyments are here in an eminent and divine manner. Thy land, O Emmanuel, is stored with all kinds of precious things, new and old, which thou hadst prepared for thy chosen, before all ages. All the joys and delights that I met with in time, were as

so many light essays and small preludes of these substantial and enduring pleasures; all have been slight foretastes of this superabounding harvest of eternity; what was then in drops, is now in oceans, for I am entered for ever into the fountain of all fulness and satisfaction; and what sweetness before I experienced blockishly and in part, I find now in the most evident, sublime and vigorous manner; even my most refined enjoyments of thy blessed self, were but low, childish motions, arising from shallow improper apprehensions, raised by the contraction of a multitude of borrowed ideas, extracted from lower objects; which indeed were passing glorious and sweet for the time, filling immortality almost above its measure, appearing childhood-glory fallen down on grace's country. But O the vast difference betwixt mortality and immortality? who can but smile at his former apprehensions? No wonder earthly stupid creatures apprehend this unspeakable glory in a stupid earthly manner. Every extraordinary may appear above what eye hath seen, the ear hath heard, or mind can imagine, unto the mind that hath known this more by faith than sight; more by certain report, than evident experience: for what can the mortal imagine higher, than by the sweet outletting of the glory and desire of men and angels, to be filled and overfilled with joy unspeakable, and full of glory? But a drop that would overfill a vessel of the narrowest size, would be as just nothing to one of the capacity of many worlds. Yet what delight and admiration, to look back and consider, how my Lord made bits of half dead clay, to be ravished with the highest objects, far above the reach of an earthly, mortal condition! but creatures of all conditions are enamoured, ravished, satiate, and overcome, when once thou beginnest, in the least, to discover thy matchless loveliness. What delights, to conceive bits of childish nothings enamoured with thee they never saw! and chanting forth their love-songs of praises in the midst of the saddest dispensations, which were able to torment, bear down, and crush low feeble mortality! O what joy to consider (with the same eye) my converse sometimes with thee in time, and now in eternity; and to parallel them together! how excellently doth the espousing agree with the marriage! how nobly doth walking with thee by faith, usher in the personal following of thee whithersoever thou goest! I find thy dealing to the saints in time, is a

mystery above the reach of nature in its highest pitch, as well as thy way with them in eternity. Little did, or would the world consider, what a golden happiness I had in the days of my pilgrimage, in thy fellowship: the choicest of their religion was a formal outside homage they mocked thee with; but a familiar converse with thee, was a thing they had no experience of: they worshipped thee as a dumb idol; for no mutual intercourse did they know, or desire: thou wast near in their mouth, but far from their reins. O the golden hours I have had, in thy ravishing fellowship, within the tents of sorrow, in absence! eternity cannot cancel the memory of thy passing kindness to me, in my low and despicable condition: I have most sensibly found thy strengthening, cheering presence, in all afflictions and difficulties; I found thee another manner of God, than the foolish world imagined thee to be, even a present help in times of trouble, and that gave ear to my prayers, and answered them speedily, both by the influences of thy Spirit on my heart, and thy dispensations. Though then I was a child, yet didst thou teach me to discern betwixt thy frownings, and thy smiles, the light of thy countenance lifted up, and the turning away of thy face: thou madest thyself familiar unto me; so that I approached unto thee, in all exigencies, as unto a near and intimate friend, of whose kindness and help I was persuaded, and trusted accordingly; I depended and trusted on thee, as a Father, casting all my cares upon thee; so that I was careful for nothing; I learned to know my duty, and the way of its performance, and committed the event of all to my Lord and Sovereign absolutely, without the least reservation; being persuaded that he would completely fulfil all things fully committed unto him, because he had promised; and would not make them ashamed who placed their confidence in him. And now I may testify before the whole creation, that thou hast been better to me, in my pilgrimage, than I could imagine, or desire; and that the lot thou carved out for me, in time, hath been best for me; I would not for ten thousand worlds it had been otherwise, as to the smallest dispensation; the most cross and ruin-like dispensations, as to sense, have been the sweetest; having had the noblest effects, and nearest manifestations of thy love and sweetness accompanying them. If any have proven any thing bitter and disadvantageous, it was be-

cause I brought them on my own head, by my sacrilegious boldness, in disposing of myself, and what concerned me, without his approbation, and consent: yet, even there he turned to my good; his power being so transcendently excellent, as to bring light out of darkness; and his love being so boundless to those whom he had chosen from eternity, that he would suffer no harm to befal them, but make all things to contribute to their good. O! can we but wonder at, and rejoice in the incomparable condescendency, wisdom, and excellency of our Lord, who hath contrived and effected our eternal happiness, after so stupendous a manner! Could we ruin ourselves, since it was his will to save? Could we in the least stand in the way of our happiness, since it was his sovereign eternal pleasure, to make us as happy as can be? O eternal astonishment! the more we have undone ourselves, the more he hath made us happy: the more we have degraded ourselves, the higher hath he exalted us: the more we have hated and provoked him, the more kind and intimate is he become to us: men and angels, could you have found out such a way to manifest the glory and excellency of free grace? Is it not here manifested in the highest manner?

69. *Praises to Jehovah for the accomplishment of his promises to his people, and of his threatenings against the wicked.*

Is it not an eternal question, men and angels, whether the excellency of our Well-beloved manifested, or lying hid, be more astonishing? But sure each of them is an everlasting ravishment, which would plunge never so many worlds in an ocean of never-ending astonishment: one ray of his divine excellency, now immediately beheld, doth implicitly discover, that more and more eternally may be seen; what then should be our immortal exercise, but to bend all our faculties to search, and look in, and admire, and flame, and extol the transcendent excellencies of him that sits upon the throne, and the Lamb, throughout all ages? Jehovah, altogether excellent lovely Jehovah is a depth we have forever lost ourselves in what are we, men and angels, that we should set him on high? what contribute we to the declaration of his infinite glory? though we should wear out, to a period, endless eternity with our incessant hallelujahs, could we, bits of nothing, conceive in the least this infinite One? Did he

not bow and humble himself infinitely below himself, that he may be apprehended, as he is, by our finite capacities, with his increated loveliness and sweetness? It is strange he should satiate nothings with all his fulness! this is a mystery, a wonder! nothing but wonders upon wonders! every precedent act is the admiration of the following, and so throughout eternity. What stretchings of capacities! what bending of all the faculties! O the beauty, the goodness, the sweetness, that dwells from eternity to eternity in him! O the full outlettings upon us! though he were not excellent to us; yet, are we not constrained to love, and adore, and extol him, who is an infinite mass of all excellency? Though he be infinitely above all the praises of all possible creatures; yet, can we but cry him up, to whom all glory is due? Are we not constrained, who see his face, to express, and again and agian throughout eternity, to express his infinite perfections? As creatures, we are bound to be all for him; but these stupendous obligations superadded, above all production and preservation, have elevated unto such a frame, that common ties are almost swallowed up and evanished. O his goodness, his goodness! how great is his goodness! and how great is his bounty! every ray, every outletting would ravish never so many creatures! "I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I will bless thy name forever and ever. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable. I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty, and I will declare thy greatness. Yea, all thy works shall praise thee, O Lord, and all thy saints bless thee. While I live, I will praise the Lord: I will sing praises to my God, while I have any being. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise him, all his hosts. Praise him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.—Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created. He hath also stablished them forever and ever. O sing unto the Lord a new song; praise him in the firmament of his power; praise him for his mighty acts; praise him, according to his excellent greatness: for in this day is the Branch of of the Lord beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the earth excellent and comely, for them that are escaped of Isreal, and that are left in Zion, and that remain in Jerusalem, are called holy. There hath come forth a rod out

of the stem of Jesse, and a branch hath grown out of his roots; and the Spirit of the Lord doth rest upon him, the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, of counsel, might, knowledge, and of the fear of the Lord: with righteousness doth he judge the poor, and reprove with equity, for the meek of the earth: and he smote the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips did he slay the wicked. And righteousness is the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf doth dwell with the lamb, and the leopard doth lie down with the kid; and the calf, the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child may lead them: for the earth is full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea O Lord, thou art my God, I will praise thee, for thou hast done wonderful things; thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth: for thou hast brought down all those that rose up against thee; and art for a crown of glory, and a diadem of beauthy to thy people. Judgment doth dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remains in the fruitful field; and the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quiteness and assurance forever. An high way is here, and it is called the way of holiness; no lion is here, no ravenous beasts goeth up thereupon; but the redeemed walk therein, and the ransomed of the Lord do return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they have attained joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing have fled away. We are the everlasting witnesses of thy glory and excellency. O dread Sovereign, and thy servant whom thou hast chosen: before thee there was no God formed, neither shall there be after thee: thou art the Lord, and beside thee there is no saviour: before the day thou art he; and there is none that can deliver out of thine hand: thou workest, and who shall let thee? We remember not the former things, neither consider the things of old: behold, thou dost a new thing, and it springeth forth, and we understand it: thou dost even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert. The beasts of the field honor thee: the dragons and the owls; because thou givest water in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to thy people, thy chosen. Us has thou formed for thyself, we shall show forth thy praise. Thy righteousness is near, thy salvation is gone forth and thine arm did judge the people; the islands did wait upon

thee, and upon thine arm did they trust. The heavens evanished like smoke; and the earth did wax old like a garment; and they that dwelt therein did die in like manner: but thy salvation is forever, and thy righteousness shall not be abolished: the mountains did depart, the hills were removed; but thy kindness hath not departed from us, neither shall the covenant of thy peace be removed from us. I will mention the loving kindness of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed upon us. Thou rent the heavens, and comest down, the mountains flowed down at thy presence; and thou trode down the people in thine anger, and made them drunk in thy fury; and didst bring down their strength to the earth. Though many of the earth heaped up silver as the dust, and raiment as the clay; yet the just put it on, and the innocent divided the silver: terrors have taken hold on them as waters; a tempest hath stolen them away in the night; for thou hast cast upon them, and not spared; they would fain flee out of thy hand.—We clap our hands at them, and have hissed them out of their place. But thou hast delivered us in six troubles; yea, in seven no evil hath touched us. In famine he hath redeemed us from death, and in war from the power of the sword; we have been hid from the scourge of tongues; neither were we afraid ofdestruction when it came: at destruction and famine we did laugh: we knew also that our seed should be great, and our offspring as the grass of the earth; and that our enemies should forever be made our footstools; for thou hast destroyed them forever, O God; and hast made them to fall by their own counsels· thou hast cast them out, in the multitude of their transgressions; for they rebelled against thee. They are brought down, and fallen; but we are risen, and stand upright; for thou hast saved the afflicted people, and hast brought down high looks. We will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted us up, and hast not made our foes to rejoice over us: thou hast brought up our souls from the grave; thou hast kept us alive, that we should not go down to the pit. Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness; for his anger endureth but for a moment; in his favour is life. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. We have delighted ourselves in the Lord; and he hath given us the desire of our hearts: we have committed our way

unto him, we have trusted in him; and he hath brought it to pass; and hath brought forth our righteousness as the light, and our judgment as the noon-day. We have not fretted ourselves, because of him that prospereth in his way; because of the man that bringeth wicked devices to pass; but we have waited patiently, and behold, the wicked are not; they are forever banished unto utter darkness: but we inherit the earth, and delight ourselves in abundance of peace. Many have been our afflictions, but the Lord hath delivered us out of them all: he hath kept all our bones, that one of them is not broken: but evil hath slain the wicked; and they that have hated us are desolate: we were not afraid, when one was made rich, when the glory of his house was increased; for when he died, he carried nothing away; his glory did not descend after him: the way of the wicked was their folly; like sheep they were laid in the grave; death did feed upon them; we have now dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty did consume in the grave from their dwelling. But God hath redeemed our soul from the power of the grave; for he hath received us. Selah.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things; his right hand, and holy arm hath gotten him the victory. The Lord is God, his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations. The right hand of the Lord is exalted, the right hand of the Lord doth valiantly. Praise ye the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion; for the Lord shall reign forever, even thy God, O Zion, to all generations. Hallelujah."

THE CONCLUSION.

1. *We ought to write of such things with a trembling hand.*

Ah! Well-beloved, I am beginning to be afraid, that I have darkened counsel by words without knowledge.—Ah! has this been the effect of my ravishing view of thy superexcellent glory to be revealed? to talk so poorly and childishly of such great and excellent things! a ready way to bring down the low thoughts, that the sons of men have of thee, much lower! a destruction to my design here, and the flower of my desire, which is only to rav-

ish the judgments and affections of the sons of men, concerning the excellencies of thy person, the greatness of thy kingdom and the glory of thine inheritance in the saints in light. My dearest One, let this never see the light, if it be apt to produce any other effect. Pardon, dear Lord, my childish boldness, and accept the will for the deed: thou knowest, it is my design, to set these on high; but ah my stupidity! ah my childish ignorance! I may say, in thy sight, I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man; I neither learned wisdom, nor have knowledged of the holy. When shall my childhood be gone? when shall I come to my manly estate? how long shall my faculties be stupid, marred, and out of order? If, even now, I am wondering at my childish expressions of such superexcellent things, what will my reflections be, when attained to the fulness of the stature of Christ? It quiets my mind somewhat, that I have expressed more, and ascended higher, than the conceptions of most; and that all expressions, and discourses of sublunary excellencies shall blush and think shame to appear here: and though whatever I shall be able to say, be unworthy of the meanest of thy saints; yet may it be an occasion to some of them, of stirring themselves up to a more heavenly frame of spirit, and more serious and profound apprehensions of the things that are invisible.

2. *The essence of a saint consists much in heavenly-mindedness.*

Heirs of glory, what think you of your goodly inheritance? the delightsome countries, the pleasant habitations, the unspeakable joys, the everlasting pleasures, the inconceivable felicity, that lie a little before you, and to which you are posting? Are you not amazed with the consideration of your wonderful prerogatives? Is it possible you can bear the forethoughts of what you are coming to? Shall you ever be able to pluck your minds down from such ravishing things? Have not all sublunary excellencies disappeared in your sight? What are the stars, when the sun doth appear? I think I hear every one of you say, "I have done forever with the painted clay images; for I have seen and found the only real and substantial things. O joy unspeakable, and full of glory! you delights, you sorrows of time, you are much overlooked by me, while I lie thus, within the view of eternal ravishments. One moment's immediate converse

with Jehovah, and the Lamb, shall eradicate all the impressions of sorrow and grief, that I can possiby undergo. Shall I not see him as he is? Am I not to see him face to face? These arms, even these very arms shall embrace the chief of ten thousand: I shall be forever satiate with his infinite sweetness; even drunk and overfilled with his overcoming loves. O the frame of my spirit! I can say nothing: expressions fail me, for representing the high thoughts of my heart! Where am I now? am I not almost in heaven already? Heart, and love, and all have fled thither; nothing remains here, but this vile clay tabernacle; and ere it be long, it shall be there also. Verily I am come to mount Zion, to the city of the living God; my converse is no more here."

3. *Earthly minded creatures might be convinced of the reality and desirableness of heavenly things, by due and deep consideration.*

Silly worldlings, what think you of our world? speak, men, I appeal unto your own stupid selves, which of us are wisest, wealthiest, merriest, most renowned and excellent? Are you not beginning to consider your desperate folly and madness? Are you not admiring the foolishness of your bypast vanity, in spending your strength for transient evanishing shadows? Are you not almost beginning to fall in love with our blessed country? Yea, are you not content to renounce the love of your dung-hill for it? Are you not come to such a blessed change, in your thoughts? Come hither, the bargain is done, heaven is yours, for it is, Love, and have it. What mean you, Sirs? Why should any of you thus stand wavering? Must you not have heaven? If you loose it, what can you purchase? Is their any impediment? Be willing, and welcome. Dare any of you doubt of the reality of the only real things? what! because they fall not under the brutish senses? Then you may doubt whether you conceive, or not. Are ye such brutes, as to think, their is no uptaking but sensual, when the mental are myriads of stages more evident and real? Sirs, can there be any so mad, as to deny all the countries he never saw with his eyes, when attested by multitudes of eye-witnesses, of divers sorts and ages? And have not numbers, of all ranks and conditions, of the most excellent in all ages, attested their most excellent discoveries of this happy world? One of whose attestations is a more worthy,

than the testimony of ten thousand of ordinary men.—O Sirs, want of consideration causeth you look upon the only substantial things, as uncertain fancies. But consider eternity seriously, and you shall find yourselves moved in another manner, than those who are led away with enthusiasms. Sirs, enter into your own hearts, inquire at your consciences, and you shall find heaven and hell written upon them. Speak never so much, worldling, against our happy world, thou but manifests thy desires, not thy real and serious thoughts; thou fights against thy conscience: the way of thy blaspheming bewrays thee.

4. *Transient thoughts of glory signify nothing.*

Ah! Sirs, I fear many of you have taken but a view of our Well-beloved's country, on the by, and no more; will ye not bend hither all your faculties, and consider profoundly again and what you have seen, until an enduring impression be left upon your spirits? What! shall your thoughts be so superficial and transient, as you shall undergo no transformation in the spirit of your minds, but still remain earthly? What, still earthly? and presently back to earth again? are you like earthly exhalations, which by bensil of a slight fiery impression though seen while aloft, yet still retaining the drossy nature, they fall down again? Shall glory be so soon forgotten, as if it were like a nine days wonder? How are you affected? Are you not in some heavenly frame? And will you suffer it to evanish by negligence, vain conceits, worldly thoughts and words, and fleshly lusts? Shall dunghill-earth eclipse the ravishing view you have gotten? Will you become as low and creeping in your conceptions, as you have been? May such a sad sentence be said of you, The glory you have seen to-day, you shall behold no more! Will you prove like Balaam, who fell to his accustomed baseness, after the elevated sight of Isreal's comely tents? Shall you be ranked with the fallen angels, who from the highest places of the world to the lowest? Keep your situation if you be wise; fallen stars are most abominable: the higher pitch, the lower fall: better you had never known such excellent things, than to slight and forget them, and be as base and eathly, as if the sound of such astonishing things had never come to your ears.

3. *An invention to exchange earthly for heavenly things.*

Launch out further and further into the depths of infinite excellencies. Ah! what can we speak of such massy, sublime things? though we should write as many volumes as would fill the whole creation, earth's shallow dialect is insignificant in such substantial things; words here are but silent shadows, of no efficacy: come, and see, and taste, would tell the matter. Sirs, have you any thing to say? Is it not the business past all debate?—Need we say any more? Can you be so mad, as to be indifferent and inconsiderate in such a weighty concernment? Sirs, How long shall you halt betwixt two opinions? Stand no more a-back: O come, come, come away, and be everlastingly blessed! Are you not out of conceit with time's worm-eaten glory? Are you not lamenting your former vanity and madness? Are you not wearied in the things that cannot profit? Are you considering things, never entered within your conception before? What lets you then, that you become not heavenly and divine Are you not altogether in love with our Well-beloved, the author of all? Are you not closing with him, on his own terms, as he hath offered himself in his testament? Are you not heartily embracing, and striving to grow more and more conformed to his lovely image, until you shall grow up unto the perfect stature of his fulness? O then! welcome, a thousand times welcome unto this glorious world of Emmanuel's conquest: you are come unto the joyful and lightsome side of the creation. I dare pawn my salvation, you shall never repent of so sweet a translation: your light shall more and more break forth, unto the perfect day: your progress, through all the difficulties of time, even death itself shall be cheerful and sweet.

6. *The hope of glory swallows up all imaginable sorrow.*

Be of good courage, ye saints to the Most High, you princes of the world; all are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's It is all one whether dung-hill worms contemn, or esteem you: is below you to fear such feeble beast. Overlook the scenical graduations of time; it is below princes, born to so great things, to take notice of such trifles: stand to your royal prerogatives; fall not down from your ennobling exercise; Set the Lord always be-

fore you, and you shall never be moved; let the world reel to and fro; let the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea; let thousands, and ten thousands fall on every hand; yet can you undergo no harm. Death, in any garb, is gain unto the person who is in heaven already.

7. *Earth-worms, who will be such, have nothing to do with heaven.*

You who will still be grovelling upon base earth, who though ye should read and hear never so oft, of the only excellent things, will back to the dung hill again, and will vex and torment yourselves with the cares and vanities of a transitory life, who will endeavour and desire to be laden with thick clay; we have only this to say unto you, he that is filthy, let him be filthy still. You have made a brave choice, poor fools, your paradise is base, empty, hungry, and transient, well befitting such noble and high spirits as you: in whatever account you seem to be, in the eyes of a base world, you are vile despicable worms: crawl, and set up your crest, on your stately dung hill; but know if ye can understand, that these vile bodies and souls of yours shall never ascend higher; under our feet shall we eternally trample you; your kingdom being the office-house of our palace-royal. Fill yourselves with dust, as the serpents; let your day-thoughts, and night-thoughts run out upon dung hill concernments; and add house to house, and land to land: heap up treasures for many days; and when you encounter death, or a day of sad affliction, cast up your great and precious gains: have you accounted yourselves unworthy of such unspeakable blessedness? you shall never taste it, but be everlastingly shut up in that horrid, abominable lake, a suitable dwelling place for such vile wretches: this dark smoky region you only affect, and to utter darkness you shall be driven, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

8. *Christ alone to be exalted and esteemed, who is the purchaser of this noble inheritance*

Let glory and renown remain for ever upon the head of the author and purchaser of so great a salvation! Can angels ever enough admire him? Can the saints ever enough praise him? where shall we get a throne to set this majestic One upon? All our glory and excellency is too base and low a footstool for his feet: thousands of thousands of excellent worlds, erected above one another, were too base and low a foundation for him to trample

upon. Men or angels, what have you, or can you say of him? Were your hallelujahs tuned up never so many stages higher, yet still they should fall infinitely below his matchless worth: what can we do, in extolling such a lofty One? for ever is he infinitely exalted above all our praises: yet praise him we shall, eternally shall we praise him: all our strength, soul, and might must be fully set forth to his glory: though all we can do be just nothing. Who is worthy of glory, except our Well-beloved? whom should we love, but him? whom should we praise, but him? whom should we admire, but him? Who but he! none but him. O! let all our powers and faculties be eternally filled with him. Ah! it is black shame the sons of men should think and speak, and write so much of empty nothings; and so little of this only excellent One! When shall our Well-beloved be great among all nations? Ah! he is nothing, or little known among the sons of men; little do they discourse of him; and what they discourse is cold and common. Alas! men talk of him, as if he were a common beloved! men esteem Jesus some ordinary one! they hear of one Jesus, that was slain at Jerusalem, and they are as little affected, as if they read or heard of some common history; the news of his excellent kingdom have small impression upon them; they think they hear of new worlds, never seen, or travelled to by any. Christ is an unknown person to the most; the sound of his name hath filled the ears of all, the letters of his name are well known, and no more: but who have been ravished with his good ointments? Who hath been filled with the odoriferous emanations of his Lebanon garments? Who has tasted of his soul-overcoming sweetness? Who had him as a bundle of myrrh all night betwixt their breasts? Who have found him, and held him, and would not let him go? Who have been led into his chambers of presence? Who cannot live (though in never so great abundance of earthly things) without a familiar and intimate fellowship with him?

9. *Religion is another thing than stupid worldlings imagine; close walking with God, is an hid mystery unto them.*

Poor worldlings, the best of you are but formalists, occupied about the outside and shell of religion: through custom, and a natural conscience, you go through all the bulk of the exercise of godliness; you hear, you pray,

you read, you confer, you meditate; you perform duties betwixt man and man, through custom and formality, through shame of others, through vain glory, through the gnawings of a natural conscience, which you must somewhat quiet one way or another. But know you what it is to do all things to the glory of our Well-beloved? to be afraid, that in the best of your performances, you offend him, and stir him up before he please? Know you what it is, to look more to the manner of your duties, than the bulk of them? to the principle from whence they flow, than any thing else? to the intention and frame of your heart in duty? Know you what it is, to watch over your heart, to have a stricter eye over your thoughts and intentions? to be most troubled with, and in guarding against these secret sins of the thoughts and intentions, which no creature can see but yourselves? Know you what it is, to keep up a near and intimate communion with Jesus? to have a mutual intercourse with him? Know you what it is, to wrestle with him, and to lay hold upon him, and to constrain him in a manner to bless you? Know you what it is, to account all things dross and dung unto the knowledge of the excellency of Jesus, the only Well-beloved? Are you indifferent to all things but Christ? Is the world, in all its glory, pleasure, and profit, a dead and crucified thing in your eyes? Is the cry of your heart, Christ, Christ, and only Christ; give you him, and you desire no more? O Sirs! have you seen him? have you heard him? have you found him? Know you his smiles, the lifting up of his countenance, his love-embraces? Ah! worldlings, I am speaking of strange things, unexperienced by you!

10. *The saints only know the life and mysteries of godliness, and strangers intermeddle not with their heavenly delights, and divine joy.*

You saints of the Most High, you are witnesses of the truth of all we have spoken: have we not spoken poorly and childishly of so great things? It is nothing we have said, to that which even you experience in the land of absence. O then! sincere one, hath not thy Well-beloved written more of this his transcendent beauty, sweetness, and excellency upon thy heart, than all the learned of the world can put down in black and white? What can be written or spoken of such great things? Come, see, and taste, and feel, will manifest the business best. It was not our intention, O ye excellent ones of the earth, to write to

you of things which are in other manner of characters imprinted on your faculties; but only to put you in mind, lest you suffer such noble impressions to decay, in the midst of worldly affairs, temptations, and difficulties: that you may perceive the vast difference between all expression, and feeling; that you may be stirred up to acquire the noble gift of utterance; that you may manifest to the ignorant the excellency and loveliness of your Well-beloved, and what he hath done to your soul. We have written to you, babes, who are young students in christianity; even to you, O daughters of Jerusalem, who are inquiring after our matchless Bridegroom, having only heard the ravishing sound of his name, but never have seen his amiable countenance, nor entered his pleasant beds of spices. O might we be eternally honoured, in leading you in by the hand unto him! draw near, O draw near! and ye shall see more, ten thousand times more, than ever you heard tell of; you shall begin to laugh at your putrid and childish talking of such wonderful things.

11. *The woful state of worldlings, excellency of holiness, and necessity of conversion, with marks thereof*

We have written unto you, worldlings, what we have seen and found, that you may know that there are excellent things indeed, which never fall under your brutish senses; and to let you know, that godliness is another manner of thing than ever entered within your conceptions, that you may inquire after the reality of such excellent things, and strive to get a sight of him who is invisible; that in seeing, you may love him; and in loving, may be blessed for evermore. Poor worldlings, we cannot but pity you, who cannot but pity yourselves: you see not your own base and low condition: for if you could, your condition were changed. Were it possible to demonstrate your vileness and misery? Are you affected with nothing so much as what falls under your senses? What pre-eminence have you above the brutes of the field? the joys and desires, and intentions of both are confined within an inch of time: both are earthly, both are temporal, both decay in a moment, and come to nought.—I appeal to yourselves, base worldlings, if they may be termed high spirited, whose thoughts and projects are only upon earth, the fashion of which passeth away; as you cannot but perceive with your very bodily senses. Ah! Sirs, is it not even sad? Earth is the centre of all your

love and desires: earthly glory, earthly riches, earthly delight affects you most; let you have abundance of earth, and that eternally, and eternally you can live without the enjoyment of *Jehovah* and the Lamb; the kingdom above these visible heavens appears strange Utopian-like inventions, which, though ye give an historical faith to, yet you are affected little or nothing with the news of such astonishing things; and labour, and endeavour, and project more for these perishing things: which shows you are base earth-worms, who have chosen this dunghill for your country; despised and undervalued the enduring substance; and have not stirred up yourselves, to the deep persuasion of the truth and reality of such wonderful things; but, embrace earth, and confess yourselves its natives and homeborn slaves. May you not at last see your own baseness and slavery? Are you not ashamed of your former vileness? Are you not beginning to perceive, that the saints are the only excellent and noble persons? Are you not looking upon it, as the greatest misery and baseness, to be earthly in your mind and affections? Are you not accounting it the only dignity and accomplishment, to be humble and divine? Again we beseech you to be ingenuous, and not to lull yourself asleep in security's lap, with a number of careless well be's, and may be's. What, Sirs? Confess you the reality of these wonderful things to come? Confess you, that heaven and hell is the eternal lot of all mankind? Which of them are you making for? You know, according to your preparations here, so are you hereafter to be; as you sow, shall you not reap? If you sow to the flesh, shall you not reap corruption? And if you sow to the Spirit, shall you not reap eternal life? Whether will you travel the way to the one, or to the other? Choose you: God sets life and death before you: beguile not yourselves; God will not be mocked. Will you remain earthly, and yet think to enter the pure heavenly city? Is there a foot breadth for earth-worms there? If earthly minded creatures, remaining earthly, may expect to enter the fair and clean Jerusalem, then shall heaven be filled with all sorts of cattle, and hell shall be for ever empty; which is indeed the opinion of stupid worldlings, whose extensive charity reaches all men that ever were, or shall be; who are of so sweet and mild a disposition, as that they dare not, cannot judge any, and are not ashamed to say, of the basest

dunghill worldling, It may be he has somewhat good. But, believe it, earthly-mindedness is a palpable gross vileness, to all who have their senses in the least exercised. Enter your own hearts, poor wretches, and behold your own practice, and the practice of the generality of all those who are about you; and you shall perceive yourselves smell strongly of earth. Do not all your aims and projects tend earthward? Are not your last thoughts in the evening, your first thoughts in the morning, the most of your thoughts all the day long, running upon lower concernments? Earth, only earth fills your base minds: few, transient and brutish are your conceptions of things above: eternity you make your by-aim, and earth your chief design. Do you not esteem earthly glory and riches most? Are not those, who are most ladened with the thick clay of the earth, greatest in your eyes?. Had you not rather have the wealthiest, the men of most account and power in time to be allied to you, than the afflicted people? Can you not converse familiarly with dunghill worldlings, without any trouble or antipathy? Yea, have ye not the cursed heart, to become one flesh with a black lump of death and heli, if so be they be laden with the earth's worm-eaten trash, or please your carnal inclination and foolish fancy? Are you not more taken up with your own private, petty affairs, than with the great concernments of Christ and his church?

Have you not more delight in earthly enjoyments, than in the exercise of godliness? Are you not more sensible of your temporal losses, than of your spiritual? Do not your joys ebb and flow, according to the ebbings and flowings of worldly things? Are you not ignorant of rejoicing in tribulation, because of the smiles of Jehovah's amiable countenance? and of sorrowing, in the midst of earthly abundance, because the Well-beloved hath frowned, withdrawn himself, and is gone? Worldlings, is it not even thus with you? Let your conscience speak, men and women; O! hear them, that God may hear you. I say, is it not most evident to yourselves, that thus it is with you? And are you for glory? Are you for the clean and holy city? Are you not for dwelling with everlasting burning? Are you for walking with the Lamb, clothed with the white and beautiful garments of holiness? Are you for standing among the fair delightsome assembly of saints and angels, who eternally surround the throne of

Jehovah and the Lamb? Are you? Ye base worldling, as long as ye are what you are, you have nothing to do with glory: stand back, touch not the mount; beasts are not to meddle with so great things: heaven is only for holy ones; for without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Believe it, sirs, you are ten thousand miles from holiness; holiness is a strange, unknown thing in the world; the most refined moralists, civillians, carnal gospellers, and brave formalists have scarce heard the sound thereof: There is a path that no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; and the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. But, where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living: the depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not in me. It cannot be gotten for gold; neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof: no mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

Believe it holiness, or wisdom, is a rare thing: a saint is a wonder. God hath placed them among the numerous multitude of mankind, like so many signs and wonders: so many saints in the world, so many miracles of nature: a saint, in the calender of the generality of professors, is an ordinary person; but in Christ's, most extraordinary. There are fewer real Christians, than the most precise, and strictest in there censures, can imagine. If the nature of holiness were well known, we should wonder, that there is among all mortals, one holy one; for in very truth, a saint is nothing else but a piece of heaven, a new creature, transformed from the image of hell, into that of glory; one whose conversation is only above, who is come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God: a saint hath not the stamp and fashion of this world; his heart and love are quite gone from him to another place; his words, his actions, his deportment manifests he seeks a country above, and that he despiseth and overlooks all things here, as things inconsiderable, dead and crucified in his eyes: his joys, his pleasures, his contentments, his treasures, lie not here: his torments, his griefs, his misery, lies not in temporal things; his mind is elevated far above the laughings or frownings of a transitory world: its ups and downs, its ebbings and flowings connot affect him: his sublime mind is set upon higher objects; for he

looks not to things that are seen, but to the things that are not seen: for the things that are seen, are temporal; but the things that are not seen, are eternal. Heaven is his soil, his element, the centre of his love and desires: he longs, he prays, he greatly desires, he weeps to be there. The desire of the full and naked embracements of the Chiefest of ten thousand overtops and swallows up his desire and love to all other things. What though he hath fair, pleasant possessions of earth, many dear friends, and companions? What though he have an excellent wife, and hopeful children? All these are but dross and dung unto the very knowledge of the excellency of Jesus his Lord: they are good and pleasant, but nothing to the only Well-beloved. He can leave them all gladly, to be with him. O my consort, my children, my friends, my possessions, my hopes hereaway, my life, I could not but with exceeding great grief, be thus separate from you, were I not going to one who is sweeter, dearer, and more lovely to me, above all expression, than you all: the loss of all things is no loss, if I go to the full enjoyment of him whom my soul loveth. Whom have I in heaven, or in earth, but him? Whom do I love and desire but him? no enjoyments whatsoever can quench my longing to be with him: he is my all, and only One. Farewell, all lower enjoyments, the love of my fairest Well-beloved swallows up all other loves. Be closed, my blessed senses, from receiving any more sublunary objects, that ye may be everlastingly filled with his transcendent loveliness, sweetness, and excellency. And no wonder the saint cannot want Christ, since he is transformed into his lovely image, a partaker of his divine nature; one who is endued with the same mind that was in him; one who hath Christ dwelling in him; one who hath the kingdom of heaven within him: so that it is natural unto him to tend Godward and heaven-ward; even as it is natural for the worldling to tend earth-ward and hell-ward. Every thing hath a propensity and love to its own centre and like, and bends off from its opposite: the fire ascends towards the centre and great globe of fire; every bit of earth disjoined, tends back to the whole again. Though there were neither reward nor punishment; yet a holy one must love, serve, obey, praise, and adore his God; for heaven must operate like heaven, even necessarily, though freely, sweetly, and without compulsion. Again, worldlings

must tend earth-ward, though they should find never so much vexation, torment and grief into it; though he should be never so often threatened and persuaded of all the miseries that follow an eathly, sensual, and brutish way of living; since he is all sense, earth, and corruption, altogether destitute of the divine nature. In a word, a worldling is a vissible incarnate devil; a saint, a vissible incarnate angel; only hell, on this side of time, is not fully accomplished in the one; nor heaven fully perfected in the other. The holy one smells strongly of glory; and the nearer he approacheth to his journey's end, the more resplendant a lustre hath he of heaven: the path of the just being as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. O tincture of heaven! their actions have still a greater smell of glory; but all is nothing to the glory and excellency of their invisible and inward operation: little or nothing appears without, in comparison of that which is within. O the noble and seraphic thoughts! O the strange motions of love, and joy, and admiration, above all possible expression! O the ravishing perfumes of passing joys and sweetness, wherewith the Beloved fills the heart! it is impossible for the saint to put down in black and white, what he feels on his soul: all the tongues of men and angels cannot manifest his sweet and noble thoughts of his only Well-beloved. He would gladly express them to all that are about him, but he finds it impossible. He is sometimes contending with his narrow fancy, that it cannot find out a more sublime, clear, and excellent way of expressing the matchless worth of his Well-beloved: other whiles, he is angry at the cold, shallow, and putrid manner of others discoursing: he would have all men speak nobly, write nobly, do nobly, for Jesus. Nothing vexeth him more than to perceive the generality of men forget him; or, when they speak of him, to talk so coldly and creepingly, as if he were a common, ordinary beloved. He would have his lovely One filling the hearts and mouths of all: he hates the fellowship where he is not highly esteemed, loved, praised, and adored: he greatly honors, and loves that, (though otherwise nerver so low and despicable), where he is praised, worshipped, and much accounted of. It is his continual torment and affliction, he hath so low and unbeseeming thoughts of him: he is in great rage at his heart, that it should, at any time,

go astray from such an excellent object, after vanity: he lays bands on, watcheth over, and commands his heart, that it have noble and excellent thoughts of him, and entertain no other beloveds beside him: he desires nothing more than to have his heart wholly set upon him, and forever ravished and overcome with his love. And no wonder, since Christ and he are one; one in nature, mind, affections, spirit, and all things: as the Lord Jesus is, so is he, in a great part. Every one of the saints resembles the children of the King of kings: among all the sons of Adam, there are none their like; for they are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people; that they should show forth the praises of him who hath called them out of darkness unto his marvellous light. The generality of mankind hath, ever from the very beginning, looked upon them as strange manner of persons, and nick-named them with various and strange sorts of names, according to the iniquities of the times and places they lived in; because of their rareness in number, singularity in their way of living and practice, preciseness in their principles, and opposing the sins of the times their lot is cast into.

Ah! poor worldlings, do ye not see, that a saint is another manner of person than you imagined? Do you not perceive, that you are as far below real holiness, as earth is below heaven? Is it not manifest to yourselves, that you are not the creatures, whose minds and affections are heavenly and divine? that you are not of a more noble and excellent spirit than your neighbours? True, your own desperate, deceitful heart will cause you imagine yourselves rare pieces of excellency; yet it will give you no demonstration, but only because I, as such, appear great; and so confound every thing, as you may evade us, one way or another. So desperate are worldlings, that they cannot abide to examine their conditions; and when others hold out the light, that they may discover them, they wink, lest they behold their own misery and vileness But, worldlings may you not see your nakedness, if you will but ask seriously at yourselves, a few ordinary questions, and solve them faithfully, according to the answer of your own conscience?

1. Have you ever felt the pangs of the new birth? Are you strangers to this? Know you not, Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven? This is strange! a saint a regenerate creature, a

man born over again; an yet without pain, or labour: such a great mutation, without great symtoms and concomitants, cannot be Ah! most men's religion hath come to them in a night-dream.

2. Were you ever at, What shall I do to be saved? Here, blessed Jesus, I subscribe a blank, put in any thing thou wilt; and, in thy strength, I will gladly endeavour the performance of all; only save me; O save me, else I eternally perish. It is strange, you have not come this length that many reprobates have come, and yet imagine yourselves saints.

3. Hath the great salvation appeared so great in your eyes, filled so your minds, that it hath overtopped and swallowed up the thoughts of all other concernments? Are you not come thus far, that some reprobates have, for a time, attained unto? And can you imagine yourselves partakers of the great salvation? Ah, mad delusion!

4. Were you ever sick of sin? Have you been more burdened under your iniquities, than ever you were under any earthly affliction? Do you not find the grievous weight of a body of death? Yea, go you not lightly under you iniquities? Only some of the grossest of them torment your natural conscience; as for original sin, you know it more by speculation, than by feelings this doth show you are dead in sins and trespasses, alienated from the life of God. Can you then imagine yourself such a noble creature as a saint?

5. Were you ever sick of love for Jesus? Were you ever running after him, with the tear in your eye, with your hands upon your aking sores? Were you ever weeping, and groaning, and sighing at his feet, for mercy, and pardon, and reconciliation, and the lifting up of his amiable countenance? Were you ever wrestling with sin, as for your life, and saying, Blessed Jesus, I must have thee; thee to be my Lord, my head, my advocate, my king, my priest, my prophet, my only beloved, or I cannot live! Ah! Sirs, you, who know not experimentally what I am saying, have your religion to seek yet.

6 Were you ever crying, as it were, O daughters of Jerusalem, I charge you, if you see my beloved, that you tell him, that I am sick of love? Have you been fainting because of an absent and withdrawing Lord? Have you had a wearisome night without sleep for Christ, be-

cause you could not find him? Know you not, by experience, what I am saying? O then! you are strangers to Christ.

7. Are not your thoughts of Christ so high, that you cannot, in the thousand part, express them to others? Are not all things dross and dung to you, in comparison of Christ? If you can express all your thoughts of him, you want the mind of a saint.

8. Though an eternal enjoyment of all possible created paradises of joy and delight, filled with all smells, all tastes, all sights, all melodies, all delights the heart of man can imagine, were placed on the one hand; and the eternal enjoying, praising, and adoring Jehovah and the Lamb, on the other; which of these two lives would your heart most affect, and run after? It may be you will say, I had rather enjoy Christ than all things How then comes it to pass, you long not to be with him? How comes it to pass, you have more delight in earthly enjoyments, than in the exercise of godliness? Why is meditating on him, the excellency of his person, and the glory of his kingdom, so melancholious and seldom an exercise? Why are you not making it your study and delight, to keep up a near and intimate fellowship with the Father and the Son? Ah! poor things, you are altogether ignorant of yourselves; and thefore you talk, and you know not what.

9. Find you in your soul a strong and ardent longing and desire after God, and still to have more and more of him, till you be filled with all his fulness? Have you a greater thirst after him, than ever you had after cold water in an unquencable thirst, through a burning fever, or great heat, labour, and weariness? Surely, if you be partakers of his nature, you cannot but bend to him with a strong bensil. Are you desires after him cold and indifferent, and broken cisterns can quench your thirst? Be assured, you are dead, and have not your senses exercised.

10. Can you dscern betwixt the exercises of godliness, and God in the exercise? Are you sometimes seeking him and cannot find him? Are you not calling unto him, and he gives no answer? Are you ignorant of a mutual converse with him? Find you not him speaking into your heart, as really as you spake up to him? Know ye not what it is to receive an answer of prayer? Ah! ye are strangers to the mystery of godliness.

11. Find you more delight in his fellowship, when you are alone, than ever you found in all your earthly enjoyments? Have you not been brought into his chambers of love, and rejoiced and been glad in him? Have you not found his love better than wine, and the savour of his good ointments most cheering and refreshing? Nay, found you not, in some measure, to your own sweet experience, all the intercourse written down in the Song of songs? What say you? Are you strangers to these things, and yet an espoused soul to Christ? that cannot be.

12. Have you not a respect to all his commandments, since you have resigned yourself wholly over to him, without reservation? Dare you contradict a known precept, and can sacrilegiously cut and carve upon his latter-will, and put your own carnal glosses upon his clear commands, for your own worldly and carnal ends? And yet saints! and yet lovers of Jesus! that is impossible.

13. Doth your goodness reach the saints, the excellent of the earth, in whom is all your delight? Is there any in your eyes, by a thousand stages, so great as a saint? Is not a creature the more lovely, excellent, and esteemed in your eyes, the more wise he is, the more he is like all lovely Jesus? As for the several fancies of riches and honor, you value them not, these are not the things that heighten and depress persons in your accout. But, on the contrary, are you the people that esteem persons according to gay-clothing, multitude of trash, much of earthly honor, power, authority, and renown? Affect you more to have a really honorable consort, children, kinsmen, and friends, than to have them wise and holy? Art thou such a creature, that thou lovest the converse of the wealthy and prosperous; and can take a worldling, known to be such, to be the inseperable companion of thy life, because of worldly advatages; and can converse familiarly and merily with worldlings, without any antipathy, or hurt to the frame of thine heart? Art thou such an one, and yet a saint? ah! poor thing, thou art a stranger to holiness. It may be thou art a formalist; that is, a person illuminated, who hath a custom of reading, and conferring, and meditating, and praying; and it may be, weeping, and hearing the best, it may me with jeopardy; but the life and marrow of religion thou art altogether ignorant of.

14. Do not the affairs of Christ's church through the

world, and especially through the particular church he doth most own, lie nearer your heart than all other things? May you not say, If I forget thee, O Zion, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I prefer not Jerusalem to my chiefest joy? Are not your own affairs oft-times forgotten by you, so much are you taken up with the affairs of Christ? That Christ may be great, his interest glorious, and his people exalted, is the flower and top of your desires. You are exceeding angry against, not only his open persecuting enemies, but all who are indifferent or lukewarm in his matters; thou canst abide none but the zealous ones: art thou not, as it were, burnt up with zeal for the glory of the only excellent One? so that thou art crying out, Let the sinners be consumed from the earth; let the wicked be no more, let all his enemies perish; but let those that love him be like the sun going forth in his strength. But, on the contrary, do thine own affairs share largest of thy thoughts? thou art oft-times so occupied with them, that the affairs of Zion are almost forgotten: it may be, thou wishes well unto her, and had rather she did swim than sink; yea, would undergo a considerable loss, upon condition she might be exalted: but, wouldst thou have the affairs of Christ great, merely out of desire to his glory and exaltation? Dost thou desire the rising of his interests, though it were upon thy fall and ruin? Are thy great affairs, even what concerneth life, and the greatest affairs of thine own, small, and of no consideration in thine eyes, in comparison of the smallest things of Christ? Yea, art thou not one, who can overlook, and cede many things to the enemy? Not an hoof, is too great preciseness to thee. And is not thy hatred and indignation at his enemies, weak and indiscernible? Thou canst hear his work and people spoken evil of unconcernedly, and be little or nothing moved: thou art a very meek and moderate man in his cause; and art thou one of his? Hath he the flower of thy love? Is that love burning in thine heart, which many waters cannot quench? Art thou a genuine son of Zion? Never think it; poor deluded creature, thou hast religion yet to seek.

15. Do all earthly things appear dead and crucified like unto thee? Dost thou look upon this earth as a melancholic wilderness, and hast thine heart and eyes still upon thy country? Yea, dost thou look with a disdainful eye upon this base world, so full of wickedness, vexation,

and vanity, wherein thy Lord, and all his followers, have got so bad entertainment? But, on the contrary, dost thou look upon thine enjoyments, in a lovely and warmly manner, and hath sweeter, and more pleasant thoughts of them, than of the life to come? When the world smiles upon thee, dost thou smile upon it again; and canst easily bear the want of the full enjoyment of God; being so well pleased with an easy, earthly life, either in reality, or in immagination, as thou art saying to thyself, It is good to be here? Art thou thus, and yet a saint, a pilgrim, who is travelling heaven-ward, a creature whose heart and love is in another country, and not here? This is a repugnancy; never think it, man; think thyself the thing thou art, an home-born slave; and then thou art a step in the way to true liberty.

16. Art thou longing to be in the immediate embraces of the Chief of ten thousand, to behold him face to face, and be satiate with his immediate fellowship? Is it oft the cry of thy longing heart, When shall I see him as he is, and that white and beautiful company following him whithersoever he goes? When shall I see the Bridegroom and the bride kiss and embrace one another?—When shall he set his majestic head through these visible heavens, and apper in his royal marriage-robes, before the whole creation? Ah, the envious, heavens, that hide him from my longing eyes! ah the longsome days, that lie betwixt me and him! When shall we be eternally in others immediate embraces? But, on the contrary, canst thou live contentedly, in the midst of earthly abundance, with small or no desires of his immedite fellowship? Is this the ordinary frame of thy spirit, and yet a saint? It cannot be. Can the chaste spouse not long for her absent bridegroom? Can the true lover live patiently, without beholding the beloved's face? Ah! Sirs, you have not been really espoused to him. Have you not received his love-tokens, nor been ravished with the smell of his fragrant ointments? and what wonder, you are as you are?

17. Are you depending on God in every thing? Acknowledge you him in all your ways, and in every exigency that befalls you? Cast you all your cares upon him for all things in time and eternity? So that you find your mind greatly eased, as having one to your Father who is both able and willing to carry you through all difficulties and afflictions? Are you endeavouring to do

his commandments, and commit the event of all absolutely unto him, who, you know, brings all to a good issue?—Have you renounced the disposing of yourselves, and resigned that, with all your concerns, even unto him? and dare not do any thing without his approbation? Or, on the contrary, do you rely on this thing, and that thing? If there be money in the purse, or calves in the stall, then you hope you shall not want; you trust in human probabilities: but if those fail you, you are despondent; thou hast not the confidence in God, that may hold up thy heart, in as cheerful a condition, as when corn and wine abounded unto worldlings; thou cannot lay as much weight on the large promises, in the book of God, as worldings on their charters, in earthly possessions; and therefore thou art ever anxious about the event, and commits not the disposing of thyself to him: thou walkest by the compass of riches, ease and reputation, &c.: and whether it be the will of Christ, is thy last consideration; whether it be a course that will most glorify him, and make thy progress swifter to glory, doth not so much trouble thee, as whether it be a course will render thee properous, full of ease, wealth, and esteem in the world. Doth thine heart dictate unto thee, such an occupation, such a marriage, and such an eterprise will bring in great wealth, much worldly joy, a multitude of friends greater worldly honor, &c. therefore it is to be followed. Ah! deluded wretch, walkest thou by earthly, carnal rules; and yet such an noble crea ture as a saint? Never entertain such fancies: the saints walk as Christ walked, he is their Forerunner, and Captain.

The difference between a saint and a worldling, may in some manner, be apprehended from what we have spoken. Ask seriously at yourselves such questions; reflect upon your way of walking;see what is the constant frame of your heart, and what your heart affects most; what you have been, and what you are aiming at, and seeking most; what you rejoice most in; what the thoughts and intentions of your heart run out most upon. O Sirs, be not beguiled in so weighty a concernment: if you err here, you are eternally undone: it is Satan's great endeavour to hinder you from considering yourself for your condition; he delights to see you pass away your time in considering your natual abilities, your corporal endowments, your estate in the world, &c. But he is afaid you consider

your spiritual estate, how it stands betwixt God and you; whether you be in friendly terms with him, or not: if not, how you may attain unto a near fellowship; and how you may keep yourself in his love and favour, and grow more and more familiar with him; he loves, and endeavours to divert your mind off eternal concernment to temporal. But Sirs, ought you not to give eternity the first place, the first, and flower, and choice, and might of all your endeavours? make sure work in so great, great a matter; thy eternal weal, or woe, is upon the wheels, man; what shall be your lot throughout endless ages, is a concernment above all you can conceive, or endeavour.—Knowest thou not how the matter stands? Is not the time short thou hast to prepare thyself into? Is not thy life most uncertain? Is not the work of salvation a great, a long, a difficult work? Is it not most ordinary, that men die as they live; and most certain, that their eternal condition is as they die? Knowest thou not, that it is written, To-day, if ye will hear my voice, harden not your hearts? Thou knwest not what a day may bring forth. Come, O come, and embrace so friendly a call. Have you any excuse? Are you about any business of such concernment? Is any succeeding hour better than now? Doth not thine heart draw on a new scruff of hardness? Why then, fall to work in good earnest, as for life and death: make sure work, build not upon sand, but on the rock: never rest till you have Christ indeed, and not some fancy in his place; be sure you get an interest in him: never think yourself right, until you have a familiar and lively fellowship with the Father and the Son; until there be mutual communications of love betwixt Christ and you; until you have heartily, and forever, given yourself wholly over to him, and taken him wholly over to you, to be your King, Priest, and Prophet, to be your all and only One; until you be enamoured with his matchless beauty, overcome with his passing sweetness; until earth, in its best condition, be an empty nothing, and vanity in your eyes; until heaven become your native country, where heart, and love, and all do lie; so that it shall be as natural for you to be heavenly-minded as for earth worms to be earthly. O then! we shall greet you, by the excellent and princely name of saints. O then, you shall be no more beasts, but creatures of an high and seraphic nature, the sons and minions of the high and lofty One; the princes

and heirs of heaven, and earth, and all things: for then all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world or life, death, or things present, or things to come: all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

A SOLILOQUY TO GOD, PRAYER-WAYS.

Dispatch, O Well-loved, and hasten to the day of our eternal marriage; put time and days out of the way: great things hast thou to do, before thou decend vissibly to this lower world: thou hast been making great dispatch since thou ascended; and still the nearer thy second coming, thou still hastenest thy work the more: these few years immediately proceeding, how hast thou put many and great things through thy hand? and now thy kingdom is upon the advancing hand, though it seem almost all tottering and decaying. That great and glorious work thou promisedst of old, is just now in the birth, and near the breaking forth: thy grand enemies have begun to fall before thee, and have still lost ground; and th ugh now they seem to have the advantage, it is but in appearance: thou art but making thyself to flee before them, that thou mayest draw them all out after thee; but ere ever they shall be aware, thou wilt make shine ambucado's to assault them on the rear, and in a trice thou wilt environ them on every side, give them an irreparable rout. Thou art, O mighty Captain, as it were, retiring thyself, thou mayest come back on thine enemies with the greater force: thou art at the crying out, Ah! I will ease me of mine adversaries, and avenge me of mine enemies: for behold, thou makest the earth empty, and makest it waste, and turnest it upside down, and scatterest abroad the inhabitants thereof; thou art coming out of thy place, to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity; for thou shalt rise up, as in mount Perazzim, thou shalt be wroth, as in the valley of Gideon; that thou mayst do thy work, thy strange work; and bring to pass thy act, thy strange act. At the noise of the tumult, the people shall flee; at the lifting up of thyself, the nations shall be scattered, and their spoil shall be gathered, like the spoiling of the caterpillars; as the running to and fro of locusts, so shalt thou run upon them; for thy sword shall be bathed in hea-

ven, it shall come upon Idumea, and upon the people of thy curse, unto judgment: thy sword shall be filled with blood and shall be made fat with fatness: for thou hast a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea; and the unicorns shall come down with them, and the bullocks, with the bulls, and their land shall be soaked with blood, and their dust made fat with fatness: for the day of vengeance is in thine heart, and the year of thy redeemed is come. Thou art looking, and there is none to help; and thou wonderest that there is none to uphold; therefore thine arm shall bring salvation unto thee, and thy fury it shall uphold thee: thou wilt put on righteousness as as a breast-plate, as an helment of salvation upon thine head: and thou shalt put on the garments of vengeance for clothing, and shalt be cloathed with zeal as a cloak and thou wilt tread down the people in thine anger and make them drunk in thy fury; and wilt bring down their strength to the earth. Gird thy sword on thy thigh, O most mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty; and in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth, meekness, and righteousness: and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things: be thou a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of truble. When thou makest inquisition for blood, remember them: forget not the cry of the humble; that they may show forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion: that thou mayest be known by the judgments thou executest, when the wicked, is snared in the works of his own hands: let not the needy always be forgotten; O let not the expectation of the poor perish forever. Arise, O Lord, let not man prevail; put thine enemies in fear, O Lord, that they know themselves to be but men. Behold they travel with iniquity, and have conceived mischief, and have brought forth falsehood, they have made a pit, and digged it; let them fall into the ditch which they have made: let their mischief return upon their own head, and their violent dealing come down upon their own pate. But those that trust in thee, let them rejoice, let them ever shout for joy, because thou defendest them. Even let the righteous rejoice, when he seeth the vengeance: let him wash his feet in the blood of the wicked; so that a man may say, Verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily thou art a God that judgest in the earth. Remember this, that the enemy hath reproached, O Lord; and that the foolish peo-

ple have blasphemed thy name. O deliver not the soul of thy turtle dove unto the multitude of the wicked: forget not the congregation of thy poor forever: have a respect unto thy covenant; for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. O let not the oppressed return ashamed; let the poor and needy praise thy name: forget not the voice of thine enemies; the tumult of those that rise up against thee increaseth continually.— They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thine hidden ones: they have said, Come let us cut them off from being a nation, that the name of Isreal may no more be in rememberance; for they have consulted together, with one consent: they are confederate against thee. O make them like a wheel, O my God, as the stubble before the wind; that men may know that thou, whose name alone is Jehovah, art the Most High over all the earth O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth, O God, to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself: litt up thyself, thou judge of the earth render a reward to the proud, O Lord how long shall the wicked, how long shall they utter and speak hard things? and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves? They break in pieces thy people, O Lord, and afflict thine heritage: yet they say, The Lord shall not see, neither shall the God of Jacob regard it. But thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion; for the time to favour her, yea, the set time is come: for thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof; for thy mercy is great above the heavens, and thy truth reacheth unto the clouds. Be thou exalted O God, above the heavens, and thy glory above all the earth: that thy beloved may be delivered, save with thy right hand. Wilt thou not give us help from trouble? for vain is the help of man. Through thee we shall do valiantly; for thou art he that shall tread down our enemies. Our mouth shall be filled with laughter, and our tongue with rejoicing: thou shalt put a new song in our mouth; each one of us shall sing forth, O Lord, thou art my God, I will exalt thee; I will praise thy name; for thou hast done wonderful things, thy counsels of old are faithnesss and truth: for thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress; a refuge from the storm, and a shadow from the heat: when the blast of the terrible one is as a storm against the wall. Lo, this is our God, we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is

the Lord, we have waited for him; we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation. We have a strong city, salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. Open ye gates, that the righteous nation, which keepeth the truth, may enter in. I cannot but smile, and leap for joy, through the forethoughts of the glorious days we shall see a little hence. Verily, Well-beloved, thou hast persuaded me with a strong hand, that the glory of the second temple shall far surpass the glory of the first; and that such a day of thy power and excellency shall arise very shortly upon Britain, as shall dazzle the eyes of all the beholders, confound and put to shame all thy adversaries, rejoice exceedingly the hearts of thy now saddened and fainting friends, and have a strong influence and resplendency throughout the whole earth. We are thy covenanted people, thine in a more peculiar manner than any people, nation, or language throughout the universal world; thy name is called most signally over us, thy glory and renown is most especially concerned in our affairs; greater mercy, power, wisdom, and sovereignty hast thou not manifested on any people, since thou ascended on high: how majestic and glorious have thy outgoings been among us? as if here had been the chief place of thy dwelling on earth. Such majestic banners of mercy and justice hast thou erected among us, as have amazed the nations about: and though, ere it be long, thou wilt pour out our blood, like water, by the force of the sword, because of our horrid apostacies and inventions; yet thy loving-kindness shalt thou never remove from us, but shall erect a banner of love over us, until the day of thine appearance. Thou hast manifested, that thou art well pleased with thine espousing of us, and that thou standest to the bargain, by thy begetting a progeny of sons and daughters, which appear to exceed, in number and excellency, all others through the habitable world. Though our iniquities testify against us, and cry for utter desolation, until we be like Admah and Zeboim; yet, what wilt thou do for thy great name, which will be greatly blasphemed throughout the world, if thou utterly consume us? Hast thou begun a work; and shalt thou not perfect it? Hast thou laid the foundation; and shalt thou not erect it unto the cope-stone, that all may cry, grace, grace unto it? Hast thou not ever frustrated the cruel and hellish intents of thine enemies, and made their devices to fall on their

own heads; and shalt thou not now plunge them into the midst of their own mischiefs, as that the inhabitants of the world shall cry out, Higgaion, Selah? Hast thou such a numerous and excellent remnant, according to the election of grace; and shall they not hold thee from removing altogether from hence? yea, so hold thee, as thou shalt dwell most gloriously amongst us, and bless us with a double blessing? Art thou the hearer of prayer; and shall not the sighs, and tears, and groans of thy afflicted, persecuted ones prevail strongly with thee? Are there not thousands of thousands of prayers lying before the throne, not yet answered? How many strong wrestlers have prayed and wept for thy vindicating thy work and people, and died praying? Though sighs and tears did not move thee, yet wilt thou not regard the cry of the souls under the altar, who testified for the very smallest of thy interests unto the death? Is not thy kingdom now upon the advancing hand, and the glorious days at the close of time, which of old thou had promised, at the door? Anon, thou wilt tread upon the high places of the earth, and the inhabitants shall tremble, and be amazed: and the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low, and thou alone shalt be exalted in that day. Thou art coming forth in great fury, and shalt tread the wine press without the city, up to the horse bridles: and the carcasses of the men of this generation shall be like dung upon the earth; for the sword shall devour from the one end of the land, even to the other; no flesh shall have peace, because the earth is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; since they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinances, broken the everlasting covenant: for, from the least of them even unto the greatest of them, every one is given to covetousness; and from the prophet, unto the priest, every one dealeth falsely: they have healed the hurt of the daughter of thy people slightly, saying, peace, peace, when there is no peace: they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men; and they bend their tongues, like their bow, for lies; but they are not valiant for the truth upon the earth. Behold, thy whirlwind shall go forth in fury, even a grievous whirlwind, it shall fall grievously upon the head of the wicked. Thou hast not sent these prophets, yet they ran; thou hast not spoken to them, yet they prophesied; therefore wilt thou cast out the carcasses of these prophets, and

these to whom they have prophesied, into the streets, and the fields, to be devoured by the fowls of the heaven, and the beasts of the field: for thou wilt cut off from this generation head and tail, branch and rush, in one day: and it shall be as with the people, so with the priest; as with the servant, so with his master; as with the maid, so with her mistress; as with the buyer, so with the seller; as with the lender, so with the borrower; as with the taker of usury, so with the giver of usury to him: for wickedness burneth as the fire, it shall devour the briers and thorns, and shall kindle in the thickets of the forest; and they shall mount up, as the lifting up of smoke. Through thy wrath the land is darkened, and the people shall be the fuel of thy fire: no man shall spare his brother; they shall eat every man the flesh of his own arm, Manasseh Ephraim, and Ephraim Manasseh, and they together shall be against Judah: and the streets shall be filled with blood, and the fields shall be soaked with blood and fatness; for it is the day of thy fury and revenge for the controversy of Zion: but yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return, and shall be eaten, as a tyle-tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves: for the holy seed shall be the substance thereof. And in that day shall the branch of the Lord be beautiful and glorious; and the fruit of the earth shall be excellent and comely, for them that are escaped of Israel: retainest not thy anger for ever, because thou delightest and in that day shalt thou be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty unto the residue of thy people; and for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment; and for strength to them who turn the battle to the gate. For thou in the midst of us art mighty; thou wilt save, thou wilt rejoice over us with joy; thou wilt rest in thy love; thou wilt rejoice over us with singing: and wilt thou gather them that are sorrowful for the solemn assembly, even them to whom the reproach of it was a burden; and thou wilt create upon every dwelling-place of mount Zion, and upon her assemblies a cloud, and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night; for upon all the glory shall be a defence. Who is a God like unto thee, that pardonest iniquity, and passest by the transgression of the remnant of thine inheritance? Thou in mercy. O may thou be glorious and exalted through Britain, and the whole world! When shall the night be

gone, and thou arise with healing under thy wings? When shalt thou pour down thy Spirit from on high, and make unto thyself a willing people? Hasten these days for thine elect's sake: be an hiding place to thy chosen, from the storm and tempest, and the blast of the terrible ones, according to thy promise: cover us with thy feathers, and under thy wings make us to trust: let thy truth be our shield and buckler. Then shall we not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that walketh at noon-day: a thousand shall fall at our side, and ten thousand at our right hand: but it shall not come near us; only with our eyes shall we behold, and see the reward of the wicked. O let us see the good of thy chosen, and rejoice with thy nation, and be glad with thy people: let us see good, according to the days wherein we have seen evil, and according to the days thou hast afflicted us. And perform thy great promises, now in the end of time and days. As thou hast already poured the vials of thy wrath on the seat of the beast: now, our mighty One, dry up the river, the great river; and let there come a great voice from the temple of heaven, from the throne, *it is done*: that thou mayest have a glorious church of Jew and Gentile: such a day of thy power and beauties of holiness, as that the clearest days we or our fathers ever saw, were but days of darkness and ignorance in comparison of them. Haste, O Well-beloved, that thou mayest cry down time and days, and become all in all unto thy chosen, throughout eternity.

THE DYING SAINT'S SONG.

FAREWELL, you beauties of the lower story
Of God's great all; adieu, thou painted glory
Of silly earth; farewell, you dreams, you toys,
Cloth'd in the garb of true delights and joys:
Yet, were you such, as to the world you seem,
What place now can you have in mine esteem?
Since all you lesser beauties disappear,
In western point of my heart's hemisphere;
You rose, shone, set, yet shall you not again
Shine on my soul, while heav'n of heav'ns remain?
No more shall painted loves my soul bereave,
No more glitt'ring, shades my mind deceive
No more shall empty hopes cause discontent,

No more shall carking cares my soul torment;
No more shall pain cause me to groan and sob,
No more shall fears cause stifled heart to throb;
No more shall crackling joys my sp'rits exhal,
No more shall vain conceits my thoughts inthral;
No more shall vain delights choke solid pleasure,
No more shall store of clay appear a treasure;
No more shall childish rage my blood inflame,
No more shall fond desires possess the same;
No more shall my conceptions be obscur'd
No more shall my affections be obdur'd:
No more shall damps asleep my senses lull,
No more shall clubbish earth soul's actions dull;
No more shall sickness my clay house possess,
No more shall exercise cause weariness:
No more shall silly body cause a loathing,
No more shall't stand in need of food and clothing
No more shall men contemn, if these fall low,
No more shall men esteem, if these o'erflow:
No more shall sin remain, source of all ill,
No more shall sin man's glorious structure spill;
No more shall sin lodge near to heav'nly grace,
No more shall sin eclipse Christ's lovely face:
No more shall sin pull heart from things divine,
No more shall sin my heart to earth incline.
Wouldst thou, in short, express all said before
Blest self, say this, That sin shall be no more.
Welcome O gentle death, I think thy face
Appears not grim, but hath a pleasant grace:
What tho' thy looks are ghostly, sad and sore
Unto the wicked, whom thou dost devour?
Not so to us, servants cannot appeal:
For our's are death, life, heav'n and earth, and all:
First sight of thee, friend death, caus'd languid heart
Leap for exceeding, joy, and ev'ry part
To spring, with floods of pleasure: I was slain
With sad delays, but am reviv'd again:
I'll no more call thee death, but life; I find
In thee, not death's but life's symtoms combin'd,
True, death thou art unto the wretched band.
Stark dead in sin, and under thy command
O but all things have chang'd their kind and face
Unto the sones of light, and life and grace!
Sweet Christ hath turn'd for us all blacks to white,
All woes to joys, all sadness to delight:
He past the lists with foes and gave the foil,
And made all foes to friendship back recoil.
With thee, O death, he grappled hand to hand,
And led thee captive from thy native land:
Now thou art tam'd, and lost thy fatal sting;

Foes without harm can no disaster bring.
Enter this heart, friend death, and thou shalt hear
Thy praises sung, with a melodious cheer:
O sweet beginner of all joys and pleasure.
Of all content, and fulness, passing measure!
O joyful ev'ning period, without morrow.
Of wants, and pains, and tears, and griefs, and sorrow!
And, which is most, O blessed utmost border
Of all corruption, sinning and disorder!
Once past this march, I may with boldness cry,
All sin is gone, adieu all misery.
O safe refuge! O sweet eternal port!
To which all weary'd pilgrims do resort.
O silver stream! O pleasant passing strand
From clownish earth, to fair Emmanuel's land!
O gladsome boatman giving safe convoy
From weeping earth, unto the land of joy.
O quiet sleep! which weary'd sense assails,
And sp'rits and pow'rs with sweet immortal gales
O just umpire which doth the march descry
Of flying time, and vast eternity.
O skilful sower of earth's mortal grain!
That it in heav'nly glore may rise again
O noble usher, who by th' hand dost bring
Us to the hall of the immortal king.
Would I thy praises in one word express?
I'll only say, O source of happiness!
From thee did never fading glory grow;
From thee did ever blooming joy o'erflow:
By thee eternal death was vanquished,
By thee eternal life did it succeed.
O strange! the Source of life did purchase more
By dying, than all creatures lost before:
Yea, more by infinite transcendent stages,
Than can be told through endless store of ages.
By thee the saints their heritage possess:
By thee earth's too, too num'rous folks decrease.
Thou art more mild, of a more pleasant nature
In those last ages of the lower creature,
Than in the first when thou did suffer men
To run a longsome race of sin and pain.
O! without thee our strongest hope would fail,
Our joys would die, despair would us assail.
The thoughts of thee brought to my heart relief,
In all my wand'rings through the vale of grief
Indeed my longing soul was sore oppress'd
With sad delays, when thou seem'd not to haste
Thy wished course, and to forget thy call:
Now, now thy coming hath redressed all.
O now my heart's rejoic'd! sweet death and I

Are in each other's arms; thrice happily,
I bravely fly out o'er the march of time,
Unto that happy, happy, glorious clime:
Where stored are enduring boundless treasures
Of loves, and joys, and heart contenting pleasures.
All joy, death's shady vale, in drawing near
Thy dark'ned borders! strange! thou dost appear
Another thing than what I did conceive;
Mistakes cause needless fears, and joys bereave:
Thee did my thoughts present an ugly den,
O'erspread with horror, sadness, fear, and pain,
Sight tells the truth. O thrice delightsome place
Stor'd with refreshing shades of sweet solace,
Cast by these stately trees of fragrant fume,
Which do o'erspread this true Elysium,
And do adorn this trance, which pilgrims bring
Into the paradise, which ever springs,
Now do I set my feet within this vale,
What gales of joys are these, which me assail
In this first enter? O this grave might be
A ravishing repose through all eternity!
All here do laugh and smile, and spring and sing;
Were sadness here, it could not sadness bring:
Were placed here all griefs and woes of creatures,
Would they not change unto melodious natures?
And can, O fairest One, thy word command
Death's saddest vale unto a joyful land?
How doth the place, where thou dost ever dwell,
In glory beauty, and all things excel?
But what if this be it? O heavenly frame!
My mind's enlarg'd, my heart is in a flame!
O sweet aspects! with what a pleasant grace
Do heav'nly hosts surround me, in this place?
I'm ravish'd with the raiment of that One,
Whose fragrancy transcendeth Lebanon:
His voice, his soul transporting emanation
Strikes me in an eternal admiration!
No, this is glory's port, I see the hall,
Where lovely Christ, with crown in hand, doth call;
Come, come, my fair, thy princely head I'll crown
With thee great bays of glory and renown;
I'll thee adorn, in such a brave attire,
That all, who thee behold, shall thee admire.
O love, thou ever hast been in my sight,
A mass of beauty, sweetness and delight:
But now, my fair, I'll thee so beautify
With the resplendent rays of majesty,
And passing glory's beauty; I'll so fill,
With store of heav'nly grace, thy mind and will,
And all thy pow'rs; thy glore so flourish shall,

And bloom, and shine and ray, through ages all,
That most envying seers shall confess,
Thou art a mirror of all happiness
O hast thou fought thy foes, and vanquished,
By off'ring vi'lence unto all, who did
Thy course to heav'n oppose? And shall not I
Put in thine hands these palms of victory?
O! didst thou gladly suffer, and despise
All losses, pains, and woes, that did arise
For my name's sake, O love? And shall not I
Cause thee to reign in glorious majesty?
Wast thou to all created things deny'd,
Esteeming them but dross and dung, and ey'd
Me as the only One? And shall not I
Thee with my matchless beauty satisfy?
O! hast thou bid farewell, for evermore,
To earthly things, which thou enjoy'd before,
That thou might'st come to me? And shall not I
Give full enjoyment through eternity?
O then, arise, my fair, and come away;
Behold, the eastern beams of this fair day
Of vast eternity dart in thy face;
Causing all shades retreat and flee apace.
O come, and enter this thrice happy place,
Thou now behold'st what ravishing solace
Dwells here! what passing joys! what boundless pleasures
Flow in this land, like fountains floods and rivers?
Nay, nothing here but sweetness! ev'ry part
Is fill'd with all delights of mind and heart:
Here ev'ry ray's a white and joyful day;
Here ev'ry bloom's a fragrant smelling May,
If once thou enter here, thy rain is gone,
Thy winter's past, and all thy woes are done.
This is the holy place, within the vail;
Wherein once ent'red, shalt for ever dwell:
This is the place of old I did prepare
To be the stage, whereon I might declare
My beauty, glory, and excellency,
Before this glorious, stately company
Of men and angels, who shall see my face,
And shall for ever in my sight find grace:
Lo, here, below these rosy, fragrant groves,
We'll satiate ourselves with mutual loves.
O! here our blessedness shall bloom for ay?
Arise, my love my fair, and come away.
Thus speaks my Lord, this is his invitation,
Thus sounds his voice: O endless admiration
Transporting all: O fires dart from above,
Transforming all into a flame of love!
His soul alluring voice, his heav'nly grace,

That shines in ev'ry look, his fairest face,
His lovely eys, his countenance divine
Hath ravish'd quite away this heart of mine:
At first aspect his shade, a draught might prove,
Would quite eclipse ten thousand worlds of love,
Thrice blessed saints, thrice blessed angels you
Who stand within the near immediate view
Of such an One all in your proper places,
Encircled with essential love's embraces!
'Tis like two heaven's of joy, to think upon,
That I shall be within these arms anon!
More solid joy the hope of glory brings,
Than all enjoyments of created things.

LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

MR. ANDREW WELWOOD, FROM LONDON, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

I. A Letter to his Mother.

DEAR MOTHER, LONDON.

IF I were able to dictate now, when I am entering into eternity, I could tell you the consolations wherewith I am comforted of God, even when the chiefest delights of the world, these trifles upon which the sons of men dote, can be no comfort to me. Alas! what are all the comforts that flee away at death? Even the vanities of time, which cannot convoy a man without the borders of time; and far endure with him through eternity. My death would seem judicial-like to blind wordlings, who see no judgment, but to be deprived of the empty and tasteless vanities of time; but I see that all things work together, for good to them who are the called according to his purpose; even difficulties, temptations, griefs and woes, have all an happy end to the godly. Out of the eater cometh meat, and out of the strong cometh sweetness: so, even eating and consuming griefs, sickness and losses, which make the outward man decay, renew the inward man, and make him flourish; even the strongest difficulties, temptations and foes when overcome, yield the sweetest victory? and the thoughts of having rushed through so many enemies and so strong, shall be sweet throughout eternity. I see clearly, the steps of divine providence toward me,

have conspired to a blessed close; even the most difficult of them, especially this half year: I would not, for never so much, but that I die, and am sick in this place: for his dispensations have a wonderful depth in them, and cannot well be discerned, but by eyes enlightend from above. But wordlings are blind and vary strangely in their judgment of things; and even the saints, while here, are much blinded with sin and infirmities of this overpowering mortality. Death has indeed a terrible face to those that place all their happiness in this life; but I fear it not; it is not death, but an harbinger of glory unto me: it is an hard favoured messenger sent from my sweet Lord to me; it is a dark and sad chariot carrying to the land of light and joy. My Lord hath done to me, what he hath determined from eternity, and all his purposes, even all the thoughts of love, infinite love, to those that wait upon him, I resolved to glorify him on earth, and dedicated my life wholly to my Lord's service; and I know it is all one with him, as if I had done it: and I shall, in another manner, exalt and serve him above, than I could have done here below, weighted with mortality, and innumerable infirmities. My Lord hath said to me, it would weary thee to stay too long in this valley of tears and misery; I take it, as if thou hadst done me many years service: I have abridged thy days but not thy life: I have shortend thy toiling, but not thy reward. And O what a blessed thing it is, that he takes the task of many weary year's service off my hand! My warfare is ended; O the joyful change I am undergoing! when shall I see him as he is? when shall I get my fill of lovely Jesus? O his beauty, his beauty, his beauty! Men and angels may admire the freeness of his grace, and admire it, and ever admire it! but what can they say, or comprehend of it? O the freeness of his grace! that he should admit the like of me to stand eternally before him, and to be for ever in his presence; to be one of his honorable train; nay, to enjoy him, as near as can be. O think ye, I lose any thing, who get the fore-start, and become possessor of that inheritance? the inheritance of many a more excellent and ancient saint than I? nay, the inheritance of the Heir of all things? It is little of heaven I know, being obscured with mortality, and living by faith and not by sight: but O to think of the expressions of scripture concerning it! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for those that love him; if heaven could be conceived by us, I should not so much esteem it. But O it is a massy thing! O strange! that God should make bits of mortal men (and what a poor worthless thing man is, let any behold in a dying and dead carcass) not only as happy as we can desire, or conceive? but as happy as can be! O the beholding of the face of the Ancient of days! But I know in whom I have believed; and that he is able to present me spotless before the Father, with exceeding great joy. If I perish, let him see to his promise; I have laid all upon him; if I perish, (through the strength of my Lord by whom I can

do all things) I shall perish believing. I expect much of heaven, more than I can conceive; but O I think I shall be exceedingly deceived, (O sweet deceit!) for I shall find more than ten thousand worlds can comprehend. I shall see my Father ere long: many sweet days have he and I had upon earth, many innumerable ages shall we have in heaven together. O heaven! O the difference betwixt this melancholious, smoky inn and the magnificent hall of glory! O the change I am undergoing! I go from the twilight of the sun & moon, to the noon-day of the splendour of glory; from a dunghill, to a throne; from bodily infirmities, distresses, diseases, and pains, to a land, whose inhabitants do not say, I am sick; from wearisome labour and toiling, into an inconceivable sweet paradise, where I shall rest for evermore; from a mortal company, to an innumerable immortal company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven; and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect; and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. O what think ye, to be eternally, even for ever and ever, among such sweet company? Are there any more honorable, and amiable company, than they? O, what shall I say, what shall I think? that filthy and unworthy I should show my face among so glorious an assembly. What is here, but vanity and grief of heart? O do you not long to be gone, to be in that sweet and inconceivable paradise? Cast your anchor within the vail, and then you need not fear death, come when it will. But, O long life, or death rather! for the sooner at our journey's end the better, and the longer we are cloged with sin and misery, the worse; but the more we will love to linger in this Sodom. It is hard to get our hearts drawn quite off time: we look kindly to the bastard's inheritance; and therefore we abhor death, and can frist heaven longer than any thing else: but if we could get a sight of the King in his beauty, and of the land that is afar off; then, O to be gone. O to be up above these visible heavens and amongst these glittering companies, who enjoy him to the full! O if man knew how vain a world this is! O but they are happy, and inconceivably happy, who escape fairly the temptations, snares, and difficulties that are in this valley of tears, and who are fairly landed on that odoriferous, flowery land, on that ravishing land, which infinite and eternal love did contrive to be the royal theatre, whereon should be shown, to men and angels, the heighth and breadth, depth and length, of that love which passeth understanding. If you run fast, you cannot be long behind me; and we shall see one another immediately: death is no separation to the saints; for time is nothing: for what is it to be separated for a few hours, to them that are to dwell eternally together? What is transient time to never ending eternity of joys? Death is far mistaken by the most part of saints, they have a wrong conception of it; it is a sweet repose to a weary soul, and looseth the soul from the bands of mortality, letting it out from a filthy,

stinking prison, unto the sweet and fragrant air of glory; it ends all sorrows and sighings, and begins unspeakable joys: it is but a dark cloud ushering in the bright dawning of eternal glory. O but my Lord hath excellently circumstantiate my death! O I admire his love! I could tell many sweet passages of providences he hath casten in my way; but I delay until I be sitting upon the brink of the river of life; and then I shall number them, I cannot now praise him; alas that I am so stupid and dull; but I shall praise him anon, I shall eternally praise him? O be glad and rejoice in our God! O sweet! that poor dying, miserable I was not left to uncertainties, not to know what to do; but to have such a sweet and kind Lord to repose on! Had I stayed longer in this wretched life, I was resolved to have shown myself as faithful to you as I could: but I commit you unto his grace, who hath cared for me even unto death: commit yourself to him, he will bring all to a good issue that is trusted to him. We are not our own; therefore we are not to dispose of ourselves. Christ is a good tutor and governor, and carries all these well through that commit themselves to him. See that Mary neglect not seeking of God: praying, reading of the scriptures; let her not frequent ill company. O the worth of a soul! and the reward of those that are instrumental in gaining of a soul! our bodies must go to the dust; but our souls are of more worth than ten thousand worlds. I am not able to say more, I am so weak. O! run fast, death is at the door. We are stepping into eternity; what is time, but a preparation for it? Overlook time, and live, as daily dying, as one that must pass away immediately, and never be here any more. They build castels in the air, who imagine any rest here: let worldlings dream of rest here; ours is above; our hearts are gone; and we are dead to the world. Farewell for a few days. These are the words of,

Your dying Son,

A. WELWOOD.

II. A Letter to his Brother James.

DEAR BROTHER,

I Hope, the last words of your brother, who is now stepping into eternity will have some weight with you; and this consideration will make you not to neglect them. Know you why you came into the world? I am sure, and you are as sure, not to eat, and drink, and pass away your time in earthly buisness; but to get the work of your salvation well wrought and finished, before death assault you: it is most uncertain, and steals upon men, as a thief in the night, when they are secure, never dreaming of such a great change: though truly my gracious Lord lets me see

death still approaching nearer and nearer, that I may draw ever nearer and nearer him who is life. O it concerns you to try, whether you shall be a base miscreant, crawling in the bottomless pit with unspeakable torments, in the midst of wicked men and devils blaspheming JEHOVAH and the Lamb to eternity; or, a glorious saint, conformed unto the image of the Son of the eternal God, loving, praising, adoring him that sitteth on the throne, and the Lamb for ever and ever. Consider what I say, the business is so weighty, so exceeding weighty, that time, with all its weal and wo, is to be overlooked in comparison of this absolutely and only necessary thing: tell you, there is an absolute necessity that you be holy; (let not the poor name affright you, for holiness is the sweetest and most easy thing in the world to them that are holy) for, Without holiness no man shall see the Lord: and salvation must be nearer your heart, by many degrees, than all other concernments, tho' they were ten thousand worlds. You must know the bargain of the new covenant, and close heartily with it, in all its fulness, without the least reservation: upon it, I recommend unto you Mr Guthrie's trial of a saving interest in Christ; and desire you to read it, till you become such an one as he describes. Believe it, Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promises of this life, and that which is to come. Though it may seem troublesome in the beginning, and tho' Christ's sweet and easy yoke may seem an hard wreath; yet, believe me, there is nothing in the world but it which can give rest, and full satisfaction to the soul: all things here are unsatisfying, though you had all that you can desire of them. O this is a vain world! those who are near eternity will say so. O the vast difference betwixt time and eternity! I assure you, if you had all that your heart could wish or desire of the pomp, treasures, and pleasures of time, you would find no contentment in them: and when you shall be in such a condition as I am in, when pale death shall be staring you in the face; then all the glory of time will be, in your eyes, nothing but a withered flower. But alas! we are drunk with this world; and we never know well what we are doing, till death make us sober. I must say again, and again, O the difference betwixt time and eternity! they that get heaven, can get no more; for, alas! what are all additions of time? What is a few days eating, and drinking and trifling? yea, what are all the massy exercises of time compared with the exercises of glory? We place too much of our happiness in this side of time; and therefore death is a great disappointer: but we should be indifferent to all things in time, and have our eyes ever fixed upon the thoughts of eternity. Then it is not at all to be regarded, in what time of a man's life he die, if he die in the Lord: yea, it is an invaluable blessing for the prisoner, or weary pilgrim, to have all his toilings by his hand, and to win to his native soil. You may think, I put a hard task upon you; because our nature is all polluted, and we are accustomed to do evil: but the ways of holiness are

sweet, and all its paths are peace: if you were once acquaint with the ways of it, you would say, that sin is the most base and vile thing in all the world; and holiness is the most noble ornament. And consider this, the more you set your mind on holiness, the more sweet and easy will you find it. As for temporary things, take no care for them; they are but additions to the son's inheritance. I may say by experience, he hath made good his word to me in all these things of time, he hath made it good unto the end of my race, in a most strange and wonderful way: so I have tasted more of my Lord's goodness, and wonderful providence, in this last half year of my life, than in many years before; I think it a merciful dispensation, that he hath weaned my heart from the world, more in this half year's sickness, than in many years health: this whole half year of my life hath been a continual winter, for bearing down my corruption, both original and actual: and now the world hath no relish to me. Farewell, vain world, I heartily submit unto death, if it were for no more but because it is the good pleasure of my Lord, who most mercifully takes me away from the bondage of my corruption, and from the dreadful evils to come. Meditate seriously on death: it is a business most weighty, a business upon which your eternal weal or wo depends: the end crowns the work; die well, and you are well, even well for evermore.—And O! is not *evermore* a massy word? You shall find death easy, if you be a diligent seeker of God in your life time: if otherwise, you shall find it the sorest battle that ever you fought; and you shall quake, when you shall hear an avenging God speaking audibly in your conscience, He is not mine, take his evil soul, devils, pull him to pieces, and haul him away to utter darkness: the poor soul wrestles in vain, but an avenging God, leaves it for a prey to devils. Look not on death as afar off: little will be the difference betwixt my death and yours. This generation will quickly be gone; time is a glittering star, appearing something before hand, but indeed it is a transient nothing. And one that dies at sixty years of age, and another that dies at twenty years, think both alike, their bypast time is a dream. Short, or long time is not to be regarded, but in preparation for eternity: and he that is prepared, hath lived long enough. Lay some vows upon yourself; but remember this, that you vow to do nothing in your own strength; for you shall find, that when you are weakest in your own eyes, then are you strongest: I say, lay some vows upon yourself, as to pray thrice a day seriously and conscientiously; to read so much scripture, and to meditate, If you neglect that, which not I, but Christ commands you, farewell for ever. If you obey, farewell for a few days; and then you and I shall meet in the only paradise, the flower of the whole creation: we shall sit down upon the flowery banks of the river of life, and ravish ourselves for ever and ever, with everlasting and unspeakable joys.

This is from your dying brother,

A. WELWOOD.

III. A Letter to his Sister Helen.

DEAR SISTER,

I am sorry I did not write sooner, before my strength and speech did fail; but I would be glad to spend my last breath upon you, if I could do you any good. I cannot forget you, even when I have forgotten the vanities of the world; you are precious unto me, since I knew you in some measure a seeker of God. O what advantages there are in seeking of him! I defy men and angels to number and comprehend them: endless eternity shall be short enough to lay open the inconceivable gains of godliness. If you seek him diligently, sincerely, and constantly, you shall have all things: and O is not that a vast word, all things? All shall be yours, whether the world, life, or death, things present, or things to come; all these shall be yours, even the great All, and whatsoever is his. O but the saints have a long, large, and full character! if you had a charter for many lands, it were but a narrow thing: but now every place where you tread on is yours; and what can you desire more? Behold the heaven, and consider even the heaven of heavens, for these are yours: is it possible, that a saint, the heir of all things, and joint-heir with the Son of the Eternal, is it possible, I say, that he can want any thing? Nay, the great Eternal, the Maker of all things, he is yours; and what can you desire more? Is it possible, that a saint can want any thing, whether spiritual or temporal? I mean any thing that is good for him: and he alone knows what is best for us When I look through the passages of my life, I see my Lord and guide hath led me the best way; and these have been the sweetest dispensations, which crossed most my natural disposition; and which seem most judgment-like to carnal eyes. We are like ignorant children, that have no judgment to make choice of things; but would swallow down sweet poison, and give away a rich inheritance for painted trifles No wonder then, the world be fools and mad-men in their choice My life hath been otherwise: though my old man desired still to be swimming in the ease and vanities of the world; yet I see my Lord hath been kindest, when I esteemed him most cruel. The last part of my life might seem judgment-like: but O you would wonder, if you knew what I know, and what my Lord hath done for me, in this last half year of my life, but as to things temporal and spiritual: I cannot understand them now, but I shall very shortly; and they shall be to me matter of eternal praise. Though I had abounded with all the ease, delights, pomp, and glory, and riches of time; yet would I be glad to die, and leave the puddle of swinish pleasures, and drink of the pure river of everlasting joys, that floweth from beneath the throne of God. This world quite mistakes death: O who would not willingly leave such a vain perishing world! wherein we are still dishonoring our God! a world wherein the saints get bad entertainment; a world wherein the Lord of glory was, and is daily, crucified. What is here? All the glory and excellency of the creation is up above; a few imperfect saints are only here. But it is above, I shall see and embrace all these worthies, the courtiers of the King of glory. You need not be sad for my death; and will not, if you post hard after me, and follow on to know the Lord; for time is just nothing. We shall be glad and

rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory, throughout all eternity, in that land of glory, and inconceivable joys. O if you knew but a little of the excellency of that land of blessedness! you would in a manner envy those who go before you; though you should pass never so many sweet days, ere you can get thither, you would weary. For yourself, you are yet in an hell of sorrows and sin, while out of heaven, and while they are in an heaven of joy and pleasure. O! beware of worldly-mindedness, and carking cares; commit all to your Farther: Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and the righteousness thereof; and then all other things shall be added unto you. Fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you a kingdom. and he that gives heaven, will give as much earth, as will suffice you; and more than is sufficient, is a heavy weight, that will pull you down the mount. O mark this! He that gave his only begotten Son, out of his bosom, to be tormented unto death for you; will he not also with him freely give you all things? even every thing that pertains to life and godliness. As for things temporal, the less of the world, the better: all the saints will testify it, at least when they are leaving it: I can put my seal to it now, when I am entering into eternity, that it is most dangerous to be intangled either with riches, honors, or pleasures; and that it is the sweetest dispensation to be afflicted, and cut short of them: for prosperity is the neck-break of the life of godliness; as the experience of many a deceived professor may testify; who seemed something when afflicted, but when once they got the bag, betrayed Christ. It is hard for a camel to go through a needle's eye: the more we are inveigled with this deceitful world, the less do we value heaven: now nothing more glues a man's heart to the earth, than riches, which have weighed many a man down to the pit: where he is weeping and gnashing his teeth, cursing riches, and tormenting himself, that ever he desired them: whereas, if he had been poor, he should have been now (as men may conjecture) rejoicing amongst these glorified ones. Remember, that it is utterly impossible to serve God and mammon. And if your treasure be not in heaven, neither will your heart be there. I bless my Lord for mine afflictions, (which have been still greater and greater, till now I am leaving them all), as much as for any mercy I ever received, for now I reap the peaceable fruits of righteousness. And though now I be weeping, while I sow; yet shortly I shall have as much as I can bear of the massy sheaves of inconceivable glory. Weep and howl, ye rich men, for your misery that shall come upon you; for you now ireceive your good things, and the saints their evil things; therefore immediately ye shall be afflicted and tormented, and they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that mourn now for they shall be comforted. For the saints weep, while the world rejoiceth; but our sorrow shall be turned into joy, and their mad mirth into unspeakable and eternal horror. O if men did consider this, they would not toil for their ease and pleasuaes of sin, which are but for a moment; nor would they envy the rich gluttons, but rather the poor Lazarus', thatare despicable in the eyes of all. Fret not, when you see the wicked prosper; nor value poverty, shame, and contempt; since the only excellent ones, of whom the world was not worthy, wandered about in sheep skins, and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, and

tormented: and the honorable apostles, and followers of the Lamb, were accounted the offscourings of all things. O if the saints would take time, and consider these things! they would find it sweet to be conformed, in sufferings, to their Lord, who was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; that they might also be conformed to him in glory. I fear earthly-mindedness may be your predominant; therefore strive most against it: for how can one set their heart upon trash, and earnestly desire it, and heaven also? I persuade you, the only way have as much of the world as is necessary and good for you, is to commit your temporal lot wholly to Christ, without the least reservation: this is best; for nothing can be committed to him, and go wrong: try him, and if you do not find, that he will carry you bravely through, so that you shall lack nothing that is good for you, then call him a liar: yet never any of the saints could say, he failed them in a jot of what he promised them. And how great are his promises! as you will find in scripture: they are all comprehened in this, The Lord is a sun and shield, he will give grace and glory: and no good thing will he withhold from them that love him, and walk uprightly.—Trust all to him; for whether should you tutor yourself, or he? Which of you is wisest? Cast all upon him, to the least bit of bread; and ye shall find a great ease. They are miserable, who must care for themselves, and what concerns them, and have not a God to run to, on whom they may lay themselves and all their burdens O learn to trust in God for all things, temporal and eternal; it is an hid mystery to many saints, in many things, especially, to trust against sense, to hope against hope; when there is no human probability, then to rely upon the bare word of him who is true, is a difficulty; where his providence seems to contradict his promises, or to make his promise a liar. But will you trust him for heaven, and not for a moment of time? think you he will with-hold journey bread, if you be a traveller to the higher Canaan? It were a great absurdity, to command any to go a journey, and to give what is necessary for it. Go on to heaven, hold your face thitherward, and Christ will still be supplying all your wants; indeed he will not satisfy your carnal disposition, nor give you more than a pilgrim needs; so that you should forget the race set before you, by being intangled with a number of superfluities I would say more, if breath and strength would permit: you know not what a world you are into; it is full of snares and difficulties. You will find it hard to keep clean garments, unless you commit yourself unto him, who can carry you, as with eagles' wings; and strengthen and support you, when you are ready to fall. Though you should be the precisest of all round about you, you will find all little enough when you come to death: O death is a weighty business! You have sarce time to prepare for it: all our time is little enough for preparation; though we should cut ourselves short of our indifferent earthly exercises. What need had we then to beware to pass our time vainly? It is precious, every moment of it, having a relation to eternity O eternity! eternity! get some sight of it, and your thoughts shall be wonderfully changed: for I tell you, could you get a glimpse of that massy thing, called eternity, all the things in time should be no more in your eyes, than a childish toy, in the eyes of a man. O what think you of Christ? Is there any like HIM, any but HE?

O who would not love such an one? Surely, it is impossible to know him any way aright, and not to love him; he is the ravishment of men and angels. Increated glory shines thourgh the vail of his human nature; we cannot enjoy God more sweetly, familiarly, and fully, than through him: he is the blessed Daysman betwixt God and man; the man Christ Jesus: him I wish I could declare evermore; but my last words, though they were fewer, may have a strong impression upon you: run fast, lose not the crown; heaven is well worth an inch of time's running. Cross corrupt nature's disposition; as you sow, so shall you reap; and consider, that death will teach you, that all that you do is fruitless, which tends not to the great salvation: all other mercies are worthless, in comparison of this great salvation; and short time will spend them all: but it shall endure forevermore. O but the news of heaven, such a sweet heaven to weary pilgrims, such a ravishing paradise, to these that are in this smoky dunghill; I say, they are the greatest news that can be! and this whispered in your ears, Run, for you shall have the crown, is another kind of news, than Run, and you shall have riches, honor, and pleasures. Bless him at all times, who hath disposed your lot so, as these only great things have taken you by the heart. Be not weary in well doing; for in due time you shall reap, if you faint not; and we shall see one another shortly, in the midst of such joys, as the tongues of men and angels cannot in the least express; therefore you have no cause of sadness, but of rejoicing, that you have another friend gone before you, who will welcome you shortly into your Lord's joy. Grace be with you. Account it all one, as if I had spoken all this to you face to face. These are the words of,

Your dying Brother,

A. WELWOOD.

IV. A Letter to his cousin, Thomas Welwood.

My Dear Cousin,

THOUGH I be amidst death's pangs, I cannot forget you, because of the sweet friendship we have had together; and because you are (I am persuaded) one of the heirs of glory, and among those who wrestle through manifold temptations, unto the land of eternal consolations. O if I could tell you what my Lord hath done for me unto this very hour; and much more since I came hither, than in many foregoing years. I think if I had time, I could fill a whole volume with wonderful experiences of his loving-kindness, strange providences, and sweet chastisements; so that half a year may be better than an hundred. It is not the length of time we are to look to; we have a race to run to heaven, and when we have finished it we have done. Oh cousin, even a saint may live long, and make very small progress to glory; yea, many go backward; and it were better for them, they died ere that be, before they dishonoured God by their backsliding carriages; therefore run fast, eye the joy that is set before you, and patiently endure all the temptations and troubles in time, for your

Lord hath promised, that he will never leave you, nor forsake you: and none shall be able to pluck you out of his hand. Indeed you may have sore trials, both outward and inward; but be of good courage and, he shall strengthen your heart; for you are not to bear your own burden, but to cast it fully over upon him. And I promise you, in my Lord's name, you shall be sustained: he is our strength, our wisdom, our righteousness, and our all; even all that we want, all that we can desire. Never notice long or short life; but live to die, and then you die to live eternally: O think much upon eternity, and you shall think nothing of time. Alas, alas! the things of time fill our eyes so, as we never regard eternity; yet time will be at a close ere ever we be aware. I have somewhat the advantage of you in getting the fore-start: but we shall be together perpetually, even immediately, and we shall have another manner of converse, than possibly we could have had on earth. In heaven they are not confined to moments, days, and years; we shall have eternity to rejoice and be glad in. O what a life shall we have, when you and I shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goes! when we shall have sin, temptations, and miseries done away! We know not the excellency of our invaluable inheritance; and therefore we are so much taken up with earthly trifles, and shadows, that are nothing; which bewitch all the worldlings out of their wits, and the saints too, in a great measure; it were more wisdom in us, to use the world, as not abusing it, as not setting our hearts upon it. Beware of the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches wherewith you may be entangled, in the condition you are in; if you take not heed, your course to glory will be the more slow, and you will drive your chariot wheels heavily up to the higher city; yea, the thick clay will make them come back upon you. O consider how great a business salvation is! we can never consider it enough. You will think so, when you come to death, which you ought to look upon as at the door.

I speak not these things, as if you knew them not already; but I put you in remembrance, desiring to communicate a little of my mind to you, now when I am at the brink of time; because Providence hath so ordered, that we cannot speak face to face those things, which are the true and genuine thoughts of my heart. Beware of the pollutions of the times: it is comfortable to me that I had little or nothing to do, as to outward things, with this horrid, cursed defection. Hate the garments spotted with the flesh: clean garments are of great worth; and these few, in this woful time, that have kept their garments clean, shall walk with our Lord in white; for they are worthy To keep clean garments, that is, to be pious alone; pious in your family, in your worship: pious in your worldly employments; full of charity, despising the world; walking wisely towards these that are without, and towards these that are within And as to the times, let your zeal be wise, and your wisdom zealous. You may believe a dying man, I am fully persuaded that this Prelacy is abominable Antichristianism; and that the prelates and curates are the ministers, not of Christ, but of Antichrist and Satan; and that it is utterly unlawful to bear them, or do any thing that may show you esteem them ministers, or any way strengthen their hands. O the dreadful wrath that is hanging over these lands like a cloud, which will fall down in a deluge of divine

vengeance: God will make this land to swim in blood, even the blood of all sorts, great and small, rich and poor, old and young, shall be poured out like dust: he shall be a strange man, that shall happily escape such a consumption. I will not speak much of the matter, but I see fearful things coming. But, O the glorious days succeeding these! I cannot apprehend the glory that shall shine in Britain, which shall enlighten to the ends of the earth. I fear not death; it is sin only we ought to fear; the sting of death is sin; that being taken away, it is most harmless. It is sweet to die in Christ! O what an exchange do I make! I shall see him, and that glorious company of saints and angels, following him whithersoever he goes; the first hour of glory shall, in a manner, make me forget that ever I was upon earth. My afflictions have been greater than the spectators could imagine; and still greater and greater, until I arrive at the haven of eternal rest. O it is sweet! O it is sweet! after a great toil and labour. My Lord is taking me in the fittest time; for both body and soul are very weary and sore tossed; but this body shall get a sound sleep, and a ravishing wakening. O the great difference betwixt what it is now, and what it shall be shortly! who can conceive what Christ hath done for the saints? O the depth of free, altogether free love and grace! it shall take up eternity, to cry up the inconceivable love of Jehovah and the Lamb. O to think that bits of clay, sinful clay, like you and me, should be conformed unto the image of our only Lord Jesus! that is a wonderful exaltation! wonderful in the eyes of all those that see their own emptiness and vileness. O admire! O praise! O adore! let these things be still imprinted on your heart; all other things are but trifles. Look upon the world, as a number of mad bodies: they are beasts, whose conceptions are confined within an inch of time; they are poor spirits, who gape after time's riches, honour's and pleasures, If the world knew what they were doing, they would wonder at themselves; at least, they would begin to question, whether their life on earth was real, or only empty, and a night-dream. O such a sight as I have gotten of the world! O it is but vain, vanity of vanities: the flower and choice of it is cursed, and altogether vanity O if I could tell you of the nothingness of the world, and of things temporal; and of the massiness of things eternal! compare them together, & you will wonder at the difference! The most part of professors (among whom I put myself) take easy way to heaven; and O where will you find the man or woman, that studies a close walk with God? It is recorded of Enoch, that he walked with God three hundred years: but who can say, he hath walked with God one day? We lose God in the midst of our worldly employments, and cannot say, we have set the Lord always before us; therefore we cannot say, we shall not be moved. We approach to him in the morning, evening, and at other times; but we neglect our thoughts; whereas to live full of holy, divine thoughts, is to live a saint: as the man is, so are his thoughts. Alas! I may say it by sad experience, unwatched-over thoughts have made me, many a time, not to differ much from a worldling Keep your thoughts right, and all shall be right: Keep thine heart with all diligence, (saith the Spirit of God) for out of it are the issues of life. If your thoughts be right, your prayers will be seasonable, your words and actions will be seasonable: for out of the abundance of the heart

the mouth speaketh, and the hand acteth Commit all your affairs, temporal, spiritual, and eternal. wholly to your heavenly Father, without the least reservation: he cares for you; therefore be careful for nothing, but in every thing give thanks. Run, run with patience the race that is set before you; laying aside every weight, that may bear you down: entangle not yourselfwith the world, have as little to do with it as you can: the righteous shall scarcely be saved; they who go uprightest, shall find hard enough work; we are so full of corruptions original and actual, that holiness is quite contrary to our corrupt natures; I mean not the common holiness, which even those that are strict are thought to have; but that which our Lord commands; "He that loveth father or mother, sister or brother, or the world, or himself, better than me, is not worthy of me." O it is an unknown thing, to deny all, to take up their cross daily, and follow Christ. I had a great desire to preach Christ; but he will accept the will for the deed: I go to better exercise, whereof one hour is better than all the preachings betwixt this and Christ's second coming, comprised in one — All here are but shadows; all above is substance. O what elevated divines are above! they are all filled with all the fulness of God; and do preach and cry up the transcendent excellencies of Jehovah and the Lamb: there is a perpetual crying up of Christ. In Canticles, he can never speak enough of his spouse; up above, his spouse can never speak enough of him. There all are ravished with the Ancient of days! Who, but the Ancient of days? who, but Christ? who, but the saints? Then, let never earth and heaven be compared together; for I tell you, earth is but a tormenting hell, in comparison of that unspeakably delightful, and altogether ravishing land, unto which unworthy, but happy I am going. O methinks I am touching the skirts of the fragrant breathings of the mountains of spices! and O how must I be ravished, when I shall draw in no other air, but the breathings of the higher paradise? They have the advantage, that get the fore-start to heaven, and seeing the face of Jehovah first; and being more ancient possessors of that excellent inheritance. Why should any be afraid to go to heaven too soon? Why should any be afraid he be too soon happy? Let worldlings desire to crawl long on their dunghills: but let us ever be longing to be dissolved, and to be with our Lord, which is best of all. I commit you, your mother-in-law, your wife and children, to the protection of the Almighty, and pray for temporal, and eternal blessings to be poured out upon you.— These are the words of,

Your dying cousin,

A. WELWOOD.

V. A Letter to Mr. Davidson.

RIGHT REVEREND,

THOUGH I be stepping into eternity, and was thought to have been just entering into it about half an hour ago, I could not but remember you, and dictate a little of my mind unto you: not that I intended to write any instructions unto you, but only show, that God is

good to them that seek him; and that in his providence, his promises are accomplished, to the full, to me. I cannot tell what he hath done for my soul; but I think he hath brought me to the end of my days, to the end of my race by such a wonderful chain of divine providences, that I would not for ten thousand worlds he had brought me any other way; or, that my race had been either longer or shorter. He liveth long enough, who liveth till he get heaven: all other things are but pendicles. He liveth short while, who is unprepared for it, of whatsoever age he be: therefore my death needs not offend any man: for, what can I get more than the kingdom immoveable; undefiled, and that fadeth not away? I desired to live for no other end, but to preach my Lord to the great congregation; and think you not he will accept the will for the deed? I dedicated my life for his service; and I hope he will graciously take it off my hand, as if I had done him many years' service. And I must tell you, he hath many wonderful ways of bringing his children unto glory: I could tell you of it by sweet experience, if my weakness and breath would permit. I would not for all the glory, riches and pleasures of a vain world, my lot had been another than my Lord hath appointed it; yea, my last half year's providence had been a golden chain, which neither I, men, nor angels can sufficiently value. Would you know what I think now of heaven? Though I were out of this state of mortality, I could never think of it enough. O! O! O! the joy of being with Jehovah and the Lamb! O! the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, even on this side of time! but to see him as he is, O who can tell what a sight it is? Even those who see him face to face, see as it were but the skirts of his beauty and excellency: and let them dive still deeper and deeper, till eternity, as it were, be at an end, they shall still be but beginning; and yet never well begun. To show my great love and respect I have ever had to you, both formerly and now, I write unto you, even when the dead rittle is in my throat: and though I be in a great agony, I find the only way to heaven, that new and living way, is only by the blood of the Son of God: there is no other way, but believe in Christ, and be saved. But it is a lively, purifying, loving, and believing way. I cannot say much, I am in death's pangs. But, O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? I am like to have a sharp combat; but, I hope Christ will not be an indifferent spectator. The end crowns the work. And if once I were within Emmanuel's surpassing sweet land of conquest, then should I trample death and hell under foot, and triumph over all the miseries and afflictions of time, which seemed to triumph over me. O death, what art thou in mine eyes! my Lord hath swallowed thee up in victory: and can a free-born son, and conqueror, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, be afraid of a conquered slave? Rev. xix. 13. Hell, sin, devil, and death, are conquered slaves. I rest,

Dear Sir,
Yours,
A. WELWOOD.

FINIS.

INDEX.

THE Prelude Introductory	PAGE 13
Necessity of seeking everlasting life	15
Neglect of glory proves us carnal	ib.
Students of glory overlook time	16
The study of Glory is very aluring	17
Creatures are esteemed by their knowledge	ib.
A clear view of Glory excites to duty	18
The more we study heaven, the fitter for it	ib.
Right uptakings of Glory are possession in part	19
Heaven is the place of all excellency, &c	20
Our minds should be wholly there, &c.	ib
As is our knowledge, so our activity, &c	ib
As we know and affect, so we are &c,	ib
A slight view of glory insufficient &c	21
Scripture discovers things beyond time	22
Supernatural glory not to be naturally considered	23
All creatures some way capable of elevation	24
Grace the forerunner leads to glory,	ib.
Saints get discoveries called glimpses of glory	ib
All things invite to this rare study,	25
Knowledge is from above, and to be asked	26
An invitation in heroic verse	27
A Gospel discovery of Emmanuel's land	28
The soul to be elevated in heavenly meditation	ib
Glory more to be admired than understood	29
We can but conceive childishly of glory	ib
Higher conceptions of glory attainable	31
Christ the desire of all, fully manifested,	33
No manifestation of God so full as through Christ	ib
One sight of Christ is ravishing to all	34
All enjoyments nothing, till we see him	ib
The soul not happy, till it rest in his love	35
The interest of Christ and his chosen mutual	ib
The glorified look on time's things as childish	36
They ever commemorate Christ's excellencies	37
To be beside Christ inconceivable dignity	39
The glorified's nearness to God astonishing	41
No knowledge to the evidence of glory	ib
To behold the Lord's glory is a dignity	42
His manifestations, and the manner thereof wonderful	ib
The change Christ underwent, a ravishing consideration,	43
God manifested in the flesh a lasting mystery	44
Wonderful that God exalts man's nature by sin	ib
The relation betwixt God and us amazing	45
The glorified admire God manifested, &c.	47
They only capable to understand glory	49
The subsistence of the divine persons a mystery	50
Oceans of joy overflow Emmanuel's land	54
This land of joy is filled with dyvours	55
The glorified reflect on the way to the kingdom	56
Familiar fellowship betwixt Christ and his	58
Visible things imperfectly represent invisible	59
All excellency augmented in glory, &c.	60
No manifestation of God, to that in glory, &c.	62
Saints in glory conformed to Christ	63
Full enjoyment of God is complete blessedness	65
Christ ever his people's king, priest, and prophet	66
Astonishing that God should look on creatures	68
Earth and heaven quite opposite things	ib
Only songs to Jehovah and the Lamb in glory	70
The saint's happiness superabundant	72
All divine attributes add to their blessedness	74
That we are wholly Christ's is our happiness	77
God manifested in eternity most,	78

All the promises fully accomplished in eternity 84
God's attributes all seen in damning the wicked 86
Sovereignty the first mover of all things 90
A world of redeeming grace most excellent 92
The work of salvation most admirable 97
Our blessedness an eternal act 99
The full enjoyment of God in nearness 105
The life of glory the only excellent life 107
No need of creatures in heaven, Jehovah is all 108
Glory is an eternally blooming thing 111
Emmanuel's land is of free grace 112
All things are fully discovered in glory 120
Fellowship of men and angels, a pendicle of glory 122
The saints eternally acquitted, and filled 123
Reprobates are judged, condemned, and terrified 127
The creatures share in the joy of that day 133
All things are renewed and glorified 135
Triumphing over the wicked, part of saint's glory 140
Reflections on the power of faith 149
The reality of all things in heaven 154
A frowning time, the prelude to eternity 156
Glory totally changeth all the faculties 157
Heaven the sweeter, the more dangers escaped 159
The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick 160
Grace an excellent prelude to glory 161
Praises to God for fulfilling his promises 164
Such things to be written of with fear 168
A saint should be heavenly minded 169
Earthly-minded persons to be convinced 170
Transient thoughts of glory insignificant 171
Invitation to change earthly for heavenly things 172
Hope of glory dispels all sorrow ib
Earth-worms have no place in heaven 173
Christ, the purchaser of heaven, to be praised ib
Religion an hidden mystery to worldlings 174
Saints only know the mysteries of Godliness 175
The sad state of worldlings, the excellency of holiness 176
A Soliloquy to God prayer-ways 190
A spiritual song of the dying saint 196
I. The author's letter to his mother 201
II. A letter to his brother 204
III. A letter to his sister Helen 207
IV. A letter to his cousin Thomas Welwood 210
V. A letter to Mr. Davidson, minister 213